The Face *of the* Frontiſpice *unvailed*: *The* Titles *of either* Subject, *whereof theſe Poems treat, with their proper Imprezza's accurately illuſtrated and ſuccinctly couched.*

THe Book conſiſts of two Subjects, and diſtinguiſhed by theſe two Titles:

1. *The* HONEST GHOST.
2. *An* AGE FOR APES.

The *Mind* of the *Frontiſpice* relating to the *Honeſt Ghoſt*; or, *A Voyce from the Vault*, is thus expreſt:

A priſoner looking out of a Grate; his hand pointing to the Priſoners Box —— with theſe words: *Adeſdum. Mitte manum in Marſupium.*

Above the Gate —— *O ferrea ætas!*

Within the Priſon, an inſulting Gaoler, and a dejected Priſoner; theſe words from the Priſoners mouth: — *Exlium virtus patitur.* — *Dum moror hîc, morior.* And pointing at the Gaoler, — *Quid tu ſi pereo?*

One looking out, and in contempt of the World; with an indifferency to his preſent condition, uſing theſe wods: *Dum video, rideo.*

2. Intituled *An Age for Apes*. They are ſeverally diſtinguiſhed after their ſeveral Notions.

Democritus on the one ſide laughing, diſplayed by is Impreze: *Inſanire gregem rideno volo.*

Heraclitus on the other verge weeping & ſympathizing in this: *In flumina lumina verto.*

The portraicture you ſhall finde more clearly explaned, and more lively perſonated in the concluſion of the work.

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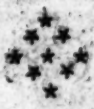
Daphnæus Prasinus finxit. 1658 Rob: Vaughan sculp:

THE HONEST GHOST, OR A VOICE FROM THE VAULT.

—In noxam ſectatur & umbra.



LONDON,
Printed by *Ric. Hodgkinſonne*, 1658.

THE HOLY GHOST OR A VOICE FROM THE VAULT.

To my *Stationer* Health, Wealth, and Liberty.

IT is a frequent fashion in this Nation
To publish Books *in* Term *time, not* Vacation:
But I would have my Reader *thus much learne,*
That Westminsters *vacation is my terme.*
Now some will say, the Terme *doth wondrous well*
To vend such fly-blown works as will not sell;
But mine's none such, with confidence I tell it,
'Twill vend it self, it needs no Terme *to sell it:*
Health then and Wealth *unto my* Stationer,
And Heavens preserve him from a Censurer.
For Health *and* Wealth *doe well, yet we doe see*
These relish harshly without Liberty:
Wherefore if he suffer for me there's small reason
But Stationer *and* Author *have one Prison.*
Yea, but will some say there were danger in't,
For so my Pate *might* plot *and he might* print:
But take my word, we'l doe the State *no wrong,*
But be as merry as the day is long.
For if the World *a* Prison *be, then we*
Who lodge i'th' Fleet, are but as worldings be:
The onely diff'rence, as I take't, is this,
Their Prison's *something larger then ours is.*
Which though it be more spacious, yet our care
For th' world is lesse then wretched wormes are;
Whose highest aime is shame, and deepest drift
Is how to starve their bodies by their thrift.
Come then my Stationer, *and make thy* station
In this same pettie corner of our Nation;
Where though we live by Worldings *unregarded,*
We shall be kept like Princes, *double-warded.*
Come then my Boy, it's many good mans fate
To make restraint *their* Tent, *their* glasse *their* grate.

To the ingenuous State-Censor.

MY younger years compos'd these rurall Rymes
To taxe the errors of corrupter times:
When we a *State-Monarchicall* possest,
Which *Government* our *Politicks* held best.
Pandora's Box pour'd forth such plenteous store
Upon our *Isle*, she could enjoy no more.
We knew not then what *Drum* nor *Trumpet* meant,
No *Garrison* lodg'd in our Continent.
Arms and Alarms were strangers to our Coast,
No *Civil-Warre*, nor State-imbroiling Hoast
Disturb'd our calme repose: Phebean rayes
Of glorious Peace shone on our *halcyon* dayes.
Our *Islander* might sit and passe his time
Under his *Fig-tree*, or broad-spreading Vine,
And feare no Foe to reap what he had sown,
Or seize on that which *Conquest* made his own.
Kings reign'd secure: *Scaffolds* were reared then
For *Sceanes* of *Pleasure*, not for *heading* men.
Our peacefull *Olives* then their fatnesse show'd,
Our *Wine* and *Oyle* increas'd, our *Cups* o're-flow'd.
Each State knew then its proper residence,
The *Lower* gave their *Lords* preeminence.
Platonick parity was then as farre
From us, as now the *Rules* of *Princes* are.
High Powers on Ours had such an influence,
As ev'ry object satisfide the sence.
So as no *forrain State* observ'd our blesse
But envide and admir'd our happinesse:
And in that glowing Envy might conclude
We wanted nought but civil gratitude.
For what did *fullnesse* of our bread bring in
But carnall liberty and height of Sin?

Vi

Vice rid on's Foot-cloth; Churches grew to be
Nurse to Sacriledge and Symonie.
More Tares then Wheat were sown in ev'ry field;
Our unprun'd Vines did only wilde grapes yeeld.
The Countrey-Cormorants begot rich heirs,
And made Sonnes *Prodigalls* by *Fathers* cares.
The City-Cheats made Fools of Countrey men,
And with their Tweaks they gratified them.
The Court a Mint of Congies and quaint words,
Of Silken-civet-comfit-curtain-Lords:
Who in their queſt of *favours* took delight,
And *gag't* their *Honour* to decline a ſight.
Impoſts fed State-Impoſters, Patentees
Hackney'd the *Publick* with Monopolies.
Theſe made *M U S Æ U S* buſtle in this ſort
With Church-abuſes, City, Countrey, Court.
Theſe Poems then you may ſuppoſe of His
Reflect on former times, and not on this:
For had he meant that Task, Heed drawn all Shapes,
Like *Protean Pictures*, ſave *Aſſembly* Apes:
Whoſe forms are ſuch, ſhould He be catechis'd,
He knows not how thoſe *Monkeys* are diſguis'd.
Twenty four Harveſts now are ſpent and gone
Since *This* receiv'd its firſt Conception;
So as you may ſuſpect there's ſomething in't
That kept this *Work* ſo many yeers from print.
Which had it been continu'd to theſe Times,
Had made an *Engliſh Iliad* for high Crimes:
High-ſwelling Crimes, which rightly underſtood,
Might *Stage* a Rubrick Story ach't in blood:
Where Presbyterian-Independent-Levell
Make work t' inlarge the Kingdom of the Devill.
But who ſtalks too neer Truths heels (under favour)
May have his teeth quite ſtruck out for his labour.

To

To all, or none.

Living on earth, I silenced my wrong;
Now shut from earth, my griefs have found their tongue.
Which to make good, behold my wronged Ghost
Having both friends and hope of freedom lost,
Re-visits earth, of purpose to reclaim
Such as doe live unto their Countries shame.
I aime at all, high and inferiour men,
Appearing now to these, and then to them;
Whose sight if it affright, know that it is
Their Guilt, *and not my* Ghost *procureth this.*
But see, some great men swell! Why, let them burst,
I sleight their fury, let them doe their worst:
On earth they did all that they could unto me,
Now I'me secure, they can no more undo me.

The honeſt Ghoſt,

OR

A Voice from the Vault.

THrice to the ſin-ſick world
my *Muſe* hath come,
And has been thought
too bitter unto *Some*,
Who, for to ſhew how much
they 're diſcontent,
Have meant to keep mee tongue-ty'd by reſtraint;
But can this doe it? No, I 'm ſame I was,
And though my *earthen veſſel* cannot paſs
Nor pierce theſe wals of ſtone where I 'm reſtrain'd,
And for twelve mon'ths with patience remain'd,
I have a *Ghoſt*, as now it ſhall appeare,
Sojourns abroad, while I am caged here.
For what can theſe ſpruce *Silk-worms* do at me?
Shut mee from ayre of high-priz'd libertie:
And in this vaſt and irkſom reſidence,
Remove mee from the *object* of each *Senſe*?

For firſt my *Eye* no object views of State,
But ſuch as to and fro paſs by my *grate*:
And for my *Eare*, no object doth aſſail her,
But noyſe of Keys, and clamor of a Jayler:
And for my *Smell*, becauſe nought likes me well,
I catch a *cold*, whereby I may not *ſmell*:
And for my *Taſte*, my *palat* doth decline
From reliſhing ought pleaſant at this time:
And for my *Touch*, I feel nought but diſtreſs,
And more I ſmile, the more it doth oppreſs:
Yet for all this, I doe enjoy as much
In th' faculties of *Eye*, *Eare*, *Smell*, *Taſte*, *Touch*
As he who glories moſt; and you ſhall heare
How I enjoy them too, if you 'll forbeare.
I have a *grate*, where I do ſee men paſs,
And this ſame *grate* I make my looking-glaſs,
And there I *ſee*, and I do laugh to *ſee*
(For only laughter now is granted mee)
An aged *gray-beard*, whoſe dimenſions have
Trac'd half their Pilgrim journey to his grave,
Ambiciouſly aſpiring, as if hee
Should never grapple with mortalitie.
He plots and projects, poor decrepit foole,
Leſt his inſatiat *Meſſaline* ſhould ſcoule,
To gain ſuch honor as his *Lady* choſeth,
Which got, he dies, and by the bargain loſeth.
Or elſe perchance, ſom high-priz'd *Favorite*
Preſente his Suit and works him this deſpite,
And muſt forgoe his place by his eſteeme,
Although he know not what the *Office* meane;

Neither concerns this Him, for know you what?
It is not *place* but *profit* he aims at;
What matters it how he discharge it then?
He is above the priviledg of men;
For his firm grounds are rear'd on stone, not sand,
And shrink he must, that dare him countermand:
Yet is it strange to *see* how *he*, whose place
Resigned is to *one* new-crept in grace,
Would gull himself, and bear the world in hand
He is advanc'd to *place* of more command,
Although I 'm sure he could be well content
To keep his *Place* and be no * *President*.
O how this tickles mee, to *see* a Swad,
Who ne'r so much as education had
To make him generous, advanc'd to state:
And like a *Parachito* 'gins to prate
More then he ever knew or ever read,
Yet must this *grand-Sot* be authorized,
And held so grave a *Statist*, as if he
Were th' only man on earth for policie!
Nor am I so *restrain'd*, but if I please
I may behold variety of these;
For, wearied with this *counterfeit* of State,
Unto another corner of my *grate*
I streight betake mee; where I may behold
A *Bulke* of honor, like that *Asse* of gold
Which bore the name of *Isis*, rear'd on high,
Yet when I view him with an inward eye,

* *An easie Inquest of inquiry may informe the ingenious Reader touching this discovery.*

I find nought in him but an outward ſhew;
Nor care I much if He ſo much did know;
For all the *Honour* which this man poſſeſſeth,
As ſometimes, in his cups, himſelf confeſſeth,
Deriv'd their late begining (as 'tis ſaid)
From meer extortion in *Zacheus* trade:
But, till he change his *habit*, I forbid
That he ere do as good *Zacheus* did.
Of whom, I think, it may be truly ſaid,
That hee 'll prove *Banquerout* in ev'ry trade;
For he hath ſhewn himſelf a malefactor
Both while he was a Stateſman and Contractor.
But, beſides him, ſome other *Foiſts* there be
Deſerve a cenſure full as well as he:
But th' *State* is wiſe, and with an expert hand
Can ſqueeze theſe *Sponges* who do ſoke our Land.
Another perſonage I *ſee* approach,
And what he is, I gueſs by Arms on th' Coach;
A *great-Man* ſure, and yet for ought I *ſee*
He cannot be of great antiquitie,
For th' *Coate* he beares, implies it is not long
Since he bore *arms*, or th' *Herald* did him wrong:
Who may he bee then? I durſt pawn my life,
One that is honor'd meerly for his wife;
So as the only ſtay of his affiance
Supported is by means of his alliance:
Great muſt *hee* needs bee then, he cannot chuſe,
If *Muſhroms* by his means be honour'd thus.
But *ſee*, good *Malecontent*, who 's he goes there?
I'le call him to mee, *Pray good Sir draw neere*;

Hee

Hee Will not come, Hee doth not like a *grate*,
Though hee had ſelf-ſame *Proſpect* but of late,
Yet I 'll diſplay him to, and in a word
Uncaſe yon *Pomander* ſweet-ſented Lord.
Hee 's ſuch a Sage as hee'd be thought by man,
A grave, judicious, learn'd *Juſtinian*,
A Column of the *State*, and ſuch an one
As all our *Iſle* were worſe if he were gone;
Yet heare me and i'le tell you what he is,
One who hath wrong'd the *State* by rearing his ;
A ſubtle *Cenſor*, who his paſſion ſmothers
Till it burſt out to th' ruining of others,
Wherein he ſhews his ſpirit moſt of all,
By baſe inſulting o're a wretches fall ;
A *Neuter* Lord, who walks as in a miſt
And ſhews himſelf a cunning formaliſt,
A meer *State-Rhetorician*, whoſe deſire,
Having now gorg'd himſelf, is to retire
From buſineſs of *State*, becauſe he feares
That ſome ere long will have him by the eares
For courſes indirect, which he would ſhun,
By living privatly un-look'd upon.
But leſt this ſhould not hit, he hath convey'd,
And, by his Art, a cleere conveyance made
Of all his Lands, for hee obſerves the time
Apt to take notice of a *rich-man's* crime ;
Which to prevent, he thought to take this courſe,
That *He* who *beg'd* his ſtate might fare the worſe;
Yet I 'm reſolv'd, as widows teares and cryes,
Sent from their voice and from their dolefull eyes

Seldome returne without revenge from high,
Like feathers in the ayre his ſtate will fly
From his deputed *Heir*, and ſo decline
From him and his unto another line.
Yet this I wiſh not, but would rather ſee
His Seed ſucceed in their poſteritie,
That grand-oppreſſion, that ſame crying ſin,
May ne'r ſurvive in *his*, but die in him;
So ſhall that name which he deſerved here
Appear like aſhes ſcatt'red here and there.
Now *Eyes* what *ſee* you? Is the *grate* ſo ſtraite
As yee can *ſee* no object? Yes, deceite
In every corner doth encounter mee,
Men bee and ſeem not, ſeem what leaſt they bee;
For be it *Courtier* that I *eye*, whoſe *ſenſe*
Conſiſts in *Sent* and Sycophants pretence,
I find no part in him of that eſteeme
To prove him ſame he outwardly doth ſeeme;
For where He lives it is the only faſhion
To gull the ſimple with a Proteſtation:
His life is formal wholy, and he owes
Far leſs to *ſubſtance* then he doth to *ſhowes*,
Or be it *Citizen*, though he proteſt
The *wares* he ſhews you firſt are ſtill the beſt,
Becauſe he knows you 're of ſo brave a mind,
The choice you make is beſt, that you can find;
Yet ſome evaſion ſtill he hath in ſtore
To gull you now as he hath done before:
Wherfore believe him not although you grieve him,
For you deceive your ſelf if you beleeve him.

Of

Or be it *Country-man*, whose simple seeming
Would in opinion cleer him of misdeeming,
Yet in his cottage hath he learn'd this art,
To make his Tongue a stranger to his Heart;
So as all States this *maxim* learned have,
Hee cannot live that knows not to deceive.
Thus may you *see*, though I bee lodged *here*,
Where scarce one glimpse of Sun-light may appear,
That I have sundry *objects* to employ mee,
Which sometimes, I confess, so over-joy me,
As they in mee leave such impressions after,
That to my self I 'm oft enforc'd to laughter.
Nor can your *eyes* dart half so far as mine
In the survey of this corrupted time,
For were the *Curtains* ne're so closely spread
Where *Livia* with her *Drusus* wantoned,
The *Couch* close shut, the eyes of men to dim,
Yet know thus much, she is so *light* within,
As shee no more her wantonness can cover,
Then if she only had heav'ns arch above her.

NOw to my *second-Sense*, if you 'll draw neere,
I will make known unto you what I *heare*,
I *heare*, and by no mean intelligence,
That *Barbicon* is troubled with the *French*,
And are made *famulists*, as some suppose,
Because they speak so strangely through the nose;
But I do heare more serious news than these,
And you shall hear them briefly, if you please.

I *heare* of *One* who hath been long pent up,
And, with his *Ladie* drunke of ſorrows cup,
For ſom egregious crime at firſt committed,
With puniſhment injoyn'd them, as befitted,
Are to be freed now and quite releaſed,
As if both *blood* and *Whoordom* were appeaſed
By ſom few yeers reſtraint! But I do know
Superior pow'rs will grieve it ſhould be ſo;
For tell me, can that liberty be given
On earth, which never was allow'd by heav'n?
Shall *Naboths* blood cry for revenge and have it?
Shall *Abels* cry for vengeance and receive it?
Shall ſnarling Curs, as ſacred ſtories tell,
Lick up the blood of wicked *Jezebel*,
To ſhew how ev'ry creature ſeems to ſmother (there)
Their juſt revenge, whoſe hand 's deep dipt in mur,
And ſhall *Theſe* purchaſe freedom, or obtain
Such favor to review the light again?
Shall *Barbarous Nations*, where did nere appeare
That glorious light which ſhews her beauty here,
Enact ſuch Laws, injoyn ſuch puniſhment
On perſons that are held incontinent?
Shall ſavage *beaſts*, who meaſure their delight
By ſatisfying of their appetite,
Hate to partake in love with more than one,
And either live with that or live with none?
Shall ayrie *birds* ſo ſort them to their *make*,
That they will ſooner die then they will take
Themſelves to others? Yea, ſhall every creature
Perform the proper office of their nature?

And shal *man*, fraight wᵗʰ knowledg & with reason
Act against *God* and *Nature* such high treason?
No, Heav'ns forbid; what once was said, say I,
Wee have a Law, they by the Law should dy.
Yet if compassion move you to assent
To give them all their life time to repent,
(As ten lives were too little for such crimes)
Send them not forth to these depraved times,
But guard them close, as *Lepers* kept have been
Causing them cry aloud, *Wee are unclean.*
But this report I scarcely can beleeve it,
I will addresse mee elsewhere then, and leave it,
I *heare* a *noble-spirit* that 's compos'd
Of all Heroick actions lies inclos'd
In straiteſt durance; thus much sure I am,
Howsoe're his cause be, hee 's a *Noble*-man,
And *one* who may redeeme the time is past,
And by his *Prince* as well as *others* grac't,
For nere did any one more hopes inherit,
Or by *descent* expres more native spirit.
But I doe *heare* a *Marriage* like to bee,
Which hath procur'd this Lord his libertie;
What doe I *heare*? *Marriage* his freedom get?
No, rather he by *Marriage* loseth it;
For how can married-men their freedom get,
When never any was his own man yet?
But if his ayms be such, all hap betide
This lively *Martialist* and lovely *Bride*;
Shee, to retain his love at any rate,
Hee, to regain his love with Prince and State.

Nor

Nor do I feare, but when *deserts* are known, (down
Some shall mount high, who have been long kept
For *carpet-honour* till the *bayes* must yeeld
To that which *valour* gains him in the *field*.
For tell me, tell me, you *perfumed* Squires,
Nere scorch'd with powder but licentious fires;
You, whose *perfection* doth consist in this,
To complement a *wanton* for a kiss,
And glorie more in such a bootie gain'd
Then if you had a richer prize obtain'd;
What could you doe, if you were to resort,
Leaving Loves charmes, to raze some stately Fort
Or grapple with som daring enemy
To fight or fall, no other remedy?
Sure, I perswade mee, you would little care
For *Bracelets* twisted with your *Mistresse-haire*;
You would forget your *congies*, your *salutes*,
Fingring and quav'ring on your sweet turn'd *Lutes*
And learn to tosse a *Pike*, and speak in thunder,
To make your *unknown-valour* seem a wonder:
But, I much feare me, this were hard to do,
When you should *fight*, you would begin to woo,
And sue for peace on any terms you could,
Than gain renown, as *noble spirits* should.

* *When this* Poem *was first composed, this noble* personage *whom the* Author *intendeth, was not to* Libertie *restored, nor his* Nuptialls *as then solemnized. Now since deceased, and withall martiall renown interred in the bed of honour.*

How

How happy were I, if I might but heare
All you *sweet-sented-Gallants* lodged there
In *Albion's* peacefull *court*, to bee *preſt* over
And ſee each made a *Souldier* of a *Lover!*
What ſad adieus would young *don Phœbo* take,
And kiſs the ground for his *Amicla's* ſake?
What heavy news were this to *Cinna's* eare,
To loſe the preſence of her ſpritely *Clere*?
What griefe would this bee to that *new-wed-Lord*,
Who on my conſcience ne're unſheath'd his Sword?
When hee muſt leave his *nuptial-ſheets* ſcarce warm
With his delicious *Dinah*, and goe arm
Thoſe tender civet-corps, who never bore
Arms, but what *Nature* ſtor'd him with, before?
Zlid, I do think, ſhould they receive command
To hoyſe up Saile for *Brabant* out of hand,
The rumor of theſe *news* would be ſo bad,
As many of our *younkers* would run mad,
At leaſt (like *Ithacus*) would feign them ſo
If ſo they might excuſed be to go.
For 'las! ſo long hath this ſame golden dream
Of *Peace* ſurviv'd, they know not what wars mean;
Reſtie their arms, their armour ruſtie too,
And if they durſt fight, yet they know not how.
But be there no rare *Corants* thou *hear'ſt* more
Related neere thy *graue*? Yes, there be ſtore,
Yet none ſo much perplex mee, as to heare
The fall of *One* who once the *State* did ſteere,
And was thought worthy to enjoy his place,
Till profuſe *followers* brought him to diſgrace.

Of

Of whom, *Some* ſay, he ſo *corrupt* hath bin,
It were a ſin to ſhed one teare for him;
Yet, in reſpect of merit, I lament
That *hee* who was of ſuch accompliſhment,
Yea a *combiner* (as *hee* ſeem'd to me)
Of humane-learning and Nobilitie,
Should ſhew himſelf ſo weake as to delight
More in preferring of his *Favorite*,
Than in diſcharge of th' *office* where He *ſate*,
Or to ſupport the *ruines* of his *State*;
For worſer name nev'r any one did git
To reape ſo little benefit by it.
But there is ſomthing more than his diſgrace
That moves mee to compaſſionate his caſe,
And it is this; to note how *others* bee
Tax'd for as high and heavy crimes as hee:
For *his* to ſuch a number nev'r did mount,
Yet who dare call theſe *State-moaths* to account;
Hee muſt be cenſur'd, *theſe* may live ſecure,
Pill *Church* and *State* to keep their hands in ure,
Suck *Orphans* blood, drain tears from *widows*-eyes,
And fill both *heav'n* and *earth* with ſhriks & cries,
Joyn land to land, like priviledged men,
They wipe their mouths and ſay, *Who ſeeeth them?*
'Las none! Who dare do't? They may be allow'd
To do what ere they liſt, and in a Cloud
Walk as unſeen, for very few there bee
That ſee their hatefull crimes, dare ſay they ſee;
Now, for my life, I cannot ſee the cauſe
Why this ſhould be, unleſſe they have the *Laws*

Under

Under their girdle, meaning to draw blood
Not from themſelves, but where they hold it good,
Which cannot be; So might I juſtly tax
The *Law* it ſelf to bee a noſe of wax:
Wherefore I cannot think this is the matter,
For God forbid that *Laws* ſhould learn to flatter,
But I doe rather judge the caſe ſo ſtands,
They make their peace with *great-ones* under hand,
Whoſe awfull count'nance is the only cauſe
To ſtay the execution of our *Lawes*.
If this be ſo! O *yee* who injure moſt
This peacefull State, *heare* my incenſed *Ghoſt*,
Who like a *Fury* haunts you; ceaſe for ſhame,
To lay upon your *honours* ſuch a ſtaine!
You ſhould be like to *Beacons* on a hill
To give your *Country* notice of what ill
So ev'r aſſail's her, and by your wiſe care
Divert all dangers that might happen there.
You ſhould be like to *Pilots* to direct
Our Ship of State, leſt *ſome* ſhould intercept
Our hopefull commerce, which (I heard laſt day
Ev'n through my *grate*) was faln to great decay,
So troubled were the *Seas* as none would venter
Their goods, becauſe the *Ports* were hard to enter.
Yea, upon ſerious conf'rence I did *heare*
A rich *french-Merchant* on his Conſcience ſweare
That by one loſs which hee of late ſuſtain'd,
He loſt more wealth then he three yeers had gain'd.
You ſhould be like the *Sun*, to cleer the miſt
Of each ſlie ſtate-exacting *Alchimiſt*,

State-

State-Politician, baſe *Monopoliſt*,
Church-peace-diſturbing-factious *Noveliſt*:
To *theſe*, like *Reſoms*, it is your behoof
To ſhew your ſelves, to ſweep them from the roo
Of *Albions* ſpeciall Palace; for this Crue
Are not ſo have leaſt countenance from you:
You ſhould be like bright *Lamps*, light to beſtow
Both on your ſelves, and upon others too;
Upon *your ſelves*, that you may *patterns* ſeeme,
Adding unto your *Honor* an eſteeme;
On *others* too, that they may take a view
Of what is good by taking note of you.
You ſhould be *Starrs* in this ſame darkeſome night
Where many walk in blindneſs, few in light;
That by the *light* which your examples give,
You may procure you love, teach them to live;
For many *Batts* we have and *Night Owles* too
Doe more by *night*, than they by *day* dare doe;
Theſe are of *Belial*, the ſons of night,
For wicked men doe ever hate the light,
As thoſe who are ſworn vaſſals to the Devill,
"Hating the light becauſe their works are evil.
And what are *theſe*, but of that forlorne tribe
Who will diſpence with conſcience for a bribe,
So 't be in ſecret, ſell the Orphans right,
Oppreſſe the ſuccourleſs by th' arm of might;
Divide the *Stake*, and *ſhare* in others *State*,
As an occaſion I did hear of late. (then
"Three youths, all *Brethren*, when death had bereft
"Of their deer *Father*, who good portions left them
"Amountin

"Amounting to nine hundred pound in all,
"Some legacies diſcharg'd, which were but ſmall,
"Were by ſome friends, who wiſh'd their welfare,
"To take their Fathers Will, & get it prov'd. (mov'd
"Along they went, and unto *One* they came,
"Who had authority to prove the ſame;
"*One*, who with long connivencie had made
"His place a *Stale* and mercenary Trade:
"The *Will* he reads, and ſomtimes queſtions them,
"To try if they were underſtanding men;
"Which had he found, without 'en more adoe
"I am reſolv'd He had not us'd them ſo:
"But he obſerving that they were but weake
"Thought not to ſlip th' occaſion he might take
"To benefit himſelf, no matter how,
"And thus he gull'd, and ſatisfied them too.
"Young men (*quoth he*) I have ſurvey'd your ſtate,
"But I muſt tell you, 'tis ſo intricate,
"As I proteſt, I either have no skill,
"Or I ne're ſaw a more defective *Will*;
"But leave your names recorded by my man,
"Som ſev'n-night hence I'll do you th' good I can.
"Thus as he wiſh'd, for that time he diſpatcht them
"By means of wch delay, hark how he catcht them.
"The matter, as he thought, might firſt be driven
"By *them* to whom the *Legacies* were given,
"With whom he deals ſo cunningly, as they
"Either for feare or profit gave him way;
"On which foundation he his project reares,
"Extracting treaſures from the Orphans teares.

"For

" For when the time came, they repair'd unto him
" Expecting th' good he promiſed to do them,
" But th' Copy of his countenance was chang'd,
" His meer-pretended promiſes eſtrang'd,
" As *one* remorſleſs of the ſtate of men,
" For in this manner he accoſted them:
" Since you were with mee, I perceive in Law
" This *Will* you brought is ſarcely worth a ſtraw,
" For it relation hath unto ſome other
" Which you out of your cunning ſeek to ſmother;
" But for as much as I doe hereby gather,
" There was affection born you by your father,
" Both in reſpect of *nature* and of *blood*,
" Whereby I think he meant to doe you good;
" I will perſwade effectualy with theſe
" To whom your Fathers *Will* grants Legacies,
" And who, for ought that yet to mee appears,
" May claime as much as you that are his *Heirs*,
" Firſt, that all ſuits and differences might ceaſe,
" And you to have a hundred pound a peece.
" Which, ſimple ſoules (for little did they know
" Their own eſtate) they condeſcended to,
" Whereby he gain'd, as I have *heard* it ſaid,
" Five hundred pounds, all Legacies defraid.

Now was not this a brave Probationer
To keep a Regiſter for *Lucifer*?
Could one deviſe an apter inſtrument
Thoſe ſullied wares of *Machivell* to vent
Than this *Impoſtor*, this *Egyptian* Rat,
Whom I have ſeen both whoop'd & houted at.

And

And muſt he live *uncenſur'd*, and remain,
As if his ſpotleſs life were free from ſtain?
Muſt hee enjoy his *Place* as he hath done,
And hug *oppreſſion* as he hath begun?
Muſt he be cap'd and congi'd where you meet him,
When, on my conſcience, I had rather beat him?
Muſt hee retain opinion and eſteem.
Yes; What's the reaſon? He has to redeem
The *name* he loſt; With what? With *lads* of *gold*;
Why then is reputation bought and ſold.
Alas for griefe, that *gold* ſhould find a cover
To caſe *vice* in, and ſo to *gild* it over!
O ſo to *gild* is, but to *gull* the eyes,
And force poore *virtue* lend her robe to *vice*!
Had hee by order been a *Benedict*,
And of ſuch crying crimes as theſe convict,
He ſhould have heard of nothing but confuſion,
Till he had made a threefold reſtitution.
Had hee, who thus from *Juſtice* did decline,
Us'd ſuch corruption in *Severus* time,
Were he the *greateſt man* within his *Court*;
Selling his people *ſmoke*, had *ſmoked* for't;
Or borne the higheſt ſway in *Xerxes* dayes,
And fed his *Client-Subjects* with delayes;
Hee had been ſure, as in his life appeares,
To have his hatefull *skin* pul'd ore his eares:
Yet has this got a Pardon, and much more,
By an impoſed *fine* beg'd long before;
For this ſame worldly wiſe oppreſſing *Hammon*,
Hath made him friends by his unrighteous *Mämen*,

Fore-ſeeing well he ſtood on ſuch falſe ground
His naughty cauſe would force him to compound
Whence there appears great wrong, for it is ſed
Such have his *Fine* as nere were injured.
The poore-ones ſuffer, and their wrongs expreſs,
But all their cries can get them no redreſs :
Which if our *Prince* (ſo gracious is he) knew
Hee'd cauſe *him* make what reſtitution's due,
And feed none ſuch in their unbounded riot,
Who with their ſurfeits doe the State diſquiet.
But ſee, by talking of theſe corrupt *Benches*
I'de like to have forgot *three* of my *Senſes* ;
Nor were 't a wonder, *Some* by being croſt
In courſe of *Juſtice* all their *Senſes* loſt :
Well might I then forget my *Senſes* too,
Having with unjuſt men ſo much to doe ;
But I have *heard* more than I meane to tell,
My *Eare* is clos'd, now muſt I to my *Smell*.

THis *Senſe* in mee doth ſuch delight begit,
As Mines of Treaſures ſhall not purchaſe it ;
In every ſecret corner of my *Grate*,
I can *Smell* ſome abuſes in the *State*.
Here *one* both great, and of as ſtrong a ſavor,
By going brisk and neate creepes into favor;
Another holds concurrence with the time,
And hee will fall before he will not clime.
Here a brave ſpritely *Youth*, who, as they ſay,
Was but a *Ladies* page the other day,

And (ſuch was femal bounty) liv'd upon her,
Refines my *Smell* with his perfumed honor.
There *one* who hath more *Worſhip* fart then *wit*,
And more *eſtate* than *pate* to mannage it.
Here *one*, a lovely *Lady* in her time,
Paints to repaire thoſe *Lillies* that decline;
Who old in yeeres, but youthfull in deſire,
Cold in the pulſe, but hot in fancies fire:
And her I *Smell*, for though her face be dyed
With pureſt colours, ſhe is *Mortified*:
No *Saint*, yet earthly *ſented*, for her *breath*
Proves ſhe is *mortall*, and muſt cope with death.
But who coms here? I *ſmel* one neer approaching;
What Madam *would doe*, all the day long Coaching?
I know her well, ſhee doth a *Huſband* want,
And 's held the only choice *Court-viſitant*
For feminine diſcourſe, though now and then
She talks ſo broad, ſhe'd ſhame a thouſand men.
How far this *Dame* is out of knowledg growne!
Some ten yeeres ſince ſhee came but to the town
With a *french fidler* and ſung *northern* jigs,
And after ſold falſe Tyres and Periwigs:
The very firſt *inventreſſe* of *Goats haire*,
Ceruſe from *Venice* and adultrate ware;
Beſides ſhee purchas'd of a *Jew* of late
A *fucus* for the face at ſuch a rate,
As had *Some Ladies* nere deſir'd to try it
And paid well for 't, ſhee had been loſer by it;
Yet howſoere this *Maquerella* trade
She 's tane in *Court* and *City* for a maid,

Though I ſuſpect, for I have heard it ſaid,
Shee ſtood in neede once of *Lucina's* ayd:
But ſhee is now grown *great*, what matter then,
If *Lais*-like ſhee cope with twenty men?
For there is none held now in all our Nation
So fit to give young *Ladies* education,
So gracefull in her carriage and diſcourſe,
Though *vertue* ſay, ſhee never heard a worſe;
For ſhee whom *vertue* guides, will never ſeeke
With ſhop-bought beauty to adorn the cheeke.
But 'zlid who 's this *ſmels* in my noſe ſo rank?
Pandora that ſame Lady *Mountebank*;
Who keeps a *Catalogue* of all diſeaſes,
And choice receits, to cure them as ſhee pleaſes;
Beſides *Provocatives* ſhee has ſuch plenty,
Her well-frequented *Shop* is never empty.
If an affection to a *wench* ſhould move you,
Shee has a *powder* too will cauſe her love you:
Are you by night time troubled with the *Mare*?
About your great toe ſhee will ty a haire:
Or ſubject unto *dreaming*? ſhee 'll aſſure you
She has a ſoveraign *oyle* will throughly cure you:
Or pain'd with *aches*? ſhee has, in her pack,
A *Balm* that cur'd *one* tortur'd on the Rack:
Or *hyde-bound*? ſhe has by her ſuch a *Stone*
As it hath pow'r to raiſe the skin from bone:
Shee has a *Water*, that in little ſpace,
Will take away all wrinkles from the face,
Renue the blood, refreſh a waſted brain,
And, like *Medæas* charme, bring youth again.

And if you would beleeve what shee'll relate,
Shee'll tell you of a cure shee wrought of late,
Upon a *great* and noble person too,
Who struck in age, yet had a mind to woo
A fresh young *girle*; but he thought the sight
Of his *white-haires* would dash his motion quite:
Which to prevent, hee to this *Artist* came,
Who by receits as quickly cur'd the same;
Within four daies all his *white-haires* were reft him,
Which I beleeve, for not a *hayre* was left him.
Briefly, for all cures shee so far surpasses,
Galen and *Paracelsus* were but Asses
Compar'd to her, sith there be greater store
Of *Maladies* then have been heretofore;
When *nationall* diseases that did show
Their dire effects to some one place or two,
Are now grown universall; for since than,
French, Dutch, Italian, Neopolitan,
Have sought unto our Coast their *Sores* to carry;
Where they are grown in time hereditary.
But who is this I *sent?* A sack of dust
And mouldred ashes, yet as full of lust,
As if her stirring blood begun to melt
With thought of youth, and nere had winter felt.
Has she no *Husband?* me thinks she should stir him;
Shee has a *Husband*, but she cares not for him.
Those that are *chaste* affect no *choice*, but shee
Would surfeit, had shee not varietie:
So strong 's her appetite, that in her plenty,
She glories more then if shee were but twenty;

"Such sweetness brings sins custom, as once in,
"Delight in Sin, removes all sense of Sin.
More do I *smell*, for I am not invited,
But with my *Smelling* only am delighted;
A solemn bride-pie, which upon my life
Is for that fox-furd *Burgomasters* wife
Now gone to marry, and has hope to breed,
Yet has not one sound tooth in all her head:
So as this *youth* struts by his old *Trots* side;
For all the world like *Bantus* with his *Bride*.
But stand; for see his *Crest* displaid in *paste*,
One who nere lov'd the church, to church doth haste
To spouse his youthfull *Bride*, whom, as 'tis said,
Hee in her *Husbands* life time formalled;
Whose corpse scarce cold, no nor the poorest worm
Entred his coffin, nor his shroud-sheet torn,
His *Obits* done or funeral-torch burn't out,
But shee's so hot, shee needs must go unto 't:
Where arm in arm and cheeke to cheeke they meete
Leaving her dead *Lord* to his winding-sheete.
Whence I conclude, as *Sexton* once did cry
With a loud voice to such as passed by,
"How short 's a womans grief, within three daies,
"Rosemary sprigs are turn'd to gilded Bayes!
Thus may you see when I no *Flow'rs* may take,
Of *Weeds* for need I can a posie make
And *smell* them too, although they give no *Sent*
To cheere my *Sense* or tender her content.
But men that are restrain'd of liberty
Must make a virtue of necessity,

For

For unto choicer Gardens *those* may goe,
And I 'll not say but they may gather too
Far choicer *Flowr's*, who never were restrain'd
Then *wee* who are from common ayre detain'd,
Yet in this *grate*, although I be no Cat,
I can as quickly *see* and *smell* a Rat,
As hee who may have liberty to range (*Exchange*
From *Court* to th' *Burse*, from *Cheapside* to th'
For it 's not *Liberty* that gives man sight,
Unlesse *hee* use that *Liberty* aright.
For *Some* will see more in the darkest Cave
Than other Some who greatest freedom have;
Yea I may sweare, since I was *here* confin'd,
How ere my *eyes* bee, I 've a cleerer *mind*.
But hast thou nothing to delight thy *Smell*?
But such rank *weeds* as these that *sent* not well?
Hast thou no *flowers*, thy cloyed *Sense* to please,
But such unsavery *Mugweed* slips as these?
Yes, I have *flowr's* and *odors* too which give
Soul-solacing refreshment where I live:
But *these* are such as shall not be made known,
Lest by these *weeds* they should be overgrown,
Who from their loathed lives cast such a steem,
As with their venom they might poyson them,
Which to prevent, prevention must be us'd,
Another proper *Subject* I have chus'd
Now to discourse on, yet I will not waste
Much time in satisfying of my *taste*;
For that were sensuall, and would discover
I were no *Pris'ner* but some brain-sick Lover,

Who by his wanton *miſtreſſe* task'd to more
Then he could do, his ſpirit to reſtore,
Feeds on all dainties, that he ſtrong might grow
Both in himſelf and for his *miſtreſſe* too.

(plac'

HOw ſhould I *taſte* ought well, ſince I am
Where I can reliſh nothing but *diſtaſte*?
For *here* in this vaſt Cave where I doe live,
My very *Conſorts* no contentment give:
Not the leaſt beame of comfort ſhines upon me,
But like the *Plague-ſore* all my *friends* do ſhun mee.
The language of rude *officers* beſide,
Whoſe baſe condition ſticks not to deride
My hard miſhap, and twit mee to my face,
Saying, my *wit* brought mee to this diſgrace.
When feeble nature craves ſome ſmall repaſt,
Though I be hungrie, I had rather faſt;
For my weake *ſtomach* cannot well digeſt
The *meate* I have ſo ſluttiſhly addreſt.
Which makes me muſe and wonder much at *theſe*,
Who waſte their ſtate in ſuperfluities,
Storing their luſcious *Epicureall* boord
With forain cates to feaſt ſome forain Lord;
Who will accept their love, as well hee may,
And, with a *french* ſhrug, laugh and go his way.
Now by my hopes, there 's nought *diſtaſts* me worſt,
Then ſee a *grand gull* thus abuſe his purſe,
To gratifie a *Mounſeur* and his trayne,
Whom hee perchance ſhall never ſee againe.

For

For this *Vitellian* Lord, that he may pleaſe
That *great-mans* palat with varieties
Of all delicious meats, by *Land* and *Sea*
Sends his *Purveiors* out, who ſtor'd muſt be
What e're *proviſion* coſt them, 'tis no matter,
Their *Lord* will ſell his *Land* to fiſh the *water*;
Yet it is brave to ſport and ſpend the time
In luſcious *fare*, choice *conſorts*, and rich *wine*;
To take delight in meats that beſt do pleaſe,
Fill *Poland Salmons* full of *ambergreece*;
And like that *Prince* of prodigall expence,
To pleaſe his Humor rather then his Senſe,
When *far* from *Sea*, would only feed on *fiſh*,
But *neer* the *Sea*, made *fleſh* his only diſh.
To revell unto midnight, and come home
A ſleepie *Sibarite*, a heavie *drone*:
Next day addreſſe himſelfe to ſome new taske,
As make a ſet ſpeech to his *miſtreſſe* maske;
Go ſee a *Play*, and when each *Act* doth end,
Riſe from his *Stoole* to commune with his friend;
Of purpoſe to induce thoſe that ſit neer
To think it 's *State* that they diſcourſe of there;
When 'las, poor *Stage-gulls*, they 'r ſo far from that,
As they ne're knew what ſuch things aymed at:
Then to make choice where they will ſup that night,
And make their life a progreſſe of delight.
Next day invite ſome honorable gueſt,
A *favorite*, or *follower* at leaſt,
To make the world take notice of him then,
That he'll grow *great* by means of ſuch great men.

Or

Or at his own charge ſome *Court-ſhew* to frame,
And make the Ladies think it was his braine
That did contrive it, when, *Some* neer him know it,
His *purſe* and not his *pate* did play the Poet.
Or in his entertainment of ſome *State*,
Make *Conduits* run with *Rheniſh* at his gate.
True; this is brave indeed and princely too,
Which *Some* may better far then others doe,
Who racket it abroad and keep a table
Free for all commers, when they are unable
To feed themſelves; the Cock on hoop is ſet
Hoping to drink their Lordſhips out a debt.
I heard of late a *Millener* complaine
Of a *great Lord* that's prodigally vaine,
Who run upon his ſcore within three quarters,
Five hundred pounds, for ſho-ties, points & garters;
Yet runs *he* on and feeds him with delay,
And eyther cannot pay or will not pay.
Yet is his mind good, for he doth afford
A gracefull preſence and a gratefull word
Where ere he ſtands engag'd, & it doth grieve him
To be ſo long in debt, if they'l believe him.
But th' *Suite*, thus he pretends, he laſt obtain'd
(And this 's his grief) comes ſhort of that he aim'd,
Or elſe *hee's* out of *caſh*, or who collects
His rents, detains them more then hee expects.
But howſoere *hee* ſhroud it with his wit,
Nor this nor that is any cauſe of it;
'T His luſcious *palat* and delicious *Cook*
Withhold him from diſcharging of the Book.

His many *Items* daily ſo much ſpend him,
As eyther muſt ſome *Patentees* defend him,
Or all his ancient *Manors* are forgone,
Which may be ſoone, for he had never none,
Only ſome few he got ſince he came hither,
Which with *himſelfe* are ſhrinking both together.
But ſtay; me thinks there's nought *diſtaſts* me more
Than to behold a rude uncivil Bore
Whom nurture, nor good nature ever had,
Whoſe *father* liv'd by nought but ſelling *Wood*,
By meanes of better fortune to obtaine
More grace then men of more deſerts may gaine;
His *honor* is his purchaſe, and his fate
To raiſe himſelf to *greatneſſe* by his ſtate:
For merit who eſteems it? When men crave
To know not what we *are*, but what we *have*?
Now by thoſe hopes I have of future bliſſe,
There's nothing mads me half ſo much as this;
For who can brook to ſee a *groundling* riſe
To titles of ſuch *honor* and high prize,
Doing no worthy act in all his time,
Unleſſe it were the gelding of a Swine,
As I heard once a mad-conceited Jig,
Of one made *Knight* for roſting of a Pig:
And *Dietloph Brand* obtain'd (ſome ſay) as much
With *Roſtock Beare* who overthrew the *Dutch*,
Which ſtory made me laugh, for on a time
A *boon-Companion* and a friend of mine
Telling this tale, *one* of a light conceit
(Which made the jeſt more full) replied ſtreight

By thus retorting it; *Now by this light,*
I wonder much why you'r not made a Knight;
For if to healths *ſuch knightly vailes befall,*
You's drinke a health *with any of them all.*
But to the purpoſe; though I force a ſmile,
I'd rather mone th'abuſes of our *Ile.*
Again, to ſee *thoſe* who have well deſerv'd,
How they can ſhew their warlike bodies carv'd,
Their arms disjoynted, or their legs cut off,
Yet for all this rewarded with a ſcoff;
Their ſervice wants leaſt ſolace, for our *Peace*
Makes us conceive ſmall pitty toward *theſe:*
Yet their deſignes were glorious, and the cauſe
For which they fought deſerv'd no leſſe applauſe,
But ſee their end, for all the time they ſerv'd,
The moſt of *theſe* are eyther hang'd or ſtarv'd.
Now to propoſe ſome due reward to *theſe,*
Nought were more fit, if it the *State* would pleaſe,
Than to injoyne the miſerable *Chrone*
(I meane the uſurous oppreſſing one)
Whoſe only ſport it is, and recreation,
To ſee a dearth of grain in all our Nation;
Who grates, regrates, grinds and engroſſeth all,
Laughs when our *markets* riſe, grives when they fall,
Who will not ſell his *Corn* if men ſhould die;
But ſtops his eare againſt their ruthfull crye:
Then to injoyn (I ſay) his ſtonie heart,
Some portion of his ſubſtance to impart
To a deſerving *Souldier*, and know
My reaſon 's this why I would have it ſo.

This earth-adoring and admiring wretch,
Who craves no more then that he may be rich,
Lives ſafe at home, his *family* attend him,
But all this while the *Souldier* doth defend him:
Snayle-like at home *hee* ever makes aboad,
And little feels the dangers are abroad;
While the encamped *Souldier* doth endure
The worſt extremes the *Miſer* to ſecure:
From ſleep *hee* wakes, with noyſe of leaſt alarm,
Surveys the *Campe*, prevents enſuing harm;
Rampiers he reares, *Fortes*, *Bulwarks*, *Paliſadoes*,
Mures, *Countermures*, ſtores his wel-rig'd *Armadoes*:
The key-cold ground, the *field-bed*, wher he reſts him
Where not one minute but ſome fear moleſts him:
All which he beares with patience for this Elfe,
Who cares not who fall ſo *he* ſave himſelfe.
Now ought not *he* to ſhare in his encreaſe,
Who by his danger doth ſecure his peace?
Do wee not ſee each one relieve his Cur,
Who on the night-time barks and makes a ſtur
To ſhield his *maſters* houſe from *thoſe* would venter,
But for fear of diſcovery, to enter?
And ſhall a *Cur* ſo kindly be entreated,
And a poor *Souldier* of his right defeated?
Can one delight ſo much a *Cur* to cheriſh,
And ſuffer *one*, endow'd with reaſon, periſh?
Nor for my ſelf do I this comfort ſeek,
For (as I think, I 'm in for all the week)
Although perchance I have as great delight,
In a good cauſe, as any one to fight,

And would be loth to ſpare my deareſt blood,
If ſhedding it might do my Countrey good :
But diverſe means are form'd for diverſe men,
Some are to fight with *pike* and *ſome* with *pen* ;
Eyther of which requires a ſpirit ſtout,
To vanquiſh *fiends* within, or *foes* without.
But ſay, can neither *eye*, *eare*, *taſte*, nor *ſmell*
Afford thee ought that may content thee well ?
Can no choice object to thy *eye* appeare,
Nor no melodious accent to thy *eare*,
No fragrant perfume to refreſh thy *Scent*
While thou art *here* in liſts of thraldom pent ;
No ſenſe-affecting-ſolacing *repaſt*
That may delight or reliſh thy *diſtaſt* ?
Can none of *theſe* thy drooping ſpirit cheere,
Or eaſe thy griefe while thou art lodged here ?
Yes, yes, in every faculty I find
Somthing to give contentment to my mind ;
For thus I argue ; If *theſe* breed ſuch loathing,
I muſt infer, on *earth* there can be nothing,
Bee't nere ſo pleaſant-ſeeming or ſo moving,
That may in any meaſure merit loving.
Which to confirme, as I conceiv'd *diſtaſt*
In all thoſe former *Senſes* that are paſt,
Now, for my love I bear the *Commonweale*,
Heare but the griefs I for her ſake do *feele*.

MUch do I *feele*, for even my heart doth ake,
Not for my ſelf, but for my Countrey ſake.

Where

Wherein ther's nought doth me ſo neerly *touch*
As to ſee *great-men* wrong the *State* ſo much.
For ther's no place, we heare not ſome of *theſe*
Tax'd and reprov'd for their *Monopolies*,
Which they will *beg* that they their turns may ſerve,
No matter though the common-people ſtarve.
O age me thinks thou art diſtracted growne
To ſqueeze a whole State for advancing one!
And what 's that *one*? a profuſe Rioter,
Who ſpends upon a *painted* Sepulcher
What ere he gains by begging; thus the *poor*
Are forced to maintain a *great-mans* whoor.
They want, *he* ſurfeits; *they* may pine and die,
Hee hears, but takes ſmall pitty on their crie.
They crave one crum of comfort, *he* denies them,
And when *he* meets *them*, ſtops his noſe & flies them;
He all enjoys whatſo'ere may like him well,
And on his *foot-cloth* rides in ſtate to Hell.
O yee high peering *Mounts* incline your ear
Unto the counſel of a *Priſoner*!
For do not think, although I be in thrall,
That I will *humor* any of you all;
I have not learn'd to *flatter* hitherto,
And I do ſcorn to take the *trade* up now.
But what's my counſell? Labour to deſerve
Well of your *Prince* whom you are bound to ſerve,
Hate to inhance your State, or fill your purſes
With wofull widows tears and poor-mens curſes;
That gaine muſt needs be ill, be 't more or leſſe,
That's ſuck'd and ſtrained from the fatherleſſe.

Scorne

Scorne to enrich your ſelves by others hate;
Or rayſe your ſelves by razing of the *State*.
And for as much I heare that *Some* of you,
Which I proteſt doth much my grief renue,
Support your Followers in an unjuſt cauſe,
Againſt the courſe and tenure of the Laws;
So as they care not what they undertake,
Becauſe they ſhall be *favor'd* for your ſake:
Surceaſe for ſhame to countenance a wrong,
Either by Letter or perſwaſive tongue;
For there is nought on earth, right ſure I am;
Detracteth more from any *Noble-man*,
Then with the *brand* of *injury* to ſtain him,
For *love* of any one that doth retain him.
For this ſuch deep impreſſion leavs behind it,
As on your *graves* ſucceeding times ſhall find it;
Where it will live long after you be dead,
And ſprinkle hatefull poyſon on your ſeed.
And you the reverend *Judges* of the Land,
Stand in defence of right whoſoe're withſtand
Your juſt proceedings, let no *favor* draw you,
Nor *fear* of any *great-one* over-aw you.
Doe you not think it were a ſhame to heare
Such men as you, who on your ſhoulders beare
The burden of the *State*, and ſhould take care
To guard the *Prince* and thoſe his *Subjects* are;
E're to decline from doing what is right,
For *love*, or *lucre*, *enmity* or *might*?
Patrons and *Patterns* you ſhould be of truth;
To curbe the miſdemeanors of our youth,

Who

Whoſe unconfined wills are rather bent
To ill then good, unleſs they *feel* reſtraint:
But for as much as I have heard *Some* ſay,
That *great-mens* power hath ever born much ſway
In Seates of *Juſtice*, which ſhould be ſo pure,
As neither *power* could awe, nor *love* allure;
That you from courſe of *Juſtice* leſs may ſwerve
Obſerve the Rule which *Cato* did obſerve:
Who on a time, when he in judgement ſat
Profeſſing *truth*, the ſcope he aymed at,
Receiv'd a *Letter*, which in poſt-haſte came
From *One* who was eſteem'd a ſpecial man
Then in the *State*; addreſſed to this end,
To ſpare pronouncing judgement on his *Friend*.
But *He*, ſuſpecting what th' *contents* might be,
Meant to prevent him by this Policie,
And that *he* might procede in judgment better,
Firſt Sentenc'd him, and after read the Letter.
O then to all alike juſt judgement render
As you the ſafety of the *State* doe tender!
Grant *great ones* no exemption, who alledge
They may offend by writ of Priviledge;
But make them know, that you have pow'r to ſtrike
(If they impugn the *Law*) all men alike.
This if you do, which *Conſcience* bids you doe,
Good men will love, and ill men feare you too.
Yea *God* himſelf, who's preſent in your *Court*,
Sees your uprightneſs and ſhall bleſs you for't.
And you ſtrife-ſtirring *Lawyers*, who have ſold
Too oft your ſouls, more oft your tongues for gold,

Like some foule *Leprosy* my *Muse* would shun you
But that the *State* complaines so much upou you.
Eye your *profession*, and examine then
If you your selves be such condition'd men,
As both the *State* requireth at your hands
And with the form of your *profession* stands.
And what is this, but that you should take heed
What cause you take in hand, for whom you plead,
Whom you perswade, and with perswasion mad,
Saying their cause is good, when it is bad,
How you doe earne your *fees?* for some mens aym
Are by delayes to multiply their gaines:
For know, that you, who should judicious bee,
Are first to weigh the cause, then take your *fee*;
And if 't be such a Cause 'twill bear no water,
Perswade your *Client* to compound the matter:
But if the cause be good, fall soundly to it,
And slight it not, for so you might undo it.
What shame were't then to see men of your Co
Distemperd with a *swelling* in the *throat*:
A dangerous infectious disease,
Sprung from the practice of *Demosthenes*;
Whom the *Milesians* feeing on a time,
That to their cause he might the more incline,
Hee, when he should the matter fully break,
Had got the * *Squinancie*, and could not speak.
O take you heed of this, lest God withhold (Gold
Speech from your tongues thus tipt and tide wi

* Ἀργυράγχη Συνάγχη. *Vid. Demost. apud Gellium, lib. 11. cap. 9. 82.*

And you the *Gentry*, who retaine the *name*,
But not the *Worth*, of thoſe from whence you came;
You, who ſhould be *life*, *hope*, and all that's deere
Both to your ſelves, and ſuch as neighbour neere,
Obſerve your ranke, and in your ranke ſo live,
As to your *Houſe* you may no ſcandall give.
Alaſſe, for griefe, that ere it ſhould be ſed,
So many hopefull *Plants* are withered;
Such ancient *houſes*, where reliefe was found
By way-beat *Paſſengers*, now raz't to ground!
And whence comes this, but from improvidence,
Neglect of State, profuſeneſe of expence?
So as me thinks, I heare poore *earth* complaine
And chide her *brats* for being ſo profane;
That th' antient *badge* of Hoſpitality,
Should be defac'd by prodigality;
Cloaths, made to cover ſhame, and colour ſin,
Are now habilliments to glory in:
Meates, given to ſuffice nature, not delight,
Muſt ſatisfy our liqu'riſh appetite:
Drinks, to refreſh, times ſo diſtemper'd are,
Muſt drink down debt, apply a cure to care;
Of which diſorderd rank, I knew of late
A *youth* of faire and eminent eſtate;
Who in few yeares had his eſtate ſo ſeeke
from *piſſing Conduit* that doth ſtand in *Cheap*;
But in my judgement, there is none of theſe
Brings ruine to our ancient families,
So much as profane *ſwearing*, which doth call
Like that *hand-writing* ſhowne upon the *wall*

For vengeance on them that the ſame do uſe,
" Gods curſe muſt nere depart from ſwearers Houſe.
And yet I ſee, and ſigh to ſay I ſee,
How in this *Land*, where God ſhould honour'd be
With dueſt praiſes, for her great increaſe
Of earthly bleſſings, and continued peace,
The *Gentry* of our *Ile*, ſhould think no ſhame,
With new coin'd oaths to profane his name:
Which is their *Parents* fault, who ſo much love them,
That when they hear them *ſwear* they'l ſcarce reprove them:
Yea thoughthey *curſe* ere they be wean'd from teat,
And learne to *ſweare*, before they learn to ſpeak,
They muſt not be rebuk'd, but mark their ends,
And you'l conclude their *Parents*, their worſt frends.
And you, deceitful *Tradeſmen*, whoſe great'ſt care
Is to contrive dark ſhops, to vent falſe ware,
Scorne with injurious practiſe to deceive
Such as in you, their truſt repoſed have;
And day by day the *Chandlers* caſe remember,
As you the welfare of your necks do tender.
Laſtly to you my *Brethren*, who by nature,
Are *Woodmen* borne and gotten by a *Satyre*:
Examine ere you publiſh any line,
For I muſt tell you 'tis a dang'rous time;
The *State* is jealous, and will have an eye
On ſuch *wild-headed waggs* as you and I.
Be warie then good *Boyes*, and have a care,
Leaſt in my *cenſure* yee do likewiſe ſhare,
Which could not chuſe but turne to your diſgrace
Beſides your lothſom lodging in this place:

Where, truſt me, though I doe not lye with any,
Spight of my teeth I goe to bed with many;
And which is ſtrange, *Backbiters* have I more
Since I lay *here* then e're I had before.
But heark, while I am taxing others ſin,
My *fellows* they are roaring now within;
I muſt withdraw; my *Keeper* he doth call,
And now my *grate* is ſhut; good-night to all.

Exit Spectrum.

A Poſtſcript.

NO ſooner was my Grate cloſed, tha
I from my Proſpect barred; re
tiring my ſelf to my reſt, whic
was as reſtleſſe as my fortune
hapleſſe, my friends hopeleſſe an
helpleſſe. Neither did this leſſe
but heighten my miſery, to hav
mine eye barred from liberty, by being ſhut from m
Proſpect of vanity: But beggars muſt be no chooſers
nor priſoners diſpoſers; with Patience I retired, re
ſolving to enjoy my ſelfe, though of all outward joy
deprived, and joy in the liberty of my minde, thoug
of bodily freedom reſtrained. Neither indeed (to do
As ſurlie Cerberus right) was my Argus-eyed Por
zer ſo relentleſſe, as wholly to reſtrain mee; for hi
promiſe was unto mee, next morning betime to tende
mee a courteſie, by giving mee free recourſe to m
Grate; where I reſolved to ſpend the next day in a ſe
rious ſurvey of ſuch paſſengers and paſſages as happil
might encounter mee, and make themſelves object
to an embleme of miſery. But ſee how humane purpo
ſes are diverted! implying, that nothing can bee b
man, ſo long as hee is man, firmly reſolved: For, nex
day, addreſſing my ſelfe to my old taske, I underſtoo
by

by One of the Knights-ward, that divers broken and decayed Merchants, whose estate, howsoever it seeme to the eye of the world, razed, yet (so wise is humane policy) their supposed Heirs are to great fortunes raised; were inquisitive how they might procure a trustie and faithfull Retainer, who had knowledg in keeping of a booke, casting an account, and such necessary parts as properly concerned men of their ranke. Upon which enquiry, the whole House, to doe mee a courtesy, and add some small comfort to my present misery, preferred mee; knowing mee to have a little smattering in Arithmetick, and in that respect fittest to bee imployed for such an instrument; since which time I have used all diligence to tender them all possible content; wherein I have so far prevailed, as with the generall suffrage of these decayed Magnificoes, it is lately concluded, that if it come to passe (as much may bee) that they may eyther by meanes of Protection, or some other enfranchisement to them granted, attaine to the honour of a Company, I shall forthwith bee made their Remembrancer; which place I shall right willingly accept, intending to remember them upon all occasions. Hence then appeareth the cause why I am from further survey restrained, being in affaires of higher consequence imployed; having no time to betake mee to writing, or from wasting my Spleene with laughing; to see so many deluded Creditors bemoaning the fall of my politick Masters, whose well-cram'd coffers are so well stored, as they will feed the Breaker, though the Creditor bee starved. To discover their Treasure,

were to betray their Truſt; I were a knave then [illegible] *bee leſſe then truſtie, although they bee* knaves [illegible] *grain that doe truſt mee; only know thus much, there are many here in this* City, *to my knowledge, that beare their heads high, keepe their ſhops ope, walke the* Exchange, *and retaine an opinion of mighty* Merchants, *who come many thouſands ſhort of* theſe [illegible] *ſubſtance. So as my comfort is (for* gold *to the eye-ſight is very ſoveraign) I have enjoyed the ſight of more treaſure ſince I was reſtrained, then ere I enjoyed being freed. But* Silence *becomes a man of my* place; *let this ſuffice, I enjoy more by* ſight *then ever their thirſtie* Creditors *are like to poſſeſſe; ſo high am I in* truſt *with* thoſe *who have advanced their fortunes by* beſt be truſt. *Now to* theſe, *who would have mee proceed further in my* Survey *or* Diſplay *of vanity; having found* Poverty *an individuate to* Poetry, *my anſwere is; when I have hope to gain ſo much by my* Reader *as by my* Breaker, *hee ſhall heare further from meee. Now to my charge.*

—10——100——1000——10000——100000—

"Thus my wiſe-Maſters burniſh though they burſt;
"Foxes fare ever beſt, when they are curſt.

The Copy of a Letter ſent from a Burgeſs of the Lower-Houſe, *to the brittle Society, or broken Company of Bankrupt-Merchants,* 1625.

MASTERS and Magiſtrates, whoſe timely policy hath got you the deſerved name of a provident Company; Know that *both Houſes*, wherein I was employed as an eſpeciall Member, have taken into their Conſideration the qualitie of a *Breaker*: Wherefore I thought good, in reſpect of that ancient familiarity, and inviolable league of former amity which did ſomtimes cement us ſo neere together, to propoſe certain cautious obſervations, not ſo much for your behoofe, who are excluded from this number; and conſequently exempted from their Cenſure; as for our diſperſed *Bankrupts* who have broke ſince the ſixt of *October*, whoſe perſons and eſtates are only made lyable to the extent of a legall Cenſure. Firſt therefore to diſcover to you and your brittle Corporation ſome apparent Remonſtrances of my affection (yet not ſo

as my love ſhould forget forme, or my Lette
method;) my purpoſe is to reduce this ſchedule t
you directed, to four main heads or principa
points; where, in the firſt branch, I meane to ma
known what was objected againſt you; ſecondly
what was anſwered for you; thirdly, what wa
Enacted; and laſtly, certain directions, by wa
of prevention proponnded, that the force or virtu
of that Act might bee fruſtrated or diverted. Fo
the firſt, divers Bills of complaint were preferred a
gainſt you, and with much heate proſecuted; ſun
dry main objections preſſed, the ſubſtance or effe
whereof I have no leſſe freely couched, then friend
ly touched, that in your memories they may be
the deeper imprinted. It was objected, and tha
with much vehemency, by a rawbone Knight,
who, as it ſeemd, had been formerly converſant wit
men of your quality, which occaſioned him t
exaſperate the buſineſſe againſt you more feelingly.
That if ſuch as you were ſuffered to get mens eſtate
into your hands under pretence of Commerce, an
then fraudulently ſhut up ſhop, as if the light o
you fortunes had received a Dampe, there would i
time bee no Commerce in this Iland, but an utte
decay or decreaſe of all trades; the reaſon hee al
ledged was this, Becauſe, ſaid hee, every Profeſſio
by way of Commerce, uſeth to have dependenc
upon mens reputation or credit; now if this repu
tation (the buttreſſe of every profeſſion) fail
needs muſt all Commerce, relying upon mens re
putatio

putation fall. This objection was illuſtrated by divers apt ſimilitudes, to add more luſtre to his propoſition, and detract the more from your profeſſion. The State, quoth hee, is a body politick, and may bee aptly compared to a body naturall and organicall; the Belly or Maw of this body is the Commonaltie, whereto other parts ſtand engaged to relieve her neceſſity; with theſe ſhe conforteth and Commerceth, and on their engaged reputation ſhee relyeth: The eye promiſeth to direct her; the hand to relieve her, and the foote to ſupport her: If theſe infringe their promiſe ſhee of neceſſity muſt periſh, becauſe their mutuall ſupportance requires a mutuall aſſiſtance; which neglected, the whole fabrick muſt be diſſolved: ſo fares it with the body politick, where one veine drawes blood from another; if one veine grow too full the whole body ſuffers for it, which diſtemper admits no prevention but by Phlebotomy and inciſion; Full bodies muſt bee purged; ſpungie and ranke Vines pruned; grounds overflowing drained, and impoſtum'd ſores launced; much more this Gangrene of our State, which menaceth ruine to the whole body, if it be not prevented by a ſpeedy remedy: For tell mee, ſhall theſe ulcerous *Scarabees*, who feede on others fortunes, and fat themſelves with others ruines, receive countenance from us, reſpect by us, or expect leſſe then an exemplary Cenſure of us? Shall theſe *Horſleaches*, who ſuck till they ſwell, ſwell till they burſt, be ſuffered

any

any more to neſtle amongſt us? Shall theſe *lazie Labourers* reape what they have not ſowne, eate o the fruit they have not planted, or receive profi for what they never ventured? And more tollera ble were it, if they parted but ſtakes, or only ſha red in the benefit of others adventures; althoug for this they never laboured, but like egregious *Land-ſharks*, to ſtrip their honeſt Creditors (an ruine others to enrich themſelves) of all, and ap propriate all to themſelves; what civill or well-Go govern'd State can endure? I (quoth hee) no without juſt cauſe, am induced to proſecute this Ar gument, being a matter of ſuch generall conſe quence, as many Families muſt ſuffer while they ſur feit, and want the *ſtaffe* of *bread*, while they grow fat with the *bread* of *deceit*: Neither am I ignor rant how many impious Imps of that Societie, mak the *Royall-Exchange* their Plotting-Gallerie, o State-Conſiſtory, where they project ruine to the Creditor, and advancement to their ſeldom-thri ving-Succeſſor: Nay, which is worſe, I have ſeen in my time one of theſe *Bankrupt-Merchants*, afte recovery of their pretended breach, brave it wit ſuch inſolency, as I have wondred how a Chriſtia face could bee ſo brazed, or with ſuch impudenc glazed, as ſo ſoone to forget his ſinne or ſleight h ſhame; but what will not an habituate cuſtom produce, eſpecially where *greatneſſe* becomes ſubterfuge to *guiltineſſe*? It was an ancient Law a mong the *Perſians*, That whoſoever was more re

ly to receive then requite, ſhould ſuffer death. What Cenſure then ſhould be pronounced on theſe, who receive more then is given them, retain more then is due unto them, and infringe their faith to ſuch as repoſe truſt in them? Violation, or breach of faith, was ſo odious and contemptible a thing to Heathen men, as they preferred a noble end, before ſo ignoble a brand; their reputation was their glory, their honour was their prize, and their good name that precious odor which perfumed them living, and embalm'd them dying. When a poore woman complained to *Tamberlaine*, That one of his Souldiers had drunke ſome of her milke, for which hee had not paid, he cauſed the Souldier whom the woman accuſed to bee brought forth, and for this pettie injury to bee ript up, that it might appeare whether her accuſation were true or falſe; which if it had proved otherwiſe then ſhee affirmed, had been on her ſelfe inverted, by inflicting on this woman the ſelfe ſame puniſhment which was practiſed on this Delinquent. If a Souldier, whoſe profeſſion is commonly injurie and rapine, deſerved ſo heavy a Cenſure, for ſo light and veniall an error, what may hee ſeeme to deſerve who profeſſeth all urbanitie, liveth in a State famous for civilitie, and whoſe very garbe is a complement of honeſtie? Sure (with all reſervancy of reſpect to you before whom I ſpeake) I cannot imagine how any Cenſure can be too rigorous to men of a condition ſo odious and injurious. How much this Speech was approved

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and ſilently applauded might appeare by the ſerio attention of the whole Houſe; ſo as, doubtleſſe t Bill had paſt preſently upon the delivery of th Speech, had not One, whoſe Copyhold this Ca concerned, boulted upright; who pulling a litt downe his *gregorian*, which was diſplac't a little haſtie taking off his Bever, ſharpning his peak and erecting his diſtended mouchato's, proceede in this anſwere; not only to avert the force of tho objections already preſſed, but to divert their i tentions towards this Act, to the furthering whe of hee ſaw the Houſe generally inclined. It is a mirable to note with what prepared facilitie an ſingular proprietie the tongue can make expreſſio of the minde, in any ſubject which it intends eithe to dignifie or diſgrace; ſo as (to uſe *Anachar* words,) *It had need of a more ſtrong reſtraint tha Nature.*

How violent this *Gentleman* who ſpake la hath been in diſgracing, yea ſuppreſſing the an cient company of *Breakers* you have partly heard and the reaſons hee alledged to confirme his di courſe, which I muſt ingeniouſly confeſſe, wer both many and weighty; ſo as I perceive by out ward appearances, that they have left ſuch deep impreſſion in this honorable Aſſembly, as the print thereof cannot bee eaſilly razed, unleſſe reaſons o equall or more high conſequence bee produced, t anſwere thoſe which have beene already objected First therefore, I will lay open unto you what an ex-

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cellent ground of State-policie relies on the continuance of theſe broken *Merchants*; whoſe ſuppreſſion would bee an occaſion of ſundry maine inconveniences in the publick State; for, if prevention bee the life of policie, how ſoone would this life be extinguiſhed; if it had no ſubjects of prevention whereby it might bee exerciſed? If there were no *Breakers* to circumvent, the *Merchants* needed no policie to prevent; which would in time inure them to ſecuritie, and make them ignorant in the cautions of preventing policie. Yea, But it is objected, that theſe *Bankrupt Merchants* are profeſt enemies to all civill Commerce; Admit this were ſo, yet in ſome Caſes it is as neceſſarie to have enemies as friends. *Naſica*, when the Roman Common-weal was ſuppoſed to bee in moſt ſecure eſtate, becauſe free of their enemies, affirmed; That though the *Achaians* and *Carthaginians* were both brought under the yoke of bondage, yet they were in moſt danger, becauſe none were left whom they might eyther feare for danger, or who ſhould keepe them in awe. The like courſe obſerved *Oenomademus*, in the Ile of *Chios*, when hee counſelled his fellowes, That they ſhould not expell all their enemies, but ſtill leave ſome in the City; leſt (quoth hee) being void of all our enemies, we ſhould begin to quarrel with our friends: Beſides, if our wealthy Traders ſhould not ſomtimes encounter with theſe rubs, their much proſperity would make them inſolent, ſo as labouring with their owne burden, they would

become profuſe Rioters in the ſmooth progre
of their fortunes, ſo as I may properly retort th
laſt Speakers words upon himſelfe, and confidentl
affirme, That theſe *Decayed Merchants* are excelle
Phlebotomiſts to purge the ful bodies of ſuch Trade
men, who by continuance of Commerce are grow
too rich. *Telephus*, when hee could finde none a
mongſt his friends to cure his wound, permitte
his enemy to doe it; So hee who purpoſed to ki
Prometheus the *Theſſalian*, opened his Impoſthum
with his Sword; this Impoſthum'd Member is th
rich Tradeſman, who muſt be lanced before he ca
be cured; a continued ſucceſſe in Commerce ha
corrupted him; proſperitie, which beſt declare
what men bee, hath tranſported him; ſo as by al
likelyhood hee would hazard the loſſe of himſelfe, i
hee encountred with no loſſes to make him feel
himſelfe; the wiſedome therefore of the time hath
found out an expert *Chyrurgeon* to lance him, an
lancing cure him; an experienc'd *Phyſician* t
purge him, and purging recover him; an exquiſite
Gardiner to prune him, and pruning refine him: And
would you have ſuch a ſingular Artiſt Cenſured?
Beſides all this, reflect on the benefit which re
dounds to the publick State, in their death as wel
as life; for theſe *broken Merchants* having raiſe
and inhanced their Fortunes, no ſooner die then
they inveſt their wives in whatſoever their thriving
providence hath ſcrap'd together; who after ſome
extorted teares, forc'd with much pumping from
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the Lymbeck of their eyes, plant their affection on ſome younger brother, to whom they make an entayl'd eſtate of whatſoever was left them by this *Breaker*. Thus, like honeſt men (though much againſt their will) they make decayed Gallants their inheritors, who ſing a *requiem* for their Soules while they ſet their patrimonies at ſale; And good women, when theſe young Rioters have left them nothing but rags of miſery, they never exclaim, but patiently conclude, it was their deſtinie. Againe, I can ſee no reaſon why theſe Tradeſmen ſhould preferre any ſuch Bill of Complaynt againſt theſe Bankrupts; ſeeing they confeſſe how much in their courſe of Trading they have gained by them, which will not only countervaile their loſſe, but might bee an inducement to qualifie their demands: Yea, ſuppoſe all were true as theſe Tradeſmen affirme, and that theſe *broken Merchants* were the utter ruine of their fortunes, who by getting commodities into their hand and ſo breaking, have diverted the current of all trading. Yet let theſe Tradeſmen lay their hand on their heart, and tell mee if they have not by times cheated theſe Merchants Sonnes as often as they themſelves were ever cheated by their Fathers. All then that they can juſtly complain of, is but a little delay or drift of time, for when oportunity ſhal be offer'd I make little doubt, but theſe who were once deluded, and by the ſubtlety of theſe ancient Merchants circumvented, will requite the Fathers policie by

working on his Sons ſimplicitie. An age then al-moſt will make all ſtreight amongſt them, ſo as whatſoever was injuriouſly hooked by the prede-ceſſors provi'ence, will bee as ſpeedily retendred by the Succeſſors weakneſſe Neither have I pro-duced all thoſe reaſons which might bee here alled-ged by *Courtiers* and *State-favorites*, who ſhould incur great prejudice by occaſion of this Act. For, whereas formerly *Protections* were uſually procu-red to ſecure theſe *decayed Merchants* from areſts; and conſequently enable them to work their owne peace; employments of which nature raiſed no ſmall profit to the buſie Courtier; there will bee now no occaſion for any ſuch employment, which would drive the Courtier to a pitifull exigent. Laſtly, for I hope I ſhall not neede any further to preſſe this Argument, being with ſuch pregnant reaſons confi med; how many grave, judicious and diſcreet Stateſ men have wee in this our Ilan (and ſome in this honourable Houſe) who, if the had beene nip't in the head upon their firſt fall, ha never attayned the honour to ſh w their ſufficienc in ſo brave an Aſſembly? whoſe aymes as the were generous, ſo were their ends glorious, reſem-bling *Antæus*, who ſo often as hee was thrown downe to the earth, received freſh ſtrength, but b ing lifted up was ſoone tamed: So they, wh their Fortunes ſeeme moſt depreſſed, meanes advancement diverted, and ſo many rubs to th future hopes objected, remaine ſo firmly reſolv

as they vanquiſhed misfortune with patience: and crowned their fortunes with a glorious conqueſt. This Speech, as it reliſhed well in the Palats of ſome, ſo it diſtaſted others; for ſome there were who muttered underneath, that they ſmelled a Rat; others ſtick't not to ſay, that this laſt *Speaker* had ſurely ſome affinity with a *Breaker:* * So as in concluſion, to the great griefe of many true-hearted factors, as well principall Merchants, as puny factors, who wiſhed your crazie profeſſion well; the laſt mans Speech was utterly exploded, and the firſt approved and applauded; upon which dolorous concluſion, with conſent of the whole Houſe, it was in expreſſe termes thus enacted againſt you.

* *Some ſaid that this Speech might not unfitly bee compared to that improbable Paradox writ againſt* Liberty; *or to him who confidently maintayned this hair-braind argument, that a* Hare *was a more couragious creature then a* Lion: *or rather to him, a merry Greeke, who held this deſperate aſſertion, That Vice was more behooſefull then Virtue in a State politick: Or to him, who* Marius *like, bombaſted his Stockins to hide the infirmity of his ſmall Legs.*

For as much as daily experience ſheweth, That the number and multitude of *Bankrupts* doe encreaſe more and more: and alſo the fraudes and deceits invented and practiſed for the avoyding, fruſtrating and defrauding the penalties of the good Lawes in that behalfe already made, and the ſaid remedy by them provided, &c. Bee it enacted, That all and ſingular the aforeſaid Statutes and

Lawes heretofore made againſt *Bankrupts*, and for reliefe of the Creditors, ſhall bee in all things largely and beneficially conſtrued and expounded for the ayde, helpe and relief of the Creditors, or ſuch perſon or perſons as already bee or hereafter ſhall become bankrupt. And that all and every perſon and perſons uſing the trade of Merchandize by way of bargayning, exchange, bartering, cheveſance, &c. or ſhall uſe the trade or profeſſion of a * Scrivener, receiving other mens monies or eſtates into his truſt or cuſtody, who at any time after the end of this preſent Seſſion of Parliament, ſhall either by himſelfe, or others by his procurement, obtaine any Protection or Protections, other then ſuch perſon or perſons as ſhall bee lawfully protected by the priviledge of Parliament, &c. thereby deſiring or endeavoring to compell or enforce them, or any of them, to accept leſſe then their juſt and principall debts, or to procure time or longer dayes of payment then were given at the time of their original contract: or being indebted to any perſon or perſons in the ſum of one hundred pounds or more, ſhall not pay, or otherwiſe compound for the ſame, within ſix moneths next after the ſame ſhall grow due, and the Debtor be areſted for the ſame, &c. or being areſted for debt, ſhall after his or her areſt lie in priſon two moneths or more, upon that or any other areſt or detention in Priſon for debt, &c. or procure his enlargement by putting in common or hired Bayl ſha

* *Look to your Eares Scrivener.*

ſhall bee accounted and adjudged a Bankrupt, to all intents and purpoſes. Bee it further Enacted, that the like Commiſſions, Orders, Benefits, Proviſions and Remedies which are and bee provided and limited by the ſaid former Acts of Parliaments made 13 *Eliz.* & 1 *Jac.* concerning his, her, or their Lands, Tenements, Hereditaments, &c. ſhall and may bee had, purſued, taken and expounded againſt ſuch perſon and perſons as are herein and hereby declared, deſcribed or expreſſed to bee Bankrupts, and againſt his, her and their lands, tenements, hereditaments, &c. And bee it further enacted by the Authority aforeſaid, That the ſame orders, benefits and remedies, which are and be provided and limited by this preſent Act, againſt any Bankrupts, or for, or concerning his, her or their lands, tenements, hereditaments, &c. or the diſcovery of them, or any of them, ſhall from henceforth bee had, purſued, taken and expounded againſt ſuch Perſon and Perſons, as are declared or expreſſed to bee Bankrupts, by the ſaid former Acts of Parliaments, or either of them, and againſt his, her and their Lands, Tenements, Hereditaments, &c, in ſuch manner and forme, as the ſame ought and might have beene, if the perſons in the ſaid former Statutes, or eyther of them, deſcribed to be Bankrupts, had beene mentioned and deſcribed to be Bankrupts in and by this preſent Act. And whereas by the former Laws and Proviſions ordained, the Commiſſioners appointed have limited

power to examine the Bankrupt himſelfe, &c. But ſome doubt hath beene made, whether their power did extend to examine the wives of the Bankrupt upon touching the ſame, by reaſon whereof the Bankrupts wives doe daily conceale and convey away, and cauſe to bee conveyed much part of their husbands monies, wares, &c. by meanes whereof much of the Baukrupts eſtate is concealed and deteined from the Creditors. For cleering the ſaid doubt Bee it Declared and Enacted by the Authority aforeſaid, that after ſuch time as any perſon ſhall by the ſaid Commiſſioners, executing the ſaid Commiſſion, or the greater part of them, bee lawfully adjudged or declared to be a Bankrupt, the ſaid Commiſſioners executing ſuch Commiſſion, ſhall have power and authority to examine upon Oath the wife and wives of all and every ſuch Bankrupt, for the finding out * and diſcovery of the eſtate, and eſtates, goods and chattels of ſuch Bankrupt or Bankrupts concealed, ſecretly kept, or diſpoſed of by ſuch wife or wives, in their own perſons, or by their owne act or meanes, or by any other perſon or perſons. And that ſhee and they the ſaid wife and wives ſhall incur ſuch danger and penalty, for not coming before the ſaid Commiſſioners, or for refuſing to bee ſworne and examined, or for not diſcloſing the truth upon her or their examination or examinations, as in and by the ſaid former Lawes or eyther of them, is already made and provided a-

* *Marke this my brittle Brethren.*

gainſt

gainst any other Person or Persons, in like Cases. And if any Bankrupt shall upon his or her examination, taken before the said Commissioners, be found fraudulently or deceitfully to have conveyed away his or her goods, chattels, &c. to the value of twenty pounds or above, purposely to hinder the execution of this Statute, & shall not upon his or her examination discover unto the said Commissioners, and (if it lie in their power) deliver to the said Commissioners all that estate, goods and chattels, so fraudulently and deceitfully conveyed away, shall or may bee indicted for such fraud or abuse, at the Assizes or generall Sessions, &c. and if upon such Indictment or Indictments, the Bankrupt bee thereof convicted, hee or shee so convicted, shall bee set upon the Pillory, * in some publick place, for the space of two houres, & have one of his or her ears nailed to the Pillory, and cut off. And for that some doubt is conceived whether the Cōmissioners, in case of resistance, have power by the former Lawes to breake open, or cause to bee broken open the House or Houses of such Bankrupts, &c. Bee it therefore Enacted, That in execution of the said Commission, it shall bee lawfull to and for the said Commissioners, or any other Person or Persons, by them, or the greater part of them, deputed by their warrant or warrants, under their hands and seales, to breake open the House or Houses, chambers, shops, warehouses, &c. where the said

* *Mark this my sorowfull Sisters wofull wives to the broken fraternity & be not carelesse of authority, lest ye become a wearlesse spectacle on the publick Pillory.*

Bankrupt, or any of his or her goods or eſtate ſhall be, or reputed to be, and to ſeize them, and order the Body, Goods and Chattels, ready money, and other eſtate of ſuch Bankrupt, as by the ſaid former Lawes are limited and appointed. And for the better diviſion and diſtribution of the Lands, Tenements, Hereditaments, &c. amongſt his or her Creditors, Bee it Enacted that the Commiſſioners, or the greateſt part of them, ſhall and may examin upon Oath, or by any other waies or meanes, as to them ſhall ſeeme meete, any Perſon or Perſons, for the finding out and diſcovery of the truth and certaintie of the ſeverall debts due and owing to all ſuch Creditor and Creditors as ſhall ſeeke reliefe by ſuch courſe of Commiſſion to bee ſued forth, as aforeſaid: And that all and every Creditor and Creditors, having ſecurity for his or their ſeverall Debts by Judgement, Statute, Recognizance, &c. or having made Attachment in *London* or any other place, by virtue of any cuſtome there uſed, of the goods and chattels of any ſuch Bankrupt, whereof there is no Execution or Extent ſerved and executed upon any the Lands, Tenements, Hereditaments, Goods, Chattels, and other eſtate of ſuch Bankrupt, before ſuch time as hee or ſhee ſhall or doe become Bankrupt, ſhall not bee relieved upon any ſuch Judgement, Statute, Recognizance, Specialty, Attachment or other ſecurity, for more then a rateable part of their juſt and due debts.

due

And bee it further Enacted, That if any the Lands, Tenements, Goods, Chattels, Debts, or other eſtate of any Bankrupt bee extended after ſuch time as hee or ſhee is become a Bankrupt, by any perſon or perſons, under colour or pretence of his or their being an accountant, or any way indebted unto our Soveraigne, his Heirs or Succeſſors, that then it ſhall bee lawfull to and for the ſaid Commiſſioners, to examine upon Oath whether the ſaid Debt were due to ſuch Debtor or Accomptant: And if ſuch contract was originally made, it ſhall and may bee lawfull to and for the ſaid Commiſſioners to order, determine and diſpoſe of all ſuch Lands, Tenements, Hereditaments, Goods, Chattels and Debts, ſo extended as aforeſaid, to and for the uſe of the Creditors, which ſhall ſeeke reliefe by the ſaid Commiſſion, And for that it often falls out, that many perſons before they become Bankrupt, doe convey their goods to other men upon good conſideration, yet ſtill doe keepe the ſame and are reputed the owners thereof, and diſpoſe the ſame as their owne: Bee it Enacted, That if at any time hereafter, any perſon or perſons ſhall become Bankrupt, and at ſuch time as they ſhall become Bankrupt, ſhall by the conſent and permiſſion of the true owner and proprietarie, have in their poſſeſſion, order and diſpoſition, any goods or chattels, whereof they ſhall bee reputed owners, and take upon them the ſale, alteration or diſpoſition as owners; that in every ſuch caſe, the

ſaid

ſaid Commiſſioners, or the greater part of them ſhall have power to ſell and diſpoſe the ſame, and for the benefit of the Creditors, which ſhall ſeeke reliefe by the ſaid Commiſſion, as fully as any other part of the eſtate of the Bankrupt. And for the better payment of debts, and diſcouraging men to become Bankrupts. Bee it further Enacted that the ſaid Commiſſioners (on whom this Authority is expreſly conferred) or the greater number of them, ſhall have power, by virtue of this Act, by Deede indented, and inrolled within ſix moneths after the making thereof, in ſome of his Majeſties Courts of Record at *Weſtminſter*, to grant, bargain, ſell and convey any Manors, Lands, Tenements or Hereditaments, whereof any Bankrupt is or ſhall be in any waies ſeized of any eſtate in tayle in poſſeſſion, reverſion or remainder, and where no reverſion or remainder is, &c. to any perſon or perſons, for the reliefe and benefit of the Creditors of all ſuch Bankrupts, &c.

And bee it further Enacted, That if any perſon that now is, or hereafter ſhall become Bankrupt have heretofore granted, conveyed or aſſured, or ſhall at any time hereafter grant, convey or aſſure any Lands, Tenements, Hereditaments, Goods, Chattels, or other Eſtate, unto any perſon or perſons upon condition or power of redemption, at a day to come, by payment of money or otherwiſe. That it ſhall and may bee lawfull, to and for the ſaid Commiſſioners, or the greater part of them

before

before the time of the performance of ſuch condi-
tions, to aſſigne and appoint, under their hands
and ſeales, ſuch perſon or perſons as they ſhall think
fit, to make tender or payment of money or other
performance according to the nature of ſuch con-
dition, as fully as the Bankrupt might have done, &c.
At the end of which Act theſe two proviſions were
thought fit to bee annexed: Provided further, That
no Purchaſor, for good and valuable conſideration
ſhall bee impeached by virtue of this Act, or any
Act heretofore made againſt Bankrupts, unleſſe the
Commiſſion to prove him or her a Bankrupt, be ſu-
ed forth againſt ſuch Bankrupt within five yeers
after hee or they ſhall become Bankrupt. Provided
further, And bee it enacted by the Authority afore-
ſaid, That this Act, and all other Acts of Parlia-
ment heretofore made againſt Bankrupts, ſhall ex-
tend to ſtrangers borne, as well Aliens as Denizens,
as effectually, as to the natural born Subjects, both
to make them ſubject to the Lawes as Bankrupts,
as alſo to make them capable of the benefit of con-
tribution, as Creditors by thoſe Lawes.

Excuſe me now (my ancient and familiar friends)
in that I have longer inſiſted upon the verball repe-
tition of all materiall points and branches of this
Statute; for I am not ignorant how much the re-
view and peruſall thereof concerns you; but fear-
ing leſt the length hereof might beget in you a kind
of wearineſſe (having your heads at this time work-
ing about affayres of high conſequence) I have here

reduced

ſaid Commiſſioners, or the greater part of them ſhall have power to ſell and diſpoſe the ſame, and for the benefit of the Creditors, which ſhall ſeeke reliefe by the ſaid Commiſſion, as fully as any other part of the eſtate of the Bankrupt. And for the better payment of debts, and diſcouraging men to become Bankrupts. Bee it further Enacted that the ſaid Commiſſioners (on whom this Authority is expreſly conferred) or the greater number of them, ſhall have power, by virtue of this Act, by Deede indented, and inrolled within ſix moneths after the making thereof, in ſome of his Majeſties Courts of Record at *Weſtminſter*, to grant, bargain, ſell and convey any Manors, Lands, Tenements or Hereditaments, whereof any Bankrupt is or ſhall be in any waies ſeized of any eſtate in tayle in poſſeſſion, reverſion or remainder, and where no reverſion or remainder is, &c. to any perſon or perſons, for the reliefe and benefit of the Creditors of all ſuch Bankrupts, &c.

And bee it further Enacted, That if any perſon that now is, or hereafter ſhall become Bankrupt have heretofore granted, conveyed or aſſured, or ſhall at any time hereafter grant, convey or aſſure any Lands, Tenements, Hereditaments, Goods, Chattels, or other Eſtate, unto any perſon or perſons upon condition or power of redemption, at a day to come, by payment of money or otherwiſe. That it ſhall and may bee lawfull, to and for the ſaid Commiſſioners, or the greater part of them

bef

before the time of the performance of ſuch condi-
tions, to aſſigne and appoint, under their hands
and ſeales, ſuch perſon or perſons as they ſhall think
fit, to make tender or payment of money or other
performance according to the nature of ſuch con-
dition, as fully as the Bankrupt might have done, &c.
At the end of which Act theſe two proviſions were
thought fit to bee annexed: Provided further, That
no Purchaſor, for good and valuable conſideration
ſhall bee impeached by virtue of this Act, or any
Act heretofore made againſt Bankrupts, unleſſe the
Commiſſion to prove him or her a Bankrupt, be ſu-
ed forth againſt ſuch Bankrupt within five yeers
after hee or they ſhall become Bankrupt. Provided
further, And bee it enacted by the Authority afore-
ſaid, That this Act, and all other Acts of Parlia-
ment heretofore made againſt Bankrupts, ſhall ex-
tend to ſtrangers borne, as well Aliens as Denizens,
as effectually, as to the natural born Subjects, both
to make them ſubject to the Lawes as Bankrupts,
as alſo to make them capable of the benefit of con-
tribution, as Creditors by thoſe Lawes.

Excuſe me now (my ancient and familiar friends)
in that I have longer inſiſted upon the verball repe-
tition of all materiall points and branches of this
Statute; for I am not ignorant how much the re-
view and peruſall thereof concerns you; but fear-
ing leſt the length hereof might beget in you a kind
of wearineſſe (having your heads at this time work-
ing about affayres of high conſequence) I have here

reduced

reduced all thoſe particulars to one abſtract, punctually comprehending the ſubſtance of every branch contained in this Act. Firſt, all ſuch Laws and Statutes as were heretofore made againſt Bankrupts, and for reliefe of Creditors, are for the better reliefe and redreſſe of the ſaid Creditors, largely and beneficially conſtrued and expounded. Secondly, the qualitie, nature and condition of a Bankrupt is in his colours lively deſcribed, diſplayed and diſcovered. Thirdly, the like Commiſſions, Orders, Benefits and Remedies which are, and be provided & limited by the ſaid former Acts of Parliament made 13 *Eliz.* and 1 *Jac.* againſt any Bankrupts, ſhall bee proſecuted and expounded againſt ſuch Bankrupts, as by their eſpeciall, perſonall marks are herein declared or expreſſed. Fourthly, the ſame orders, benefits and remedies which are by this preſent Act provided and limited againſt any Bankrupt, ſhall henceforth be purſued & expounded againſt ſuch perſon and perſons as by the ſaid former Acts of Parliaments are declared or expreſſed to bee Bankrupts. Fiftly, the Commiſſioners power is illuſtrated; a doubt, touching examination of Bankrupts wives cleered, and the penalties whereto refractory women are incident, in caſes of denying or refuſing to be examined, fully expreſſed. Sixtly, what publick puniſhment ſhall be on ſuch men or women inflicted, as upon examination ſhall be either found to have concealed the truth, or conveyed ſuch eſtates as were theirs, or to them upon

truſt recommended. Seventhly, the Commiſſioners authority is inlarged, and to the breaking open of the Bankrupts houſe, warehouſe, chamber, ſhop, cheſt or trunck authorized. Eighthly, there is a courſe propoſed, how diviſion and diſtribution of the Bankrupts Lands and Goods, to the reliefe of the Creditor ſhall be diſpoſed, and how to every one a ratable part is to be apportioned. Ninthly, if any Lands, Tenements, Goods, Chattels, Debts, or other eſtate of any Bankrupt chance to be extended under colour or pretence of being accomptant or any way indebted to our Soveraigne Lord, his heirs or ſucceſſors; the ſaid Commiſſioners are to examine upon Oath, whether the ſaid Debt were due to the ſaid debtor or accomptant: And if ſuch bargaine or contract was originally made, the ſaid Commiſſioners are to order and diſpoſe of all ſuch Lands, &c. ſo extended, to the ſole uſe of the Creditors, who ſeeke reliefe by the ſaid Commiſſion, and to whoſe behoofe they are to bee converted. Tenthly, if any Bankrupt ſhall with the conſent and permiſſion of the true owner and proprietarie, have in their poſſeſſion any goods or chattels, whereof they ſhall bee reputed owners, they ſhall be by the Commiſſioners power lawfully diſpoſed, and to the Creditors reliefe converted, that Debts may be better diſcharged, and Bankrupts hereafter diſcouraged. Eleventhly, the time when this authority or power ſhould be to theſe Commiſſioners granted, in what manner exhibited, and in what

what particulars extended. Laſtly, if any Bankrupt ſhall convey his eſtate to any perſon, upon condition or power of redemption, the Commiſſioners, or the greater part of them, before the time of performance of ſuch condition, may make tender or payment of money, or other performance according to the nature of ſuch condition, as full as the Bankrupt in his owne proper perſon might have done: Which Condition ſo performed, the ſaid Lands may by the Commiſſioners bee ſold, alienedand diſpoſed to the benefit and reliefe of the Creditor, for whoſe redreſſe this Statute was Enacted. For theſe two proviſions annexed, they are to you no leſſe prejudiciall, then to the Creditor uſefull.

Now, my *Broken-Brethren*, theſe twelve branches which ariſe from this one and only Statute muſt bee the twelve men which you are to bee tryed by. *Guilty prit. God ſend you good deliverance.* I aſſure mee, there is not one branch of all those which you could not finde in your Conſcience to breake, but the feare of the Pillory makes your Conſcience more queaſie. It reſteth then that we propoſe certaine cautions or directions, whereby the force or virtue of this Act may be fruſtrated and diverted, your credulous creditors deluded, and you from future danger ſecured: Theſe remedies, receits (or deceits rather) for prevention, are three. *Antidating*, *Inſinuating*, and *Adopting*. *Antidating* of your conveyance or State-charter. *Inſinu-*

ting

ing with ſome eminent Commiſſioner; *Adopting* ſome gracefull Courtier to bee your Heire or Succeſſor. For the firſt, it is dangerous to your perſon if you be diſcovered; you muſt walke therefore in the clouds, and hardly truſt your owne breſt with this ſecret, yet you may recommend it ſafely to the fidelity of your Scrivener: for *both his eares* he dare not be your diſcoverer, you muſt therefore diſcourſe your thoughts in ſilence*, & be cloſe breſted to your wives, leſt they give intelligence. For I would have you, my ſhaken brethren, of all others to bee wondrous wary, that none of you make your wife your Secretary; for if ſhe know it, your *Foreman* is ſure to be partaker of it: ſo as, while you make a ſhift to convey a *part*, they take courſe to contract together for the *whole*. Thoſe men who (as *Coſmo* ſaith) carry their heart in their mouth, are more to bee pitied then feared: bee you none of theſe pitifull things; caſt your ſelves rather in *Tiberius* mold, who gloried in nothing ſo much, as in cunningly cloaking his purpoſes with faire pretences, going inviſible, and deluding his Subjects opinions with a ſeeming good. None can bee open and wiſe; avoid then the former, that you may thrive by the latter. Hee that will make gaine his ſole object, muſt not ſtick to make diſhoneſty his path, nor a large Conſcience his Inmate. He muſt * *Domitian*-like, divert his eye from every object of

* *Otium & ſomnũ loqui.* Tacit.

* *Who exiled all liberall Arts, Ne quid uſquam honeſti oculis occurreret.*

of honesty, and every day take a new lesson fro the thriving rules of *Machiavels* policy.

But for you (my Crazie Consorts) there is no thing so needfull in this secrecie of *Antidating*, t your intimacy with an expert counterfeiting Scriv ner, whose habituate profession in the exquisit grounds of forgerie, never brought their Maste within suspicion of knavery; whom that you ma better know by his *character*, and by my experienc display, bee cautioned to make choice of no Gu for your *Scrivener*; take *along* with you these per sonall markes, or accoutrements rather, of his pro fession. Let him by all meanes partake much of th *Jew*, and learne to forget the bashfull art of blush ing; Let him counterfeit, and that so naturally as if it were ingraffed in him; an innocent simplicity to the end hee may shroude his actions more coverl ly. Let the *brazen age* shine in his forehead, and voluble tongue to answere any thing that may be objected. Let him be no *Pillorie-man*, for I mak some doubt whether the *Commissioners*, by virtu of their *Commission*, may not make search whethe he hath beene ever at *auricular Confession*. To cau tion him in his trade of swearing when hee shall be put to 't, I neede not; for that is one of their firs rudiments when they are Punies. Make this choic and bee confident of successe, for a *crafty* kna needes no *Broker*, nor a cunning *Scrivener* th braines of a *Breaker*; and this shall suffice to pre monish you touching the mysterious secrecy of *An*

tidating.

tidating. Secondly, you muſt *inſinuate*, and as it were, skrue your ſelfe into the reſpect or affection of ſome *eminent Commiſſioner*, and by grateſull arguments of Love, make him your boſome friend and familiar. And if you cannot compaſſe this your ſelfe, recommend the carriage thereof to your wife. *Syrens* were not men but women, which makes mee thinke, that men are leſſe perſwaſive then women; let this burden therefore bee laid on them. Meane* time, for as much as men of generous quality, whoſe affections are not ſubjected to the obſervance of any, are rather taken with a countenance amiable, diſcourſe affable, and diſpoſition ſociable, then with any benefit or bounty whatſoever; you muſt underſtand this art or garbe of gaining Love, conſiſteth much in your faſhion or converſation; your diſpoſition muſt bee, though inwardly ſurley, outwardly lovely; you muſt bee paſſing officious, and force them to a familiarity, though it be by palpable Paraſiticall-Sycophancy. But it is much to bee feared, that theſe who bee hereto authorized, as they are too wiſe to bee thus deluded, ſo they are too honeſt to bee depraved; as they are too underſtanding to bee flattered, ſo they are too upright to bee corrupted: for the actions of Great ones have more eyes looking over them then inferiours have, which makes them more circumſpect in their behaviour, leſt, for want of good take

* *Homines fronte & oratione magis, quæ ipſo beneficio, req; capiuntur.* Cic.

heede, they ſhould incur an heavy * Cenſure. You muſt then addreſſe your courſe ſome other way (my endeered *Breakers*) whereby your provident intendments may bee effected, your ſecret practiſes, to divert the furious current of this Statute, facilitated, and the Port or Land-marke to which you direct your road, proſperouſly attained. For the acquiſition whereof, it were requiſite you make choice of ſuch, for protection, as reſemble you neereſt in your courſe of Commerce, qualities and condition. Now who be theſe (my *brittle-Vrinals*) but our anfractuous *Courtiers?* whoſe glory is like glaſſe, *bright* but *brittle*: For *Courtiers* are moſt aptly compared to * *Counters*, which ſomtime in account, goe for a thouſand pounds, and preſently before the *Count* be caſt, but for a ſingle penny. Caſt the account of your owne crazie-fortunes, and the alluſion will hold. But you will ſay, by what meanes may wee make theſe eminent and conſpicuous *Comets* our friends? whereto I anſwere, by *making* them your Heires. Beſtow but on them *adoption*, and they will freely beſtow on you their *protection*; inſinuate into their corky acquaintance, and promiſe them adoption upon your acceptance. Feare not but they will bite, for ſuch kinde of fiſhes will nibble at any bayte. You know *Vulpones* plot, perſonate him in golden promiſes, and leaden performance. Make them all your

* *Non putam hoc futurum, nunquam hoc eventurum credediſſem ecquid ineptius?* Seu. de tranq. anim.

* *Plutarc.*

your Heires by *adoption*, but none by *grace*. If it be any of your fortunes to grow humerouſly great with any *eminent favorite*, your projects to retain him muſt bee more ſelect and exquiſite. Admire and honour him at firſt, like *Iſis* Statue; afterward, upon more familiarity, tender him rules of parentall providence, proteſting withall that your hopes are ſoly treaſured in him, and a day will come when you may expreſſe it. This will catch my Golden-Gull, and cauſe him trudge to ſecure your eſtate, which hee hopes you will preſerve and reſerve only for his good. If there be any braines left in the ſconce of a *Courtier*, hee will labour to free you from the penaltie of a *Breaker*, only to enrich his ſpruce ſelfe, who, he hopes, ſhall live to be your ſurvivor and ſucceſſor. This will doe admirably well; for not only this *Court-Popingey* ſhall be palpably gulled and galled, * but your Hereditaments ſecured, your true intended Heire inveſted; and what your Providence got, ſhall by your Prudence bee preſerved. Theſe courſes hold better with thriving policy, and your ſtates ſecurity, then fruitleſſe inventions againſt the ſeveritie of our times, for enacting ſuch wormwood-Lawes againſt you, as no age heretofore could exemplifie the like. Wherein, under favor (my *ſplitted-Brethren*) you hold an erronious aſſertion; for againſt *Bankrupts*, former times may inſtance the like Conſtitutions.

* *Dum vult eſſe prædo, fit præda.* Aug

Adrian Ordained, That Merchants, or ſuch as

dealt with exchange, by bartering, chieveſance, or otherwiſe ingroſſe, or by retaile, that brake their Credit or were *Bankrupts*, without juſt cauſe, but only of covetouſneſs, by fraud to enrich themſelves and raiſe a fortune to their poſteritie; to bee ſet upon the *Pillory* in the market-place, and afterwards to be baniſhed *Rome* for evermore. From whence you may collect how much your cenſure is qualified in reſpect of precedent times, where, though Paganiſme reigned, this *Bankrupt-judaiſme* leſſe raged. Thus my (teare-ſwoln *Termagons*) have I briefly touched and couched all ſuch eſpeciall receits, as duely applied, may allay your paſſion, ſecure both your ſtate and perſon, and deliver you from the Cimmerian Jawes of a Tartarian Priſon. If this will not afford any cure to your care, no ſalve to your ſore, there is no other remedy in caſes of ſuch extremity, but as you have ever within you a *teſtem* to condemn you, ſo have ever in readineſſe a *reſtem* to end you: whereto I commend you, and ſo leave you.

May 29.
1624.

A Priſoners Picture, poſture and preſſure; all receiving forme, feature, life and lineature from this contracted Letter.

My truly noble and beſt honoured;

Since I laſt wayed Anchor, and parted from your fleete, where you ſafely rode within Portſmouth; *I bare up with a proſprous gale in my tall veſſell, called* The little-Diſcretion *of* Cilly: *bent upon a diſcovery. And for my better aſſiſtance in the voyage, you know the ſtrength of my Lord* Cromwells *Letter of Mart, and ſo forth. Long I had not tempted the Maine, but a mercileſſe Storme moſt uncivilly drave us upon the extremes of a more cruell Element. For, no ſooner came wee neere the* Gulph, *but wee were grappled by four Turkiſh-Renegadoes, formerly Chriſtians, and violently brought into the* Straights, *unto* Banco, *where I now remaine Captive. When firſt I entred this paragan Scence, more pregnable then* Lillo, *but far more ſtrong and unſavory: The grim Sarazin, with a ſtarch't* Cales *beard, which kept the Port, find-*

ing mee a man of action, declared to mee the value of my Ranſome: and ſo ſorted mee with Rogues, that boaſted more of prioritie, as being Slaves, then the welch-Cadwalladers doe their pedegree. The language of many old Soldiers, had many ſeverall tones and accents, but all directed to one ſence; That they were very unfortunate, having beene laid out Perdues vpon ſo many dangerous executions, yet not to come off with Credit. This Ægyptian houſe of bondage had all the Canels taken vp but one; vnto which, when night drew on, a fellow, (whoſe left hand graſp't many Candles, I miſtooke for the dutch-Lyon on a double Stiver) by the feeble glowing of a farthing Light did convey mee. Seaven (according to the number of the wiſe-Maſters) were the inhabitants of this peſtred Manſion; all ſave one was couch't between bisket-bags, or courſer napery, which once were whitiſh themſelves, though covered with night, tobaccho and darke linnen, durſt not diſcover there no ſhirts; But as I dranke to them, each contracted his ſheet vnto a Mandilion: and received his drinke. The Captive ſoule that was vp, and as yet uncaſed, had a Monumentall Beaver on, which I preſume was free of his Company, for it was throughly crak't; a quondam haughtie and lofty Crowne it had, but now depreſſed into halfe the value, flat as a Couchant, and ſhone like one; fat and tydie it was, and in far better caſe then his Maſter; Whoſe meager body did ſhew through the grate of his garment, like a Pypers Timbrell. Whether hee had breeches or coats on, I ſtill remaine doubtfull, for they were ſo tattered,

tattered, that his lower parts ſeemed a Satyre, and his upper part no leſſe fearfull. The more I ſurveyed him, the more my Wonder increaſed, how Creditors could ſit on's skirts, for he had none; flie out he could not, for he had no wings, for his doublet went out but that morning to borrow three pence, and returned with a ſleeveleſſe errand: and no Wonder, for it was but one only rag of gentile-ſarſenet, torne ſlaſhes, which Geometrically hung like Needles on a Load-ſtone; and when the belching ſluce of his neighbours Lungs chanc't to open; the fellow (had his ſhirt beene cleane) ſeemed like a March-pane hang'd with Streamers. To conclude; This poore penitent doublet, drench't with teares that had wept out the eye-balls of his buttons, ſeemed to be a ſufficient puniſh't thing, both for his Maſters Sinnes and Debts. This fellow I lay withall, and loſt nothing by him; but in the morning, my Mahometan keeper Renaldo *placed me in a more pallated Roome; where I lay at as brave a hanging Ward, as the* Germaines *Fencer, in the memorable bed of the late ſuſpended Footeman, each houre ſuſpecting my ſuſpected delivery.*

Two Poems

Penned by the AUTHOR, before his restraint, Entituled

Loves Lottery
and
The Cuckow.

Whereunto are annexed,

The Trapanner.
The Tarpolin.
Messalina.
An Elegie on Phil. Potters *death.*

With his

Farewell to Poetry.
Or
Motto upon Misery.

Shewing how the *Muses* are Patroneſſes of *Poverty.*

IPSE DEUS, SUMMUS MÆONIDUM MUSÆUS

SUNT aliis alii Studiis ab Origine nati;
Artibus ingenui, deliciisq; proci.
Mæonii Musis sapiunt, opibusq; Coloni;
Sole Comes Scrinii nunc *Arethusa* mei.

Ardua magis est provincia Palladis *quàm* Plaustri;
Sendii *quàm* Stivæ; Calami *quàm* Coli; Cerebri
quàm Coloni; Mercurii *quàm* Mallei;
Minervæ *quàm* Manubrii.

"Who truly loves, and cannot loved be,
"May she lead Apes in Hell; she's not for me.

Loves Lottery.

I Pull, God ſend me fortune in my thank,
Either a *Prize* worth having, or a *Blank*;
What is it *Crier*? ſee the blouſing fool,
How he ſtands cocking on a buffet ſtool,
And ſpeakes his mind in ſilence! Sirra, you,
That ſtands like to ſome *Beacon*, to the view
Of each beholder, tell me what do'eſt know,
Have I a *Prize*, reſolve me yea, or no?
None; all the better, I am glad thy eyes
Are not a witneſſe of a worſer *prize*
Then *nothing*; it is *love* for which I drew,
And ſince I've *nothing* for my ſelfe to ſhew,
I am made free, that was in feare of thrall,
Which to avoid, I'le have no *Prize* at all.
No Prize, no booty! wellcome-heartily,
I am prepar'd, t'embrace my poverty
With an extended arme, for there is *want*
Which makes man *happy*, as *Cleanthes* ſcant
Living a ſingle life, got *knowledg* ſtore,
In which (if married) he had ſtill been poor.

Yet

Yet once I'le pull againe, hap what hap can,
And may my *Lot* make me a happy man.
" Happy or hapleſſe *dole*, what ere ſhall come,
" I will with cheerfull brow receive my *doome*:
For this I know, if *fortune* meane me well,
I ſhall receive a *Lot* that doth excell
So farre the lower ranke, as flowres graſſe,
" Gold lead, myrrhe hemlock, diamond the glaſſe.
Now *Sir*, what has *fate* ſent us, ſome crackt peece,
Not worth receiving? thinkſt thou *this* will pleaſe
A man, whoſe fortunes ſtand upon his *Prize*?
No *ſir*, I'le ferret out your rogueries.
This is given out for ſome *virginian* travell,
Some *Sea-gull* voyage, and you meane to gravell
A country *Codſhead*, and to cheat him too,
Telling him what the *Merchants* meane to do
With this *grand contribution*, but they
Meane no ſuch thing: ſuch voyages muſt ſtay
Till better opportunity admit,
And then perchance they will accompliſh it.
And yet what ſtrange pretences do *they* make,
" All that *they* doe is for their *Country* ſake;
And that this *expedition* will confer,
Store of eſtate upon our *Ilander*?
Then, what rich *oare* in every cliffe abounds,
The fiſhie rivers, and faire ſpacious grounds,
That without *tillage* yeeld them fruit enough
Without the help of either *Share* or *plough*.
Beſides, what *commerce* will accrue thereby
To *Albions* people, and her Seignory.

Thus

Thus our *Lot-novices*, are drawne to th' *bait*,
And brought to *bite*, not knowing what *deceit*
Lies ſhrouded under covert and pretence
Of country profit, Dove-like innocence.
But heare! A *prize*, and that the greatſt of all
Befall'n a *Taylor*, who upon his ſtall
Scarce could ſuſtaine his wife and family
With ſtealing *ſhreads*, and other michery;
And now 's advanc'd by fortune and his *Lee*
To many *hundreds*: and yet knoweth not
His better *fate*, till that ſome *friend* of his
Come to bring *tidings* of his ſodain bliſſe.
Where finding *him* heeling a paire of hoſe,
Or ſuch like botcherie, *He* skrues his noſe
After an upſtart-*Gallant*, leaves his *boord*,
Which many a peece of ſtolen ſtuffe can afford:
Then ſtreight *hee* claps a peece or two in th' hand
Of his good *Nuncio*, And thinks what land
Where beſt to purchaſe for his *ſunne* and *heire*,
(Whoſe heritage was *liſts*;) then do repaire
His *Bakers* with their *ſcroules*, and call him *coſin*,
With —— *Item* for ſo many dozen dozen
All undefraid, yet much they'l not importune,
Becauſe they heare the iſſue of his fortune;
Which *they* admire with knee and vailed head,
And now this *loopehole* muſt be worſhipped,
Whoſe *Stile* by letters is engraven thus,
The Shrine of Sutor Veſtiarius.
And this the *Country gull*, no ſooner heares,
Then he is rapt with *hope*, and therefore beares

ſome

Some ſtakes of hazard in this *Lottery*;
And hopes in time to hit as proſprouſly
As ere the *yard-man* did, and had no doubt
If that *he* could with *lots* have holden out
Till he had gain'd his purchaſe; but how ſhort
He came of that, his own eares can report,
Where all he got (ſo little was his thank)
For his diſburſements was a *Paper-blank*.
And yet, *O hope*, how ſtrong an Oratour
Art thou in thy perſwaſion! where, thy power
Extracts content from ſhadows, telling vs
That ſuch events may fall out thus or thus;
Which though they have no poſſibility,
Yet *hope* aſſures them for a certainty.
This moves us oft, to loſe the ſubſtances
And reall uſe of things, for ſemblances;
Meerely phantaſtick fictions, which proceed
From the diſtemper of an addle head.
And ſuch *Ixion*-like make their receit,
Too overweening of their own conceit:
Admiring *Merrha*-like, what ere *they* make,
That nought is good, but what *they* undertake.
Where if event prove ſometime ſiniſter
To their intent; they preſently aver
The ground whereon they built the plot was good,
How ſ'ere the ſequell may be underſtood.
O ſtrang condition of depraved men,
Where fancy is diſtracted, how or when
Their own affections know not, but proceed
In their intendments without better heed

Then

Then purblind *Appius* in his *Caſſian* lot
Who for two Romane talents got a groat!
And was not this an excellent receit
For ſuch a ſumme disburſed? O deceit
As ancient as authentick! for wee ſee
Acts of this kind gaine an impunitie;
Becauſe thoſe *grand-Cayrs* that doe profit by them,
Are all too great for *poor ones* to diſcry them.
"*Laws are like ſpider-webs, ſmall flies are tane,*
"*Whiles greater flies break in and out againe.*
But th'*lot* I draw 's cleere of another kind;
Where many are, of th' *Carthaginian* mind,
That brave *Arminius*, and we follow him,
Who thought it better farre to loſe then win
In *Hymens Lottery*: yet in affection
Where *ſingle numbers* be, there 's no perfection
Becauſe too naked, if that *one* partake
"Not of an *other*, and aſſume his *make*
To make this *number* complete: but we find,
Saith *Timon*, that made perfect in the mind,
Where *Contemplation* reigneth, which can be
Hardly united with *Effeminacie*.
True yet the *State*, if with diſcretion us'd,
And not through wanton dalliance abus'd,
Which ſtaines the light of *wedlock*, may be ſaid,
And rightly too, of merit honoured;
Where *two* divided bodies become *one*
by an interiour union, *bone* of *bone*;
Having recourſe to the *Creation*, when
Women had their *beginning* from us *men*:

So

So as that *Mould* which gave to us creation,
" Being *rib-formd* gave *Woman* generation.
And much I wonder whence theſe *Womens* pride
Had propagation ! if from *Adam's* ſide,
Why ſhould they glory in their *beauties* ſh wrs
" Since their perfection is not *theirs* but *ours*?
But if (as other *Sages* do aver)
Eve took *this* from her Lawyer *Lucifer* ;
Why ſhould *they* ſuch eſteeme of *beauty* make,
But rather hate it for the *Serpents* ſake ?
Who under colour of commending *faire*,
Tells them by *art* they'r fairer then they were ;
Whence *they* becom (ſo pure hath *art* diſplaind them)
Made by *themſelves*, & not as *God* hath made them.
Yet *ſome* there be whoſe * *vertues* make them faire,
And *ſuch* ſeeme never fairer then they are,
Whoſe native *beauty* doth her light retaine,
Whileſt what *art* daubs, is ſoon diſſolv'd again.
But ſtay, a Prize ! moſt welcom, what may 't be ?
" A *Maid* of *Dian's* train, whoſe modeſtie
Is without reach of Scandal ; *ſhee* it is
That 's fallne to *thee* to conſummate thy bliſſe ;
" Farwell then *Contemplation*, I have got
" A rarer *prize*, and I will take my *Lot*.

* *Theſe practiſe how to* dye *well more than to* live *well.*

* *Which* (as St. *Ambroſe* ſaith) *no age ſhall extinguiſh, no death can take away, no ſickneſſe corrupt.* Amb. de Virg. lib. 1.

The Cuckow.

Lalus *once laugh'd to heare the* Cuckow *ſing,*
Thinking it boded ſome mans cuckolding;
Where now in Spring, *prime ſeaſon of the yeare,*
The Cuckows *note ſounds harſheſt in his eare:*
For he, ſuſpicious Sot, doth make his life
A Scout *to ſchoole th' abuſes of his* wife.

HOw now you ſtutting *Raskal*, are you made
To tax our *wives* abuſes, and upbraid
Theſe manlie-horned *monſters* which appaere
Not rare, for they're diſpers'd in every *Sheere*;
And now have got *preſcription* to maintaine
That they their *Predeceſſors* ſtyle retaine?
And muſt a *ſcab*, one that's ſcarſe taught to ſpeak,
With his harſh tongue, our ignominie ſeeke,
Filling his hatefull bill, with * *hawthorne* leaves,
And peſtring poore *Actæon*, with new grieves?
Unnurtur'd *Loſſell*, canſt thou find out none
To make thy *Libel* on, but ſuch an *one*

* *Fronde rep'ens roſtrum, repetitâ voce laceſſit*
Acteonem, ſolitos balbutiendo modos.

That has no time to anſwer ſuch as thou,
Having a *wife* finds him enough to doe?
And muſt *thou* ſit neere to his garden walke,
And like a ſtammering *goſſip* 'gin to talk
What ere thou ſees or heares, nay ſomtime more
Then thou didſt ever ſee or heare before?
Is there no *Law* againſt thy impudence,
No punniſhment, our wrongs to recompence?
Me thinks if men of *lower* ranke forbore
To chaſtiſe *thee*, that haſt incenſt them ſore;
Yet ſuch as be of *higher* quality,
Should with impatience beare ſuch injury.
And yet theſe branched *great ones* when they ſpy thee
" Will laugh one at another, and go by thee;
And miſapply thy *note*, and ſay, this ſhame
Thou lyes on *honour*, toucheth none of them;
But ſome ſilke grogran-Jacket *Citizen*,
Whoſe mincing *Minx* can limit where and when
Her *Court-eringo* trader will repaire,
Whom *ſhe* is for, while *he* is for the *Faire*.
And yet *thou* means of *them*, as well as *theſe*,
And ſtuts out that which all the world ſees,
Reproving (harſh reproofe) the bed of honour,
Which thus is ſtain'd with luſt inſulting on her.
Thou Jarring *quiriſter*, that wont to *ſing*,
And caroll out thy tuneleſſe note each *Spring*,
Forcing ſuſpicion in the Jealous eare
Of ſome long-travail'd *Merchant venturer*,
Whoſe *fiſhing* farre for *pearles* hath procur'd
An *angler* for his *wife*, who hath endur'd

As

As many firie tryalls in that quarrell
As *Ætna's* quarries or *Selucus* barrell
In *Tenedos* aſſault: and yet might ſhe
Enjoy her pleaſure with ſecuritie;
If thy reporting *tenure* did not beare
The newes of ſtrange ſuſpicion to his eare.
Ill-nurtur'd *nuncio*, that comes ever firſt
Saluting *us* with tidings that are worſt;
Breathing a jealous ſpirit to the mind
Of *him* that ſees his *Wife* but onely kind,
(And in a modeſt ſort) making *him* ſweare,
That for examples ſake, hee'l mangle her,
Inflicting ſuch ſtrange punniſhment, as time
Shall brute the act, when ages do decline.
And is not this brave dealing, when a *Lewad*
That hath no tune but *one*, nor ever had,
Muſt deſcant on our ſecret practiſes,
Which are ſo cloſely done, as *Lynceus*
With his tranſpiercive eyes can ſcarce look thorow
The night it is ſo dark, the place ſo narrow?
Muſt *man* endu'd with *reaſons* excellence
Not reape the joy, and benefit of *ſenſe*
With an embraced arme, but *he* muſt be
Checkt by the harſh note of thy jealouſie?
Is there no *honour* dew to th' worth of *man*
That gaines a priviledge? No Artizan
Was ever equall to *him*, yet in vaine
Hath *he* expreſt his *art*, when one poore ſtaine
Can ſoile his beauty, and eclypſe that light
Which *man* makes claime of, as his proper right.

Yet what *Bird* is there in the ſpatious wood,
Or deſart foreſt, that ſo vainly proud
Aſſumes unto her ſelf ſuch daring ſtate,
As to curb *man*, or privately to prate
What *ſhee* obſerv's or ſees, ſave onely *thou*
That haſt done this, and doeſt continue too?
Wood-building [a] *Robin* doth the woods refuſe,
And for *mans* love, to dwell with *man* doth chuſe;
The [b] *Summer-Swallow*, though *ſhe* chattering calls
Upon her *mate*, yet will *ſhe* tell no tales.
The nat'rall [c] *Stork*, when as her *parents* age
Makes them keepe home, as pent up in a cage,
Shee feeds them with her travaile and re-brings
Store of reliefe upon her tender wings,
Whence to remove, if any time they ſeeme,
Shee is the *hackney* that doth carry them.
The billing-buſſing [d] *Turtle* thought doth teka
For nought but for the loſing of her *mate*,
Whom loſt *ſhee* ſighs, asif at his depart
Shee loſt the better portion of her heart.
The warbling [e] *Thruſh* chants out her cheerful layes,
Glad at the heart, that *Flora* now diſplayes
Her various beauties, and ſhee ſeemes to ſing
A Caroll for the *Spring-times* wellcomming.
The lively [f] *Lennet*, that is wont to feed
Upon no other meat then thiſtle ſeed,

[a] *Vid.* Calimach. & Tibull. [b] *Vid.* Plinium *in natural. hiſto.* [c] Baſilius *in Homil.* 8. & 9. [d] Martial. *in Epigram.* [e] Faern. *in Emblem.* [f] Carduelis, *quia paſcitur à Cardui pilis. Vid.* Varr.

Cheeres

Cheeres up her ſelfe, and with her merry note,
Shews that content hath ever been her lot.
Night-mourning [g] *Philomel* forſakes her neſt,
And ſings with pricking thorne ſet to her breſt;
Progues diſtreſſe occaſion'd ruthfully,
Her ſelfe diſgrac'd by *Tereus* villany.
The jealous, chaſt, and pure [h] *Porphyrio*
Will have his *love*, not lov'd by others too;
For if a ſtranger in his bed he ſpie,
Death-ſtruck he leaves to live, and loves to die.
The ſprightly [i] *Sparrow*, he his *yong-ones* feedes,
And as he treads he chirps, and chirps and treades;
Yet building in our *Eaves*, it likes him well
To heare us talke and doe what he'le not tell.
The wanton [k] *Wagtaile* chats not what he hears,
But as our *boſom-Counſellor* forbears
To publiſh ought, though ſee full well he may
A thouſand play the *Wagtailes* on a day.
Yea, th' very [l] *Scrichowle* that may not repaire
To th' *place* where others priviledged are,
Haunts deſart ſhades, and *Cat-like*, ſometime hies
To *Barns* and *Graners*, where ſhe preyes on mice,
But never, *Critick*-like, will ſhe defame
The mean'ſt that lives by ſtaining their good name.
Thou only of all others that remaine,
Diſplaies the *fate* of *Lording* and of *Swaine*:

[g] Ovid. *Metamorph. 6.* [h] Alciat. *in Emblem.* [i] Catull. *de Mort. Paſſ. Eleg. 3.* [k] Sambuc. *in Emblem. Avium.* [l] Ovid. *Metam. 6.*

And juſtifies the fact, though ne're ſo foule,
And who is't dares thy impudence controule?
Thou may ſit brouſing on the *Hawthorne* bough,
And flout, and fleere, and libell on us too; (him,
Yet who, though thy harſh voice do ne're ſo rate
Dare bring *thee* in for *Scandalum magnatum*?
Thou may be priviledg'd and reſt ſecure,
Whereas if *vertue* play the monitor,
To tax ſuch *vices* as raigne now and then
Amongſt the beſt and higheſt-ranked men,
As *ſhee* in conſcience muſt; what's her reward
But preſent cenſure, torture afterward?
Heere *Minos*, *Radamanth*, and *Æacus*
Will be in judgement as cenſorious,
As if poor *vertue* ſhould be forc'd to dwell
Where they have their *tribunall* reer'd in *Hell*.
They'l terme *her* proud, and will avouch it too,
For what is it theſe *great-ones* may not do?
Shee muſt (unhappy *ſhee*) learne to be wiſe,
Obſerve mens humors, learne to temporiſe;
Deſire to faune on great-ones, and reſerve
An attribute for vice, and ever ſerve
A *riſing* ſpirit, whoſe expectance gives
Life to his *follower*, by which *hee* lives.
Shee muſt reſerve a grace to ſuch an one
Whoſe *honours* make him *worthy*, and bemone
The death of ſuch a *Lord*, or ſuch a *Peere*,
Onley to currie favour with his *Heire*.
And this muſt *vertue* do, or *ſhee* muſt ſterve;
For *Idiot*-like (poore foole) *ſhee's* bound to ſerve

In

In garded coat, or ſuch like Liverie,
Or die in want, expos'd to miſerie.
But Let *her* paſſe, I hope *ſhee* will not ſhow
Reſpect to them, where *ſhee* doth nothing owe:
Such vicious *painted-coates*, who have no worth
To glory in, ſave eminence of *birth*,
Or large-extended *Manors*, all which can
Adde ſmall perfection to the worth of *man*;
Who draws his *Light*, if he looke well about him,
From *worth* within him, & not *wealth* without him.
No, *Vertue*, no; thou knoweſt what merit is,
And canſt diſcerne twixt true and ſeeming bliſſe;
Thy praiſes which thou uſeſt to recite,
Taſte not of gaine as doth the *Paraſite*,
Whoſe oylie tongue is ſo inur'd to flatter,
As he will praiſe the *man* without the *matter*.
Nettle *vice* ſharply, for 'tis now high time,
When *ſhee* on *footcloth* rides, while *ſuch* decline
As beare reſpect to *thee*; but let them feele
What's to put *honours* ſpurr on *vices* heele.
And if thou want a *Cryer* to proclaime
The purport of thy *Edict*, I can name
One that will do it, and exactly too,
Without reſpect to either high or low.
Whom if *thou* aske, to deſcant on this *theame*,
It is the loud-voic'd *Cuckow* that I meane:
Whom i'le importune, if thou think it fit
To play the *Cryer* and to publiſh it.

To the Cuckow.

NOw *Sir* to you I muſt my ſpeech intend,
That it would pleaſe you to be *vertues* friend,
And vices perfect foe; it 's her deſire
That you would be, as well you may, her *Crier*:
No matter though you ſtut and ſtammer too,
So many *Criers*, when they 're brib'd, will doe.
But foraſmuch *ſhe* knows that none at all
Will in their charge be more impartiall,
Shee has made choice of *you*, not for your *wit*,
But for your *voice*, which will this charge befit.
One *Spring* will do 't, I pray, good *Sir*, begin,
And leave your harſh diſtaſtfull *Cuckowing*.
But you will aske, what may this charge import?
I 'le tell you *Sir*, for I did call you for 't.
Firſt to diſplay *Court-vices*, which partake
To much of poiſon, for example ſake;
For that *place*, like the *Sunne*, communicates
Her cheerfull beams to men of all eſtates:
Whoſe glory, if obſcur'd by any miſt
Of church-invading pilfring *Simoniſt*;
Or luke-warme *Neuter*, roming *heretique*,
Sect-inovatour, itching *Sciſmatique*,
Oppreſſing *Ahab*, painted *Jezabel*,
Sin-plotting *Haman*, or *Achitophel*;
Treacherous *Agent* that doth undermine
His countrie like another *Catiline*;

Profane

Profane *Puntilio*, *Buffon*, *Apple-ſquire*,
Blood-ſhedding *Cain*, that will do ought for hire,
Bribe-handed *favorite* or *Sycophant*,
That ſhoulders honour like an *Elephant*;
Cinnamon-courtier, whoſe very *hide*
Is better worth, then all his *parts* beſide;
Riotous *ſpend-thrift*, wanton *Marmoſite*,
Dutch-ſwilling *Hans*, Saint-ſeeming *Hypocrite*;
Whoſe glory if obſcur'd, I ſay, by *theſe*,
Or any one of ſuch like crudities,
It preſently ſends out theſe *vapors* to
Such *places*, where it did her *light* beſtow:
For the *Court* exemplar is, and ſeemes to give
To other *Parts* the like prerogative.
Next to unmask, for it will be a *ditie*
Worthie the ſhrilleſt voice, crimes of the Citie;
Where oft is ſhadowed much impiety
Under pretence of meere ſimplicity.
There if you find a *Tradeſman* whoſe chiefe care
Is to get richeſſe by deceitfull ware;
A ſmooth-chin'd *Prentice* or a *Jorney-man*,
That trades with 's *miſtreſſe* linnen now and then;
An *Engliſh Jew*, that conſcience-leſſe inures
His godleſſe ſoule to taking forfeitures;
A roaring *Haxter*, *Pandor*, *Palliard*, *Bolt*,
Pimp, *Snap*, *Shark*, *Cheat*, or any ſuch like *Colt*;
Brothelling *Punk*, her *Champion*, or that *Ape*
Of *man*, though *woman* putting on mans ſhape;
If any *theſe*, as ſome of *theſe* you may,
You ſhall by your quick-ſighted eye diſplay;

Sing

Sing out amaine, and to their eares report (for 't.
What *they* have done, though they beſhrew you
Then to the *Country*, for you *there* ſhall hear
Many a biting-grating- *Uſurer*,
Rent-racking *Lanlord*, hoording *Cormorant*,
That 's ever dreaming of a ſeven yeere want
Selfe-pining *Miſer*, whoſe thick-leaved cheſt
Conteines his *gold*, the *god* which *he* loves beſt;
A *Prodigall*, whoſe *fathers* care is brought,
By his unheady *providence*, to nought;
Catchpoule from *catch* and *pull* taking his name,
Whoſe conſcience's ſeer'd, & face admits no ſhame;
Counterfeite *Purſevant*, that dares appeare
With forg'd commiſſion though *he* loſe his eare:
Falſe-tithing *varlet*, that will take his booke
He has tith'd right, when *hee* has ſtolne a ſtooke;
Brazen-fac'd *Tinker*, that with pike in hand,
Budget on back, bids way-beat *Trav'ller* ſtand;
Shread-miching *Patch*, hearing what *Taylers* do
Above i'th' *City*, he muſt pilfer too;
If *theſe*, or any *theſe* you chance to finde,
Pay me them home for all that is behinde:
So you ſhall purchaſe every mans good word,
And afterwards be ſtyled *vertues bird*.
What *Cuckow*, will you turne your haggard taile,
Shall neither *vertue*, nor her ſuit prevaile?
Will not you leave your harſh-offenſive note,
To follow *vertue*, and to weare her coate?
Well *Sir*, I'le paint you out a knave in graine,
And what I ſpeake, think not but I'le maintaine;

But

But to particulize your rogueries,
An endleſſe volumne hardly would ſuffice;
Some of the, chiefeſt therefore I'le impart,
That th' world may know how dangerous thou art:
Which in a *tale*, I purpoſe to relate,
To make ſhort work, and thus it chanc'd of late.
" A zealous *brother* of the family,
" By trade a *Malſter*, ſo religiouſly
" Imploy'd himſelf in myſteries divine,
" As *hee* was ta'ne a *mirror* in his time;
" For there was ſcarce a *Sermon* preached neer him
" Within ſeven miles, but he would go to hear him;
" From morn to night, all *Sunday* would he faſt,
" Starving his body for his ſouls repaſt;
" And night by night, he would to *Church* repaire,
" Where *he* did ſhout, and bellow out his prayer.
" In briefe, now great in eſtimation growne
" With chiefeſt *Famuliſts* in all the *towne*;
" Hee was eſteem'd the onely *Rabbi* there,
" So great was th' reputation *hee* did beare.
" And *ſome*, as I have heard, did give him power,
" Or thought *him* fit to be Expoſitour,
" Of any point when any one did move it,
" And *ipſe dixit* was enough to prove it.
" This holy *Brother* now growne famous there,
" And deem'd a profeſſ'd *Doctor* of the *Chaire*,
" Mov'd as the *Spirit* would, for th' *ſpirit* mov'd him,
" A *Siſter* lov'd, and *ſhe* as deerly lov'd him.
" Theſe *famuliſts* now growne familiar,
" About *Spring-time*, when *birds* begin to paire,

Upon

" Upon mature advice reſolved either,
" To marry there, or leave the *towne* together.
" But foraſmuch it was for certaine knowne,
" This *Malſter* was engag'd unto the *towne*,
" Owing farre more then ere *hee* ment to pay,
" Hee thought it fit no longer there to ſtay;
" But with his holy *ſiſter*, to prepare
" To leave the *Towne*, and taſte the Country ayre.
" This ſimple *Siſter* doubting no deceite,
" Addreſſ'd her ſelfe one *ev'ning* very late
" To his direction, cloſly to depart
" And follow *him* who now poſſeſſ'd her heart.
" Three dayes they had not travell'd on their way,
" Till reſting them about midtime of day,
" Under a blooming *Haw-thorne*, they did heare
" The *Cuckow* ſing nere th' place wherein they were
" And over them *he* hover'd, as if they
" Had beene the perſons which *he* would diſplay;
" A *Hawthorne* leafe, *he* in his beake would put,
" And then would *ſtut*, and *ſing*, and *ſing*, and *ſtut*.
" Which th' zealous *brother* noting once or twice,
" Now jealous grown, ſtrait from his place did riſe,
" Uſing theſe words: *Nay, if the birds of th' ayre,*
" *Whoſe gift I know in prophecy is rare,*
" *Fortell what ſhall befall my lot and mee,*
" *And in the Sky thus blab my deſtinie;*
" *Siſter farwell, returne from whence you came,*
" *I will not wive to weave the web of ſhame.*
" How ill his *Siſter* tooke this foule retrait
" Of that Saint-ſeeming faithleſſe counterfeit,

" May hence appeare: for I have often heard
" *Shee* fell into *diſtraction* afterward,
" Though I ſuppoſe *Shee* greater reaſon had
" To be ſurpriz'd with ioy, then to go mad
" For love of ſuch a hairebraind *Sot* as he,
" Famous for nought ſave for his perjurie.
Now *Sir*, to whom may I impute this wrong
Done to this *Maid*, but to your luckleſſe Song,
Which ſo perplext th' vow-breaking miſcreant,
As *ſhee*, poor *ſhee*, muſt now her *Darling* want,
And live depriv'd of love and life together,
Running diſtractedly, *ſhee* knowes not whither?
But (good *Thalia*) whoſe bleſt influence
Gives ſweetneſſe of diſcourſe and utterance;
Thou ỳ haſt power o're *tongues*, reſtraine his tongue,
And make this bawling *Cuckow* henceforth dumbe;
So yeerely *Maides* ſhall to thy *Shrine* reſort,
And free from jealous *Tel-tales* thank *thee* for't.

A * Trapanner.

* Vivitur ex rapto.

LOok to your *Brain-pans*, Boyes;
—— here comes a Traine
Of *Roysting-Rufflers* that
are knaves in graine.
No corner can secure you;
they'l rush in
And strippe the downy Gosling to his Skin.
Yet they'l accost you with a civile greet,
And with *Shark*-cringing congies brush your feet.
Nay, they'l incounter you with curt'sies too,
Before they practise what they meane to doe.
—— [a] Pray Sir excuse us that by chance are come
In this intrusive manner to your roome.
But we' ll redeeme our error: —— Drawer bring
Bottells of Sack drain'd from th' Hesperian Spring,
Where th' *Watchfull* [b] *Sisters* kept their Sentinall;
— Quick, Rogue, wee cannot brook a second call.
Meane while this *wilke*, who neere saw any clyme,
But his Dads pale, or pantry all his time:

[a] *Their first incounter.* [b] *The Hesperian Sisters, who kept their constant Sentinall over those golden Apples, which* Alcides *after took away.*

Nor

Nor ever view'd *Luds*-Taraſes before,
Begins to tremble when they 'gin to rore.
A feveriſh qualme ſurprizeth ev'ry part,
His vitall heat playes rebell to his heart;
His chilled ſenſes, cold as any ſtone,
Partakes no other *itch* but to be gone:
But he findes *Remora's*; He ſcapes not ſo,
Whole troups of healths come pealing on a row.
This to this Princes *Hero*; this to that
Enamel'd fancy Dangling on his hat;
This to his *Bracelet*; This to that *choyce String*
Impales his hayre; This to his *Diamond ring*;
—— This to his *Gippo*; to his *Agget watch*;
This to his *Tuck* charg'd with a double hatch;
This to the *Microcoſme* of this ſpruce youth,
With his auſpicious welcome to the *South*. (braine,
Round run theſe Healths, farre rounder runs his
Though ſurfeit-ſick, 'tis folly to complaine.
And now this *birth* growne full and perfect too,
Which yet aſpir'd but to an *Embrio*:
A [c] gaudy-giddy-giglet is convei'd,
A virgin pure, as any Hackney Maid,
Thick dawb'd with Ceruſſe, Stibium, & Vermillion,
Like *Ericina's* amorous Pavilion;
A rare ſenſe-ſeazing Tweake, whoſe Speaking eyes
And Spintrian art, compleat this Enterpriſe.
For when they cannot preſſe him to offence,
They muſt commence a quarrell by pretence.

[c] *A Pickhatch Girle new-caſten in a Ranters Mould.*

But

But these no more his edgelesse fancy please
Then *Lais* Lures did cold *Zenocrates*.
Yet left he must be to this [d] *Circes* charms
Like to a Lambkin in a Tigres arms.
For his seer pulse, though nought be wrought upon,
These Blades [e] rush in, as if the Feat were don,
And in this sort accoast him: —— "'Slid my Wife!
"Canst thou redeeme her honour, with thy life?
"My Sister, says another! Leave't to me,
"It is a Staine laid on my familie.
"My Cozen, sayes a third! — I'le flea his Skin,
"And pound him into mummey for his Sin.
"1. *Actæon* me!
"2. Distaine my antient house!
"3. Corrupt my Cozin! —Heark Boys, a carouse
"Shall quart it in his blood,
"1. I'le second it!
"And expiate what folly did commit. (would
"Who could have thought this *downy Lapwing*
"To such extreams his reputation sold?
"But we shall prune his wings, and seere his creast,
"And leave him ne're a feather to his Nest.
The *Dwindling Shallop* in this grand dispute
Sits silent all the while as any [f] Mute,

[d] *Daughter to* Sol *and* Persis. [e] *Their pretence is to Slice this Brain-strap into Sippets: or mince this Land-gull into a galle-maufrey. No hope, unlesse his pocket purchase him a reprieve.*
[f] *Relating to the Turkish Mutes.*

Reest

Reft both of ſenſe and accent: and muſt dy
Were no *compaſſ'onat Complice* ſtanding by
To ſoften their reſolve: Compoſe this ſtrife
By begging pardon for this *Wigeons* life.
The Motion 's made; and they incline unto 't,
So they may plunder Him from head to foot:
His ſubſtance hee 's contented to forgoe,
To ſave his life, and hold 't a curt'ſy too.
" 1. This *Beaver*, ſays the firſt, falls to my due;
" 2. This *Diamond* ſhall to my lot accrue;
" 3. This *Scarlet Gippo* and his *Agget-Watch*
" Fall to my ſhare, they may advance my Match;
" 4. His *Belt* and *Tuck* are mine;
" 5. His *Suit* I claime
To hang up for an Enſigne in *Long-lane*.
The act 's perform'd; the weakeſt goes to wall,
The Naked man is left, to pay for all.
No § *Bugle Blew*, nor friſking *Titire tu*
Could be compared to this frontleſſe Cru.
No *Land-ſharke* of ſuch metall, in our Ile
As this TRA-PANNER:—eye his State and Style.
Others can play the Cheats, but ſhort of theſe
Who ſhroud their ſhame, by ſhameleſſe *Dabrides*:
And make their *Doxies* Agents, to ſecure
Their ſubtill Projects with a ſugred Lure.

§ *Two ſelect Societies diſtinguiſhed by Severall coloured Ribands: and ſworne to a Platonick Community.*

A Tar-paulin.

Tar-paulin is a Sea-Rat
or a Sharke,
A Barnicle bred of the
Ægean foame,
A Paſſenger ſhut from *Noah's*
antient Arke,
And ſince a Bandite-Galley-Slave become,
I' th' liquid Region deſtin'd to a Tombe.
This quality by nature 's to Him given,
To prey on men, but ſeldome pray to heav'n:
Unleſſe there be a Storme; which paſt, his breath
Braves Fate, though diſtanc'd but three * inch from
(death.

* *Nauta tribus digitis gaudet diviſus abundis;*
Incipiens ſatis proſpice Nauta tuis. Marian.

Upon

Upon our Ages MESSALINA, *insatiat Madona, the matchleſs Engliſh* Corombona.

ERE lies Luſt,
Revenge, Defame.
Woe to man,
to woman ſhame;
Faire and falſe,
as great as ill,
Weake in Grace,
but ſtrong in Will,
Honours blemiſh, *Hymens* ſtayne,
Virtues poyſon, Beauties baine,
Albions-Siren, tyrant-woman,
Faith-infringer, true to no man;
Femall-Divell, plots-contriver,
Worths-tormenter, lifes depriver;
Tragick actor, blood effuſer,
Times-corrupter, States-abuſer;
Brothel-Turner, virgin-Trader,
Husband-hater, Luſts-perſwader;
Ages-monſter, youths-deflourer,
Worlds-rumor, wealths-devourer;
Painted-Idol, Arts-new-creature,
Ladie in a Pages feature;

Soyle to the ſoile where ſhee was bred,
Poys'ning moſt where ſhee was fed;
Vices-harbor, times quotation,
Double troth'd by Diſpenſation;
Nights deare-Minion, Lights abjurer,
Souls-eclipſer, ſinnes-ſecurer;
Vault of darkneſs, horrors-Heire;
Childe to Miſchiefe and Deſpaire;
Saint-appearing, maid-proteſting,
Yet both *Saint* and *Maid* moleſting;
Saint with ſorrow, *Maid* with furie,
Tried by a woman-Jurie;
Seeming-try'd, yet was afraid
To be cenſur'd for a Maid;
Therefore chuſ'd a *Maid* indeede
To be ſearched in her ſteede;
Mask'd, for ſo did ſhame require,
Suited in her owne attyre;
Thus ſhee paſſed undeſcryde,
Found a *Maid*, yet never tryde.
One that knew the way to marrie
Not by *Prieſt* but *Potheçarie*;
Whoſe Receits, which Art allow'd her
To applie, were *Spiders* ponder,
Copprice, *Vitriol*, which in part
Shew'd her skill in *Chymick* art.
Thus ſhe liv'd, and thus ſhe di'd,
Serpents brood, and *Sathans* bride,
Pitied leaſt when moſt diſtreſt,
Hated moſt when envied leſt:

So

So as queſtion may be made,
Whether that her *Corps* now laid
And inter'd in Natures breſt
Will endure in Earth to reſt,
Or her aſhes after death
Will not with infectious breath
Staine that holy plot of ground,
Where her luſtfull-*Corps* are found.
But howere her body be,
Sure I am that infamie
Will ne'r leave her, but will have
Still her foote upon her Grave.
Graving this upon her Tombe
As a Theame in time to come:

Here lies young Meſſalina, *whoſe foul luſt,* (juſt!
Pios'd with revenge, proves thus much; God is
For heate of luſt, immixt with height of blood
Had never deeper dye in Womanhood.

PHIL. PORTERS *Elegie: In answer to a Libelling Ballader, seeking by his mercenary Pen, to traduce his honour.*

CEase Ballader;
in censuring PHIL PORTER
Thou dost but bray thy Brain-pan in a Morter.
Hee was a Man of men,
and women too,
And could doe more then Others *Hectors* doe.
For th' *Style* of *Honour* hee stood stiffe upon't,
And would far sooner give then take affront.
Besides, he shew'd *compassion* all his life
In taking a doom'd * Pris'ner to his wife,
Saying, "She should bee cheer'd before shee dy;
"Wedding and hanging goe by destiny.
In one word, none to Fortune lesse beholden,
Who was in Fare more choice, nor Pocket golden.

* *A Captive in* Newgate, *shortly after executed at* Tiburne.

His

His death divin'd a rare Prophetick fate
By his prevention of an *Act* of *State*;
Where *Hectors* are a ſtrict account to give
How, and by what wayes, their ranting humors live:
For arm'd with reſolution, hee thought fit
To paſſe from hence before hee anſwer'd it.
Should Death thus ſeize on all our ruffling Fry,
That *Act* might ceaſe, becauſe the *Actors* dy.

His farewell to Poetry.

Carmina ſeceſſum, ſcribentis
& otia quærunt.

BOOKES fare yee well!
your *Author* now is hurl'd
Like a transformed thing
into the World.
Now am I grown as like
as like may be
To earth-turn'd *Chremes* in the Comedie;
Now muſt I take more care then doth become me,
For many *Items* which have quite undone me.
Item for *ſope* and *candles* are but ſmall,
Compar'd with thoſe that I've to deale withall.

My *cares* be many, though my coyne be more,
Which add affliction to my carefull ſtore.
Thoſe *Tales* which I on winter nights have told
When I was caſten in a merry mold,
And thoſe ſame *Songs* whereof I had ſuch choice,
Not only I've forgot, but loſt my voice.
I who of late ſo cheerfully did looke,
And with a wench could drinke a *Sillibooke*,
Am of that aſhie hue, ſcarce one 'mong ten
Can know me now, that knew my viſage then.
Yea, I'm ſo muddy growne, as now of late
I can ſcarce laugh at any good conceite;
Yea, one may talke to mee a ſummer day,
And I nere heare one word that he doth ſay;
So clotted am I growne with worldly pelfe,
As I much feare I ſhall forget my ſelfe.
If I but miſſe the key of ſuch a cheſt,
Till I have found it I can take no reſt,
For I am jealous ſtill and full of care
Leſt ſome baſe knave ſhould in my fortunes ſhare.
Beſides, when reſt ſhould my lul'd ſenſes keepe,
Strange viſions ſtartle mee, and break my ſleepe.
Sometime I ſee a *ſharke*, which makes mee ſhake,
The keyes of all my treaſure ſliely take
Under my pillow; and awak't with feare,
Me thinks I catch the *Rogue* faſt by the eare;
But comming to my ſelfe, I finde right ſoone,
My hand upon no Rogues eare but mine owne.
Straight in a broken ſlumber doe I heare
Fire, fire (me thinks) reſounding ev'ry where,

Which

Which feare of fire begets in mee desire
To pisse my bed, that I may quench the fire.
Much better was my *State*, and far more free,
When I remaind i'th *Universitie*;
Where as I had nought, so I car'd for nought,
But for the pitch of *knowledg*, which I sought:
Having both cheerfull sleep, and healthfull ayre,
And Stomach too, hows'ere my *commons* were.
What chioce delights were then afforded us
In reading *Plutarch*, *Livie*, *Tacitus*,
Or the Stagyrians rare Philosophie,
Whereto the *Inds* may not compared be
With all their precious oare; For I did finde
No *Mine* on earth could so enrich the *minde*?
But see how I am chang'd from what I was!
For now I prize more *Isis* goldan Asse,
Who has more *means* then *brains*, then such an one,
Whose *parts* are many, though his *meanes* be none.
Besides, no *Authors* can I brooke to read,
But such as in mee hope of profit breed.
I have no time to think of Conscience
For timely thrift, and Ant-like providence.
I weigh no *Protestant* nor *Catholick*,
Give mee a *Georgick* or a *Bucolick*,
To teach mee what a *Grazer* doth befit;
And for my *tillage* how to husband it:
Yea, lest I err in rules of husbandrie,
An *Erra-pater* keeps mee companie,
To tell mee which are *good-dayes*, which are *ill*,
And this I keepe closse in my bosom still.

With

With *Pallingenius* too I oft converſe,
Whoſe *ſenſe* I reliſh better then his *verſe*;
Where I collect by th'influence of each *Star*,
What yeere is mark'd for *famine*, what for *war*;
And if I finde a deere yeere like to be,
My ſtore ſhall make that yeere my *Jubile*.
Nor have I only bid my *Books a dieu*,
But yee that are *good-fellows*, unto you;
For what ſhould I doe ſitting of a ſhot,
Who ſet more by my *penny* then my *pot*?
'Tis ſtrange to ſee, how with a little ſtate,
I'm wholy metamorphoſed of late.
Before I could not brooke to have a moate.
(So briske and ſpruce I was) upon my coate:
Now earths affections are to mee ſo moving,
As I am grown a very arrant ſloving.
Beſides, I feele a *miſery* in ſtore,
For I am far more ſparing then before.
My care of thriving makes mee one of thoſe,
Who ride their Gelding barefoote to ſave ſhoes.
Nor can I be diſſwaded from the ſame,
Till under mee I feele my *Palfrey* lame.
The ſmalleſt trifle makes mee diſcontent,
And with my *houſhold* ſo impatient,
As all the day I chafe, I fume, I fret,
And for no cauſe at all my *ſervants* beat.
If any Neighbours doe leſſe then become them,
I preſently commence a ſuite upon them;
And for a *Gooſe-gate* (that I more may ſpite them)
Of treſpaſs at next *Seſſions* I'le indite them;

So

So as of late, by trifling Suits I'm growne
The *Commonſt-Barretter* in all our towne.
And for as much as I doe know the faſhion
Is now a dayes bartring *Impropriation*
And *Preſentations* too, it is my thrift
To ſeeme to give, yet profit by my gift:
Free from which crime, of beneficed men,
It's very rare to finde one among ten.
For *Symonie* is ſuch a common ſin,
More *Prelats* by the *window* doe get in
Then by the *Door*, ſo as my manner's now
To wipe my mouth, and doe as others doe;
For I doe hold that rich *Drones* doctrine beſt,
Who though he cannot preach, can cram my cheſt,
For my *Donation* then who will come by it,
Be he nere ſo ſufficient, hee muſt buy it.
More then all this although I know no ſorrow
May of more baſeneſse his beginning borrow,
Then to lament, as many worldlings doe,
The ſudden loſse of eyther Oxe or Cow;
I'm grown ſo tender hearted as I'le crye,
And like a childe put finger in the eye
For ev'ry niſlle, and diſtracted run,
As if my State were utterly undun.
So as I'm groſly pointed at by ſome,
And call'd old *Mammon* whereſoere I come;
Though neyther I, my *Marmoſite* nor *page*,
Can make amongſt us fifty yeers of age.
Beſides, if any *Debtor* now of mine
Should chance to *Bankerout* before his time,

And

And leave mee in the lapſe; I'm ſo oppreſt
With griefe, as night nor day I take no reſt,
But roving here and there, as one forlorne,
I wiſh the morn were night, the night were morne.
Early before 't be light I fetch the Statute,
Where all the day long I am poring at it,
To ſee if it will tender mee reliefe
To eaſe my State, cure care, alay my griefe;
Which if I cannot finde, I pule and crye,
And like a *bull-ruſh* hang the head and dye.
And yet I dye not (this my fates forbid)
Though happy were my Neighbours if I did:
For next time I come out to take the ayre)
Though for my *wealth* then *health* I take more care)
I preſently ſome pretty *Toſt* eſpy,
Which to my owne conveniently doth ly;
And hee's a very *Naboth* that doth owe it,
Which makes mee hope in time to creepe into it;
For I doe wiſh a famine but to ſee,
And ſure I am his *Toſt* will fall to mee;
For either want of bread will diſeſtate him,
Or to the naked bones I meane to grate him.
I am to th' eares in *Law*, nor doe I care
Though I loſe by't; my purpoſe is to ſpare
So much at leaſt in *dole-dayes* to the poore
As will maintain my Suits of law and more.
The other day, my friend made mee an offer,
But I ſet light by th' curt'ſy he did proffer,
That I might Knighted be, if I would buy it,
Whereto I anſwere made, I'de rather fly it,

Then

Then purchaſe ſuch a ſtate by which I loſt,
For th' Proverb is, *much Worſhip and much coſt.*
All my diſcourſe, when any viſit mee,
Is to inveigh 'gainſt Prodigalitie,
And what diſtempers our exceſſe doth breede,
In hope my gueſts more ſparingly will feede;
Leſt they ſhould ſurfeit, which were hard to doe,
For all my diſhes are but one or two.
This my diſcourſe ſtore of examples hath,
As *Adam*, *Lot*, *Moſes*, *Methuſelath*,
Who lived many healthfull dayes no doubt,
Yet beſt of their proviſion was a roote:
Why ſhould not ſame proviſion at this day
Content our liqu'riſh taſtes as well as they?
Yet thanks unto my Starres, I am as able
To feede as freely at anothers Table,
And with as luſcious fare delight my taſte,
As thoſe that had their breeding in puffe-paſte.
Yea, marke th' extent of miſery in this,
My *hyde-bound Nature* ſo reſtrained is,
As for this twelve month I was never found
To *eaſe* my ſelfe within anothers ground;
Becauſe I would be very loth to ſee
Any mans Land made *fruitfuller* by mee;
For all the good I may or ever can,
I wiſh't my ſelfe, and to no other man.
Beſides, I 'm ſo ſurpriz'd with my eſtate,
As I 've no Stomach to my meate of late;
Like to a Picture made of dough, mop I,
While others gormandize it that ſit by:

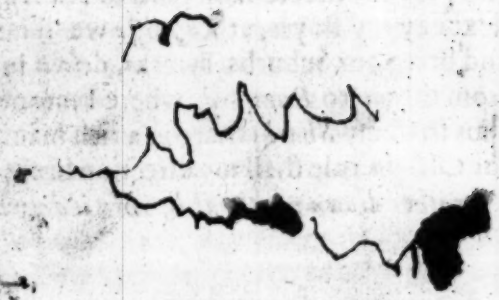
I all

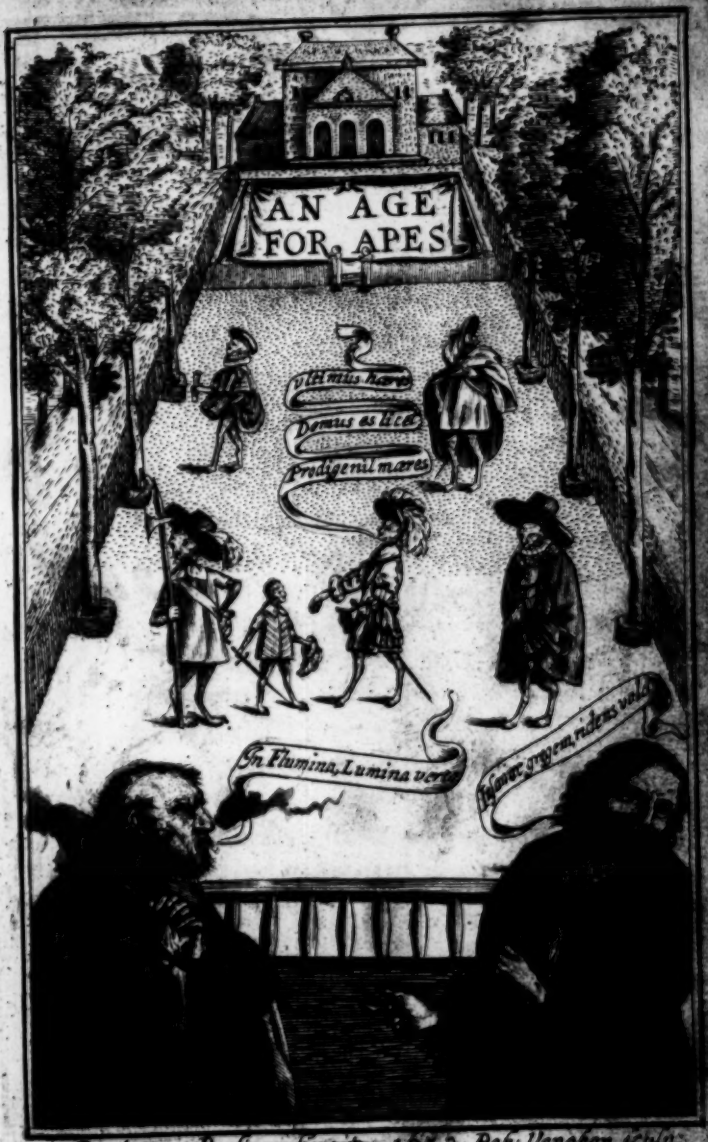
I all a dinner time ſcarce eate a bit,
But muſe how I may ſuch a Purchaſe git,
Yea, *Midas*-like, if I might what I would,
I could wiſh all my meate were turn'd to gold;
So ſhould I quickly without more adoe,
Famiſh my ſelfe and all my meynie too.
Before, my care was how to prize my *health*,
And next my *health*, my *Wench*, above all *wealth*;
Wherein I ſhew'd compaſſion to the poore,
In clothing now and then my naked whore;
Where now I' m more perplext then can be told,
If my *Tweake* ſqueeze from mee a peece of gold;
For, to my *Lure* ſhe is ſo kindely brought,
I looke that ſhe for nought ſhould play the *nought*.
Beſides all this, ſince I came to ſuch wealth,
If I enjoy my Wench, it is by ſtealth;
For ſtore of eyes are on mee, and report
May bring a *Rich man* to the *Chapter*-Court:
Where, in bare fees, I might much money ſpend,
Although the *Commiſſiarie* bee my friend.
I care not much if ev'ry Month were Lent,
Not that I meane the ſooner to repent,
For I no *Sac-cloth* weare, nor *aſhes* neyther,
But that I and my houſe might ſtarve togerher:
Yea, faſting I commend ſo much the more,
Becauſe ſpare-Dyet doth preſerve my ſtore.
I 've tane a courſe nought in my houſe to keepe
Save *Rats* and *Mice*, ſhall eat when I 'm a ſleepe.
For Reputation, I ſo lightly prize it,
I hold him only wiſe that doth deſpiſe it:

Yea;

Yea, this ſhall be the marke whereat I pitch,
Rather to be diſhoneſt then not rich.
Well, if theſe be the faireſt fruits of *Wealth*,
I hold him bleſt has *liberty* and *health*;
For who 'll deſire that Treaſurie to keepe,
That reaves him of his *meate* and of his ſleepe;
Yea mads him too, for thus much ſure I am,
No *Worldling* ever yet was, his *owne man*?
I will not play the *Aſſe* thus, nor contemn;
The only ſweet ſociety of men:
The Dev'll ſhall have it firſt, hows'ere I ſeeme,
(The Divell at St. *Dunſtans* I doe meane)
Rather then like a *Stoick*-worldling ſtrive
To hoord up that would famiſh me alive.
At *Ducks* and *Drakes* we on the *Thames* will play
And pave the ſtreete with gold to *Halloway*,
Next day, my Boyes, at *Ratcliffe* we 'll make merry,
And bring our Suburbs Tweaks, down in a wherry.
From thence to *Rumford*, where I meane to rore;
Thus ſhall my *Sharks* ſhare in a rich mans ſtore:
For *Minus* rule ſhall my direction bee,
I 'll rather drown my Wealth, then it drown mee.

His





Daphnæus Prasinus, finxit 1658 Rob: Vanghan sculp:

His Viſion.

CLoſe by a Rill, where Springs
ſweet murm'ring kept,
I took a book to read, and
reading ſlept ;
And whileſt I ſlept, preſented were ſuch ſhapes
Of wanton *Monkies*, *Marmoſites*, and *Apes* ;
As more I gaz'd, I muſed ſtill the more
To note their ſhapes and habits which they wore.
For *One* took on him ſtate, and at a feaſt
Sat as he had beene ſome *great Lord* at leaſt :
Thoſe that with all obeyſance did ſalute him,
Were *Paraſite* and *Sycophants* about him ;
Who with Earth-ſcraping congies devty ſhow
To this *State-Marmoſite Magnifico*.
The next, a *pleaſant Ape*, came to my ſight,
And he was all for paſtime and delight.
He plaid ſuch tricks, I thought ſom *Faune* begat him,
And I had like awak't with laughing at him.
Now would he skip upon a *Ladies* bed,
Then downe againe, as one had ſurfeited ;
Streight for ſome other pleaſure took hee care,
As how to get choyce *Harriers* for the Hare,

Or with what *Hawke* to make his ev'ning flight,
Or with what *Conſorts* paſſe the weary night:
So as me thought each houre he did complaine him,
Wanting ſome new device to entertaine him.
The *third* held in his claw a verbal ſtory
Larded with ayrie titles of *vaine-glory*;
Wherein his *carpet honour* was diſplaid,
For th' painted flagg confirm'd what ere hee ſaid:
And this ſame *Ape* did for his *Sea-men* call
As if he had been ſome great *Admirall*,
Who had command; or elſe beene thither ſent
To keepe in awe the liquid regiment.
His *ſtyles* were many, and of ſuch eſteeme,
I muſed much at firſt what they did meane;
So as I ask'd one *Ape* that ſtood hard by,
What had hee done to gaine ſuch dignity?
Why, nought at all (quoth hee); *for all his ſtore*
Of Titles now, hee was ſometimes as poore
As meaneſt of us all: but this ſame Ape
Hath gain'd him eſtimation by his ſhape;
Which makes him ſo vaine glorious as hee is,
Prizing no mans deſerts ſo great as his.
Having tane full and perfect view of him,
As hee went out an other *Ape* came in
Tyde round with ribband favours which hee ware
About his wreſt, or in his eare and hare;
The *Ape* of *fancy* term'd he well might be,
For *Ape* had never more varietie
Of Tyes, Toyes, Rings and Bracelets, which he ſaid
Were each one booties from a ſeverall Maid,

Whoſe

Whose hearts hee held, so lovely were his parts,
And might be rightly styl'd the *King of Hearts.*
An amorous *Ape* he was, fixing his eye
On his *Spectators* as hee passed by;
For selfe conceite of his deserts did move him
To thinke none look't upon him, did not love him.
No sooner was hee vanish'd, then an *Ape*
Of complete *fashion*, and unequall'd shape
Approch'd methought, who as hee drew more nie,
Hee struck more admiration in mine eye;
For cloaths hee wore were all of distinct *fashion*,
And had a taste each one of several *Nation.*
His quilted doublet *French*, his hat *Polonian*,
His breech *Italionate*, his boots *Ionian*;
Yea view his formal Suite from head to foot,
Seven Countries were at least requir'd unto't.
Yet though his lims were neat, his face was hard,
And set with *Rubies* like an *Ænobarbe*;
So as when ere hee came in publique place,
Hee had a *maske* to sconce his *firie Face.*
Yet I perceiv'd of all the *Apes* that were,
None more esteem'd then was this *Traveller*;
For hee was most accomplish'd, and did seeme
By helpe of *forraine Courts* where hee had beene
Of choicest Entertainment, though his *fashion*
Appear'd to me an *apish* affectation:
"For that is best which with our selves is bred,
"And not from other *Nations* borrowed.
Next this, an *other* made himselfe expresst,
By seeming wiser farre then all the rest;

An *Ape* of *Obſervation*, who pretended
Hee was from matchleſſe *Machavel* deſcended,
And unto ſuch myſterious knowledge come,
Hee knew what ere was done in *Chriſtendome*.
Nor was his knowledge grounded on pretence,
But Speculation and intelligence:
So as more treaſures were hid in his braine
Then all the *Seventy Provinces* containe.
Yet did I ſmile to ſee how th' reſt did grin,
And mop, and mow, and flout and fleere at him;
For though hee ſeem'd all others to ſurpaſſe,
Hee was eſteem'd a ſelfe-conceited Aſſe,
Whoſe *Obſervations* were not worth a ſtroe,
Nor knew hee more then all the World did know.
But yet ſome ſtill would praiſe him to the skie,
Stile him the maſter-peece of policie,
And with their oylie tongues extoll him ſo,
As on theſe *Fauns* he would whole *Farms* beſtow.
This made me laugh, that ſuch a ſimple *Ape*
Should of himſelfe grow ſo opinionate,
As hee would have the world to beleeve
The wiſdome of ỹ wiſe hung on his ſleeve. (ſhown,
But while theſe *Apes* & all their pranks were
A *Silken Ape* came in and put them downe;
His breath was nought but perfume, and his skin
As ſleeke and ſmoth as any Ladies chin;
Ranke-ſet with gold and pearle was his coat,
As if hee had beene one of ſpeciall note.
Yet when hee had ſhewne all that hee could ſhow,
One whiſpring in mine eare; ſaid hee, I know

This

This gilded Trunck, this rotten painted Tombe,
And how of late hee 's to this glory come.
" This Cinnamon Tree, quoth he (for his proud hide
" Is better worth then all the bulke beſide)
" Tooke firſt plantation in the Ile of *Wight*
" From whence he, forc'd wᵗʰ famin, took his flight;
" But ere this *wagg* did to a beard aſpire,
" Hee was by fortune made an *Appleſquire*
" To a right active *Lady*, who 'tis ſed,
" Advanc'd him from the *Basket* to her *Bed*.
" Since which auſpicious fate, hee did reſort
" Like one of *Cynthia's* followers, to the *Court*,
" Where he remains as ſpruce, you ſee, as may be,
" Fed onely by reverſions from his *Ladie*.
" Yet note this *Court-Ape*, and you ſhall obſerve
" More ſtate in him, then thoſe who beſt deſerve!
" Rich is his Robe, his preſence ſcornefull too,
" For hee on better men will ſcarce beſtow
" Leaſt ſemblance of reſpect, ſo proud is hee
" To thoſe where hee ſhould moſt reſpective bee.
" Yet what are his deſerts, that they ſhould ſeeme
" Worthie ſuch congies or ſo great eſteeme?
" Perchance this *Ape* can court; admit hee can,
" This makes him not a compleat Gentleman.
" Dare hee with reſolution enter liſt
" With his Opponent or Antagoniſt?
" Dare hee contend for honour in the Field,
" And yeeld up life before one foot hee yeeld?
" No, dainty *milk-ſop*, theſe would ſoon out dare him
" Hee muſt not fight, his *Lady* cannot ſpare him.

This ſaid, this *Court-Ape* thought he was diſplayd
By that long private whiſpering we had made;
So, as one conſcious of ſome ſpecial crime
Which this neat Youth had acted in his time,
He ſtreight retir'd; To ſtay, none could intreat him,
Till that the *Citie-Ape* by chance did meet him.
Who after due ſalutes in ſeemly ſort,
" As, Brother *Ape*, when will you come to *Court*
" To ſee a *Maske*; or, if you think not fit
" To come your ſelf, your wife may viſit it.
With equall thanks, his curt'ſie to requite,
The *Citie-Ape* did tender him the like;
" If he unto the *Exchange* would but repair, (there.
" And make his choice of ſuch rare knacks were
The *Court-Ape* took his leave, his leave was light,
While th' *Citie-Ape* diſplaid him in my ſight:
In comely habit, and of grave aſpect;
Yet was there one thing I did diſaffect,
Which to my view, was repreſented there,
And long ere this had coſt the *Citie* deere.
For ſtill me thought this *Ape* could ne're finde any
To conſort with, though there were *Conſorts* many,
But that ſame *Ape of Honour*, who did look
As if he meant to get into his *Book*;
Which was his aime, and therefore did embrace him
As his deer boſome friend; For ſo to grace him
Would, as he thought, be th' way to tye him to him;
To *tye* him! No, but rather to *undo* him.
Yet ſee this credulous conceited *Ape*,
He credits the proteſtations he doth make,

And

And to the utmoſt of his State he proffers
To give him truſt, and he accepts his offers.
Nor skils it much what gain he means to reap,
" He that will never pay, gets ware good cheap.
Theſe had not long confer'd, but I might ſee
A *Country-Ape* attyred ſlovenlie,
And he was ever poring on the ground,
" Counting how many pence came to a pound:
An *Almanack* he had within his breſt,
On whoſe judicious *Rules* he ſet his reſt;
For they did calculate (for ſo he thought)
Whether his *Heire* would thrive or come to nought.
He held no *happie dayes* were worthy naming,
But ſuch as ſpake of ſome enſuing *Famine*;
Which having found, with ceremonious ſhow
He kiſt the *Book*, and bleſt the *Author* too.
For this ſame *Ape* (as he appear'd to me)
Was for engroſſing, biting Uſurie,
And all oppreſſion, ſo ſurpaſſing conning,
As all his *Country* had their handfulls on him.
Which other *Apes* obſerving, had diſplaid him
In worſer terms before he had convei'd him;
But, by a private path or paſſage, he
Retyr'd himſelf, and gaind him libertie. (hate,
Thus did this *Worme-ſprout* ſheild him from their
Or he had paid for wronging of the State.
Next him a *Rotchet-Rooke*, the ſlough of ſloth,
Look'd as he had ten Steeples in his mouth:
For Silence had ſo charm'd this Moath of men,
As ſince he preach'd he could not tell day when.

Yet

Yet had this witleſſe Bird-bolt ſo much reaſon,
That he could make himſelfe a *Dioceſan*,
By Symoniack-Contract, and diſpence
(For an uſurped *Pale*) with Conſcience.
With great ones too He could inſinuate,
Sow pillowes to their ſleeves to'enhance his State.
Cloſe to the poore was his penurious fiſt,
But for Church-livings a Monopoliſt.
For his Religion, howſoere he uſe it,
Hee's not ſo well reſolv'd but he could chuſe it;
Whether a *Rhemiſt*, *Calviniſt* or *Luther*,
Or what fits his profeſſion beſt, a Neuter.
Care of a wife and num'rous progeny
Excludes all rites or rules of ſanctity.
Who for his family provides not well,
Is worſe, you know, than any *Infidell*.
Yet this *Levitick* progeny, I wis,
Might be his Chaplains brood as well as his.
But ſtill, me thought, this *Porpoiſe* could not keepe
His leaden eyes from falling faſt aſleepe.
For fumes of wine had ſo ſurpriz'd his braine,
After mid-day he could not wake for *Spaine*:
So as, me thought, I left him to his reſt,
Leaning his drivling chin upon his breſt.
Cloſe as the ſhadow doth the body follow
Came in an *Ape* far wiſer then *Apollo*,
Or all the *Sages* which renowned *Greece*,
If one could judge by outward ſemblances:
But ſtill, me thought, as he aſſaid to breake
His mind, an *Aſthma* would not let him ſpeake.

Corruption

Corruption did oppreſſe him out a cry,
With a *black-jaundiſe* which had ſeiz'd his eye.
Nor Arguments with him were worth a ſtraw,
Unleſſe they had relation to the *Law*.
Authors were *Heathen Greeke* and diſallow'd,
Becauſe they were not by him underſtood.
A rout of rag'd *Law-drivers* did attend him,
Which from a *Baſtinado* did defend him,
But hee perſwaded theſe to let them paſſe,
Tearming his *Gowne* his *Superſedeas*.
So heavy were his eyes, hee ſeem'd to mee
Surprized with ſome fearfull Lethargie,
Or by the Night-mare rid, or at ſome Show
An Epicureall Feaſt had made him ſo;
So as to bed his Followers did take him,
Enjoyning ſilence leſt they ſhould awake him.
Aſleepe no ſooner was the *Synod-Ape*,
But a grave reverend *Sire* his place did take;
His *words* were *maxims*, *aphoriſms* profound,
Sententious *morals*, and *poſitions* ſound,
His *anſwers* ſolid; if hee chanc't to jeaſt,
It was a pregnant *Apothegm* at leaſt;
In briefe, ſo rarely wiſe hee did appeere,
Some *Solon* or *Lycurgus* ſeemed there.
And yet me thought his aymes did ever tend
More to a private then a publick end:
For hee had beene a *Politician* ever,
And could ſuch rules of *Policie* deliver,
As I may ſweare wheres'ever I have bin,
The *Sages* were but *Novices* to him.

Yet

Yet were his *Axioms* dang'rous to maintaine,
For hee did hold, *No man could ever gaine*
And hold concurrence with Religion too,
And therefore thought it beſt to make a ſhow
Of what wee leaſt profeſſe, and to diſpence
In State affaires, with Faith *and* Conſcience.
" *For if ye will be truly wiſe* (quoth hee)
" *Be what yee ſeem not; ſeem what leaſt yee bee.*
Now this *Politicall* time-ſtudied *Ape*
Could ſoone transform himſelf to any ſhape;
For if with *holy-men* hee had to deale,
He could pretend a counterfeited zeale;
If with the *Worldling*, hee could worldly ſeeme,
And nothing leſſe then of devotion dreame;
With the *voluptuous* hee could likewiſe ſhare,
As if delight and pleaſure were his care;
And, in a word, no humor doe I know,
Hee could not frame his pliant mind unto.
But ripe in age, diſcourſe lul'd him aſleepe,
While a ſcorch'd *Ape* did from a *Limbeck* creepe;
For hee in *Chymick* arts had ſpent his wit,
And yet had little got but ſmooke for it.
Hee of no Subject talk'd but ſtill of one,
And hop'd at laſt to get th'unvalued *Stone*,
And *Kellie*-like, whoſe Art did Art ſurpaſſe,
Of *Lattin Silver* make, and *gold* of *braſſe*;
Yea in his houſe hee would not leave a kettle
But ſhould bee chang'd into the pureſt mettle.
For wit and wealth, poore *Ape*, were ſo bereft him,
As in his houſe a kettle ſcarce was left him.

This

This *All-a-mist*, or Apish *Alchumist*
Dream'd hee had both the *Indies* in his fist;
Golden-oar'd *Tagus*, *Ganges*, *Pactolus*,
Were held by him as meerly fabulous;
Out of one *Caldron* hee more gold could gather,
Then these rich *shores* were worth, or *Indies* either.
It was rare sport mee thought, to see him nod,
Strut like a stalking-horse, and point, and plod,
And laugh at his device as if h'ad found it,
When hee and all his shallow wits were grounded.
One day (quoth hee) *Boyes, wee'll be passing merry,*
When all the Candlesticks in Lothberrie
By my mysterious Art which I upheld,
Shall be transfused into Angel-gold,
Yea not a Spit, Jack, or Landiron there,
But like to Ophirs *mettal shall appeare.*
Thus hee discours'd, but prated little after
He saw the *Apes* were like to burst with laughter.
But specially 'mongst all the rest was One,
An unthriv'n meager *Ape*, but skin and bone,
Who with a *Critick* visage did deride
This *Chymick Monkey* more than all beside.
Nor was it rare; for he could ne're afford
Any amongst them all the least good word:
So tart he was and eager of his tongue,
As he would seldom speak, but he would wrong
Some in their name, fame, honour, or esteem;
And this his use and custom still had been.
Besides, on *Palmestrie* he was affected,
And by an *Erra-Pater* had collected

Some

Some erring rules of *Art*, which he profeſt,
And in each Village made himſelf expreſt.
Where he pretended rules *Political*,
Auſpicious dayes, and ſeaſons *Critical*;
And would ſometimes three hours or longer ſtand,
Like an *Egyptian*, poring on a hand;
Where on the *Lines* he would large Cõments make,
Saying, *This year you ſhall a Huſband take,*
A Courtier ſaies this Line; but I divine
You will play faſt and looſe in Progreſſe time.
But as this *Critick* did his tricks begin,
The *Maſter* of theſe *Apes*, me thought, came in;
At whoſe approach, ſubmiſſively they bow them,
While I obſerv'd what he would doe unto them.
For, unto me, as one incens'd hee ſeem'd,
As if theſe *Apes* his pleaſure had contemn'd,
Or plai'd ſome tricks which he did much diſlike,
And therefore ſhewd as if he meant to ſtrike.
At laſt, me thought, his Countenance grew ſmooth,
As ſurging Ocean after Tempeſts doth,
Cauſing them to be ſingled one by one,
While he, erected on a marble ſtone,
Uſed theſe words, as he their Weale did tender,
Which I, 'twixt ſleep and wake doe well remember.

Come *Jack an Apes*, Come aloft, come aloft, for your
Maſters advantage:
Come, with your tricks get relief, or ye die, to my grief,
in a ſkant age:
Shew me what tricks ye have plaid while ye ſtaid, be they weake,
be they wittie,
In ſhadie Lawne, flourie Plaine, *Country*, *Court*,
Univerſity, *Cittie*.

The Ape of Honour.

I Muſt, and will; and as my rank is beſt,
In formoſt rank I'le make my ſelf expreſt.
Since I plai'd *tricks* it's now the 13th Sũmer,
In which my aime was ſtill to purchaſe *honour*.
Where e're I ſaw one held in more eſteem
Then I my ſelf, I vented ſtreight my ſpleen
Upon his perſon, and would labour too
(As much as lay in me) his overthrow.
I could not brook *Corrivals*; yea my heart
Did ſwell with grief to ſee men of deſert
Reſpected where I ſojourn'd, for I fear'd
My fortunes ſhould be raz'd, if theirs were rear'd.
This caus'd me plot and practiſe ſome device
To move the *State*, their ſervice to deſpiſe;
Suggeſting how theſe men were Popular,
And though their courſe of life ſeem'd regular,
Their ſtudie was but how to broach diviſion,
And gain them titles ſuiting their ambition.
Or elſe, I made a ſhew of love unto them;
And told them, this retirement would undo them;

It

It were more fit for them to be imploy'd
In State-affairs, in which all good men joy'd,
Then burie those choice parts wch *Nature* gave them
In airie hopes, which quickly would deceive them.
Now if they chanc't to follow my advice,
My *taske* was still to crosse their enterprize
By undervaluing what they had effected,
That by the State they might be lesse respected.
Thus did my *Honour* take more true delight
In thwarting of some rising *Favorite*, (growing,
Whose blooming hopes were now to ripenesse
Then if my own Estate were overflowing;
"For, like to *Jacks* mov'd in a *Virginall*,
"I thought ones rising was anothers fall.
But now, secure of these, my *Coach* I took,
Where I perus'd a little Table-book,
Wherein such *Citizens* recorded be
As were to lend me Coine, or credit me
For such commodities as I did want,
And these my *Honour* hugg'd, these did I hant.
Having now got my purpose, straight I'de flee them,
And though they knockt, my *Lordship* would not see them.
My *Honour* was my *Sanctuary* made,
And by *Protection* all my debts were paid.
For if I grant *Protection* to another
To Conicatch, or to defeat his brother,
My shallow Sconce is run on no such Shelfe
As to neglect *Protection* for my selfe.
And yet some *Apes* I had were my delights,
And these were *Sycophants* and *Parasites*,

Who

Who would ſo humor me, as I proteſt
No meat without them could I well digeſt.
From theſe I had directions for my *pace*,
Look, *habit*, *ſpeech*, to adde a greater grace
Or luſtre to my *Honour*; ſo as I
Would ſet my Count'nance to look ſcornfully
On theſe inferiour *Vulgars*, whoſe eſtate
My *Honour* ſcorn'd once to commiſerate:
For I have ever held it derogation
To men of place, to harbour this compaſſion.
In forain *Courts* I ever *Leaguers* had
Who did inform me, were they nere ſo bad,
What projects *States-men* uſe to gain eſteeme,
And eagerly I ſtill obſerved them.
For this ſame Idol *Honour* was the Saint
Which I ador'd, and for whoſe Shrine I meant,
Rather then by my weakneſſe it ſhould fall,
To hazard Body, State, Renown, and all.
For my *She-Ape*, I mean my plumed *Ladie*,
Our loves were both indifferent as may be;
For either heat of Summer, or for hate
To Nuptial ſervitude, or for more ſtate,
Though we did plead diſtemper of the wether,
Seldome or never lay we both together.
For this my *Leaguers* told me forain States
Obſerv'd, and this my *Honour* imitates.
Yet did my *Lady* play me once a trick,
Pretending on a day, that ſhe was ſick,
So as a Doctor might be ſent for ſtreight,
(*Lucina* rather, for to make her light)

For first news that I heard, God send me joy,
My Fates had blest me with a goodly Boy;
Yet might I eaten all my part of him,
without committing any mortal sin.
But yet I seem'd to joy much in the Lad,
As if he hed been mine, and I his Dad;
Whereas in truth, I probably could gather,
My *Page*, and not my *Honour*, was his Father.
All these could I dispence with as light Crimes,
Being scarce held for errors in these times,
Provided that my *Lady* look unto it,
And thenceforth sought more secretly to do it.
For well I knew, if I divorce did wish,
I could procure 't for lesser faults then this;
But much I doubted, she would turn flat Rorer,
And doe as other some had done before her,
Taxe my *debility* since she was wedded,
Which foul aspertion would have split my credit.
But now the *Wagg* is grown a Boy of prize,
Inur'd to ev'ry *Lordly* exercise;
Though in the height of all his hopes I doubt
Such *Bastard-slips* will never take deep root.
Now must I shew, to make my self displaid
In *University*, what tricks I plai'd.
If any *Dunse* had but desire to skip
To the preferment of a *Fellowship*,
Were he ne're so uncapable of it,
I was a means that he the place might git;
Provided that his *Parents* made him way,
And for his insufficiency would pay.

Then

Then thick as haile-ſhot did my Letters go
To ſuch a *Doctor* and *She-Doctor* too,
That as he tendred the reſpect I bore him,
He ſhould prefer none to this place before him
Whom in my Letters I had ſo commended,
Thus was my Suit effectually ended.
And reaſon good they had to yeeld conſent,
And in my Suits to give me all content,
For now and then ſome notice would I ſend them
Of ſuch a late fallen Living, or *Commendam*,
Which I reſolv'd, ſuch was my zealous care,
To give to them whoſe lives moſt blameleſſe were.
Though all my aimes were rather to procure
Gaine to my ſelf, were th' means nere ſo impure,
Then place ſuch men, whoſe life and converſation
Deſerv'd my love with choiceſt approbation.
In *Country* too, had I my *Tarriers* laid,
By whoſe Intelligence ſuch tricks were plaid,
As I may ſwear, when I doe think upon them
I needs muſt laugh, ſo nimbly have I don them.
When I did heare One had deſire to get
Unto the title of a *Baronet*,
Or that his itching humor did aſpire
To leap to *Knight* before he was *Eſquire*;
By theſe my *Tarriers* I made known unto him,
I'de doe him all the kindeneſſe I could do him,
But for the price of *Honour*, it was more
By means of ſome occurrents then before;
Beſides, he ſhould have ſome additions granted,
Which all his former honour'd Neighbours wanted.

And thus I ſoakt my ſpungie *Knight*, that he
Might *honour* gain to cope with Beggerie.
Again, if any one within our Nation
Had a deſire to get a *Toleration*
In matters of *Religion*, I'de procure
He might enjoy his *Conſcience* ſo ſecure
As none ſhould trouble him; provided, he
Did but obſerve and keep true touch with me.
And yet would I, enforc't ſometimes by want,
Practiſe right cloſely with a *Purſivant*
To ferret him, and get a compoſition,
And yet this Act ne're moy'd me to Contrition.
But much abridg'd our profit now of late is
Since *Papiſts* may have *Tolerations gratis*.
Have *Tolerations!* no, that time is paſt,
Since hope to match with *Spain* is wholy daſht:
Anſelme and *Wright* are now return'd again,
And left the *Engliſh* pale to viſit *Spain*.
Yea, our *State-Agents* carefully have ſought
That th' *Spaniſh* Legat to account be brought,
Whether he hath (for this they ſeek to know)
Exceeded his *Commiſſion*, or no.
If this report be true, *Shavelins* adieu,
The State intends but little good for you.
But I doe heare a motion like to be,
Which, I confeſſe, doth much diſtemper me;
But rather then the State conſent unto it,
I will by all means labour to undo it.
And it is this, Some *Proteſtants* complain,
But their complaints, I hope, will be in vain,

That

That they are almoſt weary of their lives,
They pay ſo much for th' *Conſcience* of their wives.
The light of Proteſtancie darts upon us,
And drives two hundred fiftie five * Prieſts from us.
Which to redreſs, they crave (as doth become them)
The *State* would take commiſeration on them:
Which, in good ſadneſſe, I muſt needs confeſſe,
Deſerves, in each mans judgement, due redreſſe:
For it doth little ſtand with Conſcience,
That th' *huſband* he ſhould pay for th' *wifes* offence,
Seeing among them there's ſcarce one of ſeven,
That by their *Huſbands* will be lead or driven.
But what's all this to me, though they fare worſe,
I aime not at their *Conſcience*, but their *Purſe*.
In brief, were he *Monopoliſt*, or any
Who to enrich himſelf undoeth many;
Were he *Engroſſer*, who, if he may ſerve
His own baſe turn, cares not how many ſterve;
Were he *Foreſtaller* and *Regrater* too,
Whoſe uſe is all our *Merkets* to undo,
Made he recourſe to me, he might alledge,
By vertue of my powerfull priviledge,
His Liberty, whats'ever ſhould befall,
In ſpite of any *Juſtice* of them all.
Thus like a nimble *Honour-prizing Ape*,
I have transform'd my ſelf to ev'ry ſhape;
That by this means I might inſinuate
By ſecret paths, into anothers ſtate,

* *Vid. Tract entituled,* The Foot out of the Snare, *in his Catalogue of Popiſh Prieſts names.*

And ſo ſupport mine own, which would decline
If others were not props to bear up mine.
Now when I'me dead, ſome by my *Tombe* will paſs,
And ſay perchance, *Here lyes Pherecidas*,
Venting aſperſions on me as they pleaſe,
As that I di'de ſome louſie vile diſeaſe,
Or of ſome *State-Impoſtume* ſwoln ſo big
It had no cure but dy a *Spaniſh Fig*,
Or ſcorcht with ſome *outlandiſh Tinder-box*,
Di'de eaten by the *Bubo*, *Piles*, or *Pox*.
Thus muſt my *ſtyles* and *titles* be forgotten,
And rot on Earth, as I on Earth was rotten.
Thus all lifes pleaſure's but a *buſſing game*,
Which leaves us liqu'riſher then when we came:
Some glim'ring raies of *honour* we may get,
Which once obſcur'd, ſtreight is our *Summer ſet*.
But this I ſeldom think on, I've no time,
Mine aime is to advance theſe *Imps* of mine, (doubt
Whoſe ſhade ſhall ſpread ſo broad, as none may
But they 're derived from a ſpatious root.
Now I referre it to *your ſelf* to ſhow
Whether your *Ape* deſerve not praiſe or no.

The

The Ape of Pleaſure.

IS it not ſtrange to heare this
I *Cock-horſe Lord,*
Who has a *Branched* forehead
on my word,
Thus magnifie himſelf, when I his *Page,*
And at that time ſcarce ſixteen years of age,
Was more reſpected by his youthfull *Madam*
For two yeaes ſpace, then all the time ſhe had him I
What *Masks,* what *Shews,* what *Enterludes* could be
Contenting to her ſelf withouten me?
What late *Reere-bankets* could delight afford
Without her *Page,* farre deerer then her *Lord?*
And yet this burniſh'd *Idol,* whoſe eſteeme
Conſiſts in this, That he doth precious ſeeme
In eye of *Vulgars,* whoſe conceits appeare
In prizing men by th' Garments which they weare,
Preferres that *Fame* which *Fondlings* have of him
Before that place of *Honour* he is in.
But what concerns this me? 'tis my delight,
And in this doe I glory, that the night
Hath ſpread her Curtains cloſe, as one at leaſure
To tender all content to th' *Ape of Pleaſure.*

See, See, young *Meſſalina* how her eye
Aſſures me ſhee affects varietie!
Her once admired *Lord* grows out a date,
So as her love is turned into hate.
" For choiceſt cates may miniſter delight
" At firſt, but after, cloy the appetite.
But leſt thoſe *tricks* which I have plaid, ſhould ſeem
Weake in reſpect of what this *Lords* have been,
Though I be young and want experience,
As one directed by a youthfull ſenſe;
I can as *Apiſh* bee as others are,
Yea and for honeſty as little care
As any *Suburbs* trader, whoſe ſole aime
Is by pollution to inhance their gaine.
For three whole Yeeres I have imploy'd my time
In reading baudie *Boccace*, *Aretine*,
With thoſe ripe *Sibaritick* merriments,
Which our *Court-Ladies* hold for ornaments
Of an unvalued price, they are ſo wittie,
And theſe I read in *Country*, *Court* and *Cittie*.
But in the *Court* when I a Comment made,
More they conceiv'd then I diſcours'd or ſaid;
For a grave *Lady* ſtanding by the pew
Where I my Lecture red, did forthwith ſhew
More grounded *Rules* for th' *Subject* that I chuſed
Then all my wanton *Conſorts* ere had vſed.
So as deſiring much to know her name,
Shee haughtily replyed, " Of publique fame,
" Whoſe Love-attractive Beauty had obtain'd
" More high-priz'd booties then ere woman gain'd.

Nor

" Nor be my hopes extinguiſh'd by my age,
" For I have *One* (quoth ſhee) my prety *Page*,
" Who would be loath for to degenerate
" Eyther in heat of love or height of State.
" And though her Honour, Luſtre, and Eſteeme
" Be not ſo great as ſometimes it hath beene,
" Yet her experience with my diſcipline
" Hath train'd her ſo in poſtures of this time;
" As ſcarce that Lady is in *Europe* bred
" Who by her Lecture is not bettered.
" This I admir'd, which ſhee obſerving told me,
" While ſhee about my middle did enfold me,
" That if I ſought employment in that kind,
" Shee could a place of entertainment find,
" So I would ſecret be and not diſcover
" The ſlie effects of ſome intruſive Lover.
" For wee (quoth ſhee) who feed *imagination*
" With *hope*, till meanes bring *hope* to recreation,
" May in our ſleepes our waking thoughts diſcloſe;
" Now Boy (ſaid ſhee) if you were one of thoſe
" Who publiſh to the world what they doe heare,
" You might deſtroy our reputation cleare,
" And make our names ſuch *Emblems* of diſgrace,
" As wee might ſeeme unworthy of our place.
" For what if I ſhould ſend to ſuch a *Lord*,
" That in the Ev'ning hee would keepe his word,
" And in th' appointed place or arbour ſeat him,
" Where I reſolv'd aſſuredly to meete him;
" While you, corrupted by ſome *friend* of mine,
" Acquaints him with this meeting, place, and time?

Would

" Would this shew well in you, seem fair to him,
" To see one weare the *prize* which he did win?
" Again, we Ladies many *secrets* have,
" Which in our *Pages* secrecy doe crave;
" For we have *Chamber-motives* of delight,
" *Powders* to cause men love us at first sight,
" Amorous *Broths*, and cordial *Receits*,
" Love-drawing *Lures*, and fancy-forcing *baits*,
" That our unbounded *pleasures* may be fed
" With same *desire* as they were nourished.
" Again perhaps, such may our humors be,
" (Sith want of change begets satietie,)
" Wee'l daigne sometime our *Pages* to be tasters
" Of such choice *Cates* are due unto their *Masters*.
" Now would not this your secrecy deserve
" When you may *them* enjoy, whom you doe serve?
This proffer tendred; " *Madam*, replyed I,
" You need not doubt your *Pages* secrecy,
" (If you so please to terme me;) I have bin
" For Ladies Secrets ever train'd therein
" Since my first infancy, and was thought fit
" (So present and so pregnant was my wit)
" To carrie divers messages among them,
" Yet was I never taxed once to wrong them.
" Oft by a private *Entrie* have I brought
" One to my *Lady*, yet suspected nought;
" For, in a Night-Gown, womanly arraid,
" I took him for some Ladies Chamber-maid,
" So as I took in hand at all aventer
" To ope the dore, that he might freely enter.

Among

" Among the reſt *One* was I ſometime toward,
" Who was ſo peeviſh, teſtie, and ſo froward,
" As ſhee in nothing took more free delight
" Then to become her Husbands oppoſite.
" If he at any time ſhould make reſort
" Unto the *Countrey*, ſhe was for the *Court*;
" Were he for *Court*, ſhe to the *Countrey* went,
" For contradiction was her Element.
" Yet, which is rare, this peeviſh willfull thing
" Was much addicted ſtill to wantoning,
" So as, amidſt the heat of all her rage,
" Nought could allay her furie but her *Page*.
Thus I the progreſſe of my life did tell,
Which this grave *Lady* liked paſſing well;
Wherefore, concluding with one joynt conſent
To leave the *Court*, I with my *Lady* went,
Where I preſented was ſome ſennight after,
As a rich bootie, to her lovely *Daughter*;
Who did ſo much affect me, ſhe thought meet
To lodge me nightly at her own bed feet.
None would ſhe ſuffer ſcarcely to approach,
Or take her hand to bring her to her Coach,
But only I; none would ſhe elſe admit
To hold her chat, or in her Coach to ſit:
I was her *Ingle*, *Gue*, her *Sparrow bill*,
And in a word, my *Ladies* what you will.
How many Ev'nings Coached ſhe and I
With Curtains drawn, that none might us eſpie?
But now grown weak, when I ſhould be rewarded,
For want of ſtrength I was by her diſcarded.

Meane

Meane time, had I occaſion to remain
Here in the *Citie*, hoping to regain
That eſtimation which I late had loſt,
But by a litle *Monkey* was I croſt,
Who in ſhort time into ſuch credit crept,
As ever ſince he with my *Lady* ſlept.
But ſee my *fate !* through my too ſumptuous port,
While I remain'd in preſence of the *Court*,
Hoping my Love-ſick *Lady* would ſupply
What ere I ſpent by prodigality,
I was attach'd, and in the *Counter* throwne,
Yet leſſe diſgrac'd, becauſe I was not knowne.
Where I ſojourn'd ſome fortnight ſpace and more,
Till a rich *Drapers* wife did me reſtore,
Whoſe former knowledge me enfranchiſed,
With whom I ſhortly after married :
For having ſolemniz'd her Widow rites
By ſpace of fifteen tedious winter nights,
It pleas'd her to make choice of ſuch an one
That might ſupply the place of him that's gone.
And now I live as free from thought or care
As thoſe who have in fortune higheſt ſhare :
My *pleaſure* is my *treaſure*, whoſe delight
Extends it ſelf from morning unto night.
Sometime I hunt the *Hare*, ſometimes I ſpare
The *earth*, to take my pleaſure in the *aire*,
Where my skie-ſoaring *Falcon* makes his way,
Leſſning himſelfe till he has got his pray.
Sometimes my *Houſe* and *Garden* uſe to yeeld
As much content as doth the ſpatious Feeld,

For

For there at *Bowles*, at *Tables*, or at *Cheſſe*
My wearied ſpirits uſe I to refreſh:
Yea in an *Arbor* have I made a Caul,
Wherein's an *Ape* I brought from *Portingal*,
A nimble thing, ſo tutord and ſo tame
As it can play at any kinde of Game. (be,
At *Cheſſe* it knows where th' *Biſhops* place ſhould
With all the *Grooms* that keep him companie.
And it will laugh, ſo wittie is the Wagg,
To ſee them put together in a bagg,
Wondring that He who held a *Biſhops* roome
Should play Check-mate with his inferiour *Groome*.
Thus doe I ſport, thus doe I paſſe the time,
For *pleaſures* are thoſe *purchaſes* of mine,
Which I the moſt affect and moſt admire,
To feede with oyle the flame of my deſire.
Onely my *Wife*, ſince her rich *Draper* dide
To me eſpous'd, ſeeks to be *Ladiſide*;
Which honour I have got her, with a *Creſt*
To make mine honour anciently expreſt:
Wherein I hold the *Herald* did me right
In finding for my Coat a *Marmoſite*,
Whoſe nature is, (ſo farre doth luſt prevail,)
For want of better food, *to eate his taile*.
Thus have you heard my whole diſcourſe at large,
How I have waſted been in *Pleaſures* Barge,
Where I have fed and feaſted on ſuch ſtore,
As Surfeits make me I can feed no more.
For as variety begets delight,
Delight begets a moving appetite:

So

So *pleasures* tride, like snow-balles melt to nothing,
And end their longing with an endlesse lothing.

The Ape of Vaine-glory

DIsplay, display those *Annals* and *Records*
Of time renouned *Heroes, Peeres* and *Lords*,
Their Actions, their Designes; and you shall see
These *Apes* are imitators but of mee.
For what have they by resolution won,
What Conquest have they got, what have they don?
Hath *Fame* erected *Trophies* in their praise,
Or girt their Temples with triumphant Bayes?
Are *Statues* rear'd to memorize their worth,
With all those Acts Antiquity brought forth?
Trophies, Bayes, Statues adde no longer time
To their exploits then *Fame* hath done to mine.
In *Court* while I reside, I shew such State
Even in my Nod, my Countenance and Gate,
As there is none that casts their eye upon me
But sayes that Garbe doth properly become me.
If at the *Justs* I chance to breake a speare,
Methinks the *Ladies* eyes are fixed there;
Whose approbations gaine me more renowne,
Then Leaves can make expresst, or Colours showne.

Among

Among my *Conſorts*, Letters doe I ſhow
From State of *Venice* and from others too,
To me directed, as one whom they deeme
Of choyce, ſelect, and principal eſteeme.
Though I to *Venice* never travell'd yet
But caus'd theſe Letters to be counterfet.
The great *Mogol* that Title cannot crave,
Which on my ſelfe conferr'd I would not have;
For as my aymes are onely popular,
So is my ſubſtance meerely titular.
With *Ladies* of accompliſh'd qualitie,
Ranke, and deſcent, I hold concurrencie:
From whom if I a *favour* chance to git,
I glory in the purchaſing of it,
Vowing and vanting, not the wealth of th' Land
Should ranſome ſuch a bootie at my hand.
If I doe any worke, as few I doe,
I'de have the world take notice of it too.
In publique *Entertainments* I would be
Obſerv'd ſole Heire of liberalitie;
Which to expreſſe, this onely taske is mine,
To make our *City-Conduits* run with wine,
Scramble *Cakes, Wafers, Suckets* in the ſtreete,
And tread whole carts of *Biſket* under feete.
Farre more affection have I to beſtow
My bounty on ſome publique Antick ſhow,
So I may have my name endors'd at large,
That it was reared at my proper charge,
Then building of a *Church*, or any uſe
Which ſimple people terme religious:

Theſe

Theſe works I hate, and all that doe begin them,
For their hot zeale ſhow too much Conſcience in them.
Like *Jove* in *Danaes* lap my gold I ſhoure,
When I invite ſome great *Embaſſadour*,
Where at one *Supper* I doe more beſtow
Then to defray, my *Lordſhip* knoweth how.
And by this meanes I ſeeke to gaine eſteeme
Where this great *Legate* and his *Lords* have been;
Though they perchance deride mee and my aymes,
And with a *french-frump* gratifie my paines.
Of all, there is no act delighteth us
So much as that of brave *Heroſtratus*,
Who to gaine glory made himſelfe exemple,
In ſetting fire upon *Dianas* Temple.
Neither ſhall *Nero's* glory e're expire,
Who playd on's Lute while *Rome* was all a fire,
Sending wild beaſts into the publick ſtreete,
Such to devoure as they withall ſhould meete.
So as, 'twixt fire and feare, amaz'd they run,
Feeling the one, while they the other ſhun.
In all my time, I never have deſir'd
(Such my ambition was) to live retir'd,
For that I thought would gaine mee no reſpect,
The only object which I did affect;
So as my choice was ever to reſort
Neere to the *Sunne*, the Manſion of the *Court*;
Where others correſpondence kept with mee,
As ſelf-conceited too as I could bee.
Yet for exchange, becauſe I had deſire
That vulgar eyes my preſence ſhould admire,

Unto

Unto the City daign'd I to approach,
Never without ſix *Jennets* in my Coach:
Where, if encountring any, I uſe ever
To preſſe ſalutes with motion of my Bever.
To breath the common ayre, or walke the ſtreete,
Or entertaine diſcourſe with thoſe I meete
I hold it derogation; yet to ſhow
I prize my friend, I 'll give a nod or ſo;
For hee that will not on his poſtures ſtand,
And prove his education from the *Strand*
By carriage of his bodie, I doe hold
(Howos'ere he be in *Honors-booke* enrol'd)
Hee's but a *Goard* that doth his Leaves diſplay
By one nights growth, and withers on the day.
Yet in the entertainment of a friend,
Though I ſeeme nice, if he have pow'r to *lend*,
Or yeeld ſupply to my neceſſity,
I will admit him my Society.
Though from *familiarity* exempt,
For that begets in us too much contempt.
Now th' practiſe I have ever uſed, when
I would perſwade ſome wealthy *Citizen*
To lend mee money to ſupply my want,
With ayrie hopes I feed my *Cormorant*;
Telling him how by reaſon of my place,
I ev'ry day have *Offices* in chace;
Which if he free the *Bonds* that I am in,
I will not ſtand much to beſtow on him.
Againe, 'mongſt all my *retinue*, no knave
But knowes the ſtyles and titles that I have;

For ſuch my pleaſure is, that ev'ry Rogue
Within my *Sculrie* have a Catalogue
Of all my Titles; which, they doe pretend
Were given to mee for ſome eſpeciall end;
Whence theſe obſequious *Shadows* that attend mee,
Perſwade my *Creditors* great ſums to lend mee;
Alledging how by reaſon of my power,
It is a credit to my Creditor
To gain eſteeme with ſuch an one as mee,
Whoſe many Styles proclaim his dignitie.
Beſides, if any injur'd by my men
By taking up *commodities* of them,
Shall ſue their Bonds for payment ſuch a day,
Which, I'm reſolv'd, they never meane to pay,
With number of my *Styles* they ſo apall
Their *Creditors*, they let their Action fall;
For ſo upon my *greatneſſe* they doe ſtand,
They feare no right is gotten at their hand.
Nay more, their *Creditors* may ſeeme ſo fond,
That they will plead an *Error* in the Bond:
For, as it may by ſpecialty appeare,
They unto ſuch a *Lord* retayners were;
Which Style, as now it ſeemes, is wholly drownd,
And higher Titles for his *Lordſhip* found; (ſtate,
Whoſe Style being chang'd, avoids their former
" Their *Maſter* is not ſame as Bond beares date.
So as his *Title* eyther muſt bee ſame,
Or elſe there is an *Error* in their claime.
Thus doe I flouriſh, and my followers too,
As free from debt as thoſe that nothing owe;

Nor

Nor owe wee ought, wee may bee bold to ſay,
For they are ſaid to owe that meane to pay.
But that I may ith' *City* keepe a quarter,
Ile promiſe them for to enlarge their *Charter*
With this addition; Any Citizen,
Having ſo many yeers a free-man been,
Though he be able for eſtate, may breake,
And have *Protection* granted if hee ſeeke;
Provided that he pay yeerly revenue
To me, to mine, or one of my retinue.
Thus doe I lure my *City-birds* unto 't,
With hope of that I nere can bring about.
Somtime, for change, the *Country* ayre I chuſe,
Where my well-ſeated ancient *Mannor-houſe*
Joyes in my *preſence*; I 've no ſooner ſhown mee
Then all the *Country-Gentry* come upon mee;
Whoſe preſence choice of preſents ſtraight begets
Of *Pheſants, Pigeons, Pluvers, Caponets,*
All which come to my *Cooke* humbly beſeeching
They may ſupply proviſion of his *Kitchin.*
Next day a ſtall-fed *Oxe* ſent by a knight,
And hee reſolves to ſuppe with mee at night,
Which, though it were diſcourt'ſie to deny him,
Yet when he comes, ſeen am I ſcarcely by him:
For ſtrangeneſs ſutes with *greatnes*, which may
To gain to us more popular eſteeme. (ſeeme
Now for my *houſe*, delightfull is the Site,
The *baſe-Court* pav'd with colour'd *Porphyrite*,
Where two faire *Statues* curious as may be,
One for my ſelfe, another for my Ladie

Erected are, with Columns reered high,
Which force an admiration to the eye
Of the Beholder, and their ſtate is ſuch,
The *golden-Calfe* was nere ador'd ſo much.
As for my *Houſe*, it's open unto all,
And they for *Beere* or any thing may call;
Yet have I ſo provided, though they crave it,
My Buttry-hatch is *ſhut*, they cannot have it.
In *Country-Muſters*, it's ſome Taske of mine
To take ſurvey of all their diſcipline,
And teach them what thoſe *martial-poſtures* be,
Traines, Stratagems, and feats of policie;
Though, for my knowledge, I doe freely grant,
That I in theſe am wholly ignorant;
For I may ſweare I never yet conferd
With any one of all th' *Artil'ry*-yard.
Yet joy I much to heare the vulgar ſay,
A braver *Leader* never did diſplay
His *Colours* in the field, for I'm the man
Would ſeeme more to the world then I am.
In my diſcov'ry further to proceede,
Excuſe mee *Fellow Apes*, I ſhall not neede,
For few or none in *Albions-Court* there are
But they doe know my faſhions to a hare:
Nor am I ſuch a *Snake* to caſt my ſlough,
My *Titles* make mee *Great*, and that's enough.

The Ape of Fancy.

DOe but admire me, it is all I crave,
For as I love my ſelfe, ſo would I have
All raviſh'd with my *preſence*, wch obtain'd
I have attain'd the Port at which I aym'd.
For if *Narciſſus*, ſelfe-conceited Elfe,
Did love himſelfe by looking on himſelfe,
I cannot ſee, my beauty beeing ſuch,
But I may like and love my ſelfe as much.
But that yee may the better underſtand
My education, Race, Deſcent, and Land,
Where I was borne, where bred, and how I came,
I will acquaint you briefly with the ſame.
Some will not ſtick to call mee forraine brat,
But I were mad if I'de be mov'd at that,
For I doe know I am no Forrainer
But a right nat'ral *Engliſh* Ilander;
For even my diſpoſition tells me ſo
Through *ſelfe-conceite* which I am ſubject to.
Yea I'le tell truth, how ere ye wonder at me,
A *Courtier* of a *Succubus* begat me,
From whom ſuch ſecret *night-works* have I learn'd,
As what I doe can never be diſcern'd.

In a *Court-entry* darke of purpoſe made
Fit for encounter am I oft-times laid,
Where I enjoy a *prey* as *rich* as may be,
And for the *Maid* encounter with her *Ladie*;
Which ſhe, ſuch rare humility ſuites honour,
Receives as freely as is put upon her.
I muſt make one in every *Maske* and *Show*,
Or our *Court-ladies* care not for 't a *Stro*;
For I 'me their *Ape of Fancy*, whoſe delight
Doth pleaſe them more then any *Marmoſite*.
If I finde any *Lady* diſcontent,
I can preſcribe a cure incontinent,
And with an active application too
Uſe farre more art then other Apes can doe.
For bee 't *Green-ſickneſſe*, which few *Madams* have,
Or *Honours Phrenſie*, which will make them rave,
Bee 't the *Scotoma*, or the *Night-mare* ride them,
Their cure's ſoone wrought if I may lye beſide them.
Pills have I ſtore and choice *Confections* too,
Which on my *Patients* freely I beſtow,
Not like our baſe impoſtur'd *Mountebanke*
Whoſe ayme 's to ſell for gaine and not for thanke.
Free is my bounty and ſo well approv'd,
As in *Court*, *City*, *Country* I am lov'd,
The Trophies of whoſe favour I doe weare
About my wreſt, my Hat-band and my eare.
For be ſhe *Lady* converſant in *Court*,
To her as to my Shrine I make reſort,
And with ſuch *Apiſh* complement accoſt her,
As ſhe 's ſurprized with my Courtly poſture.

To

To th' *Cent* we goe, where we at *Cent-foot* play,
By which our hidden meanings we bewray.
Her Feather for a Favour doe I carrie,
While ſhe proteſts if ſhe were now to marrie,
The *Ape of Fancy* ſhould enjoy her heart,
And this contenteth me, and ſo we part.
Againe, ſometimes unto the *Burſe* I go,
Of purpoſe there to take a turne or two;
Not to make choyce of any new thing there,
But to ſurvey what beauty might appeare
Moſt gratefull to mine eye; and there I find
A pliant nature ſorting with my mind.
A *Widow-Wife*, whoſe abſent *Husband* gives
Acceſſe to world of *Suiters*, and ſhe lives
No leſſe obſerv'd then fancied; yet her wit
So ſmoothly and demurely carries it,
As ſhe preſerves her fame ſo unſuſpected,
As more ſhe acts the more ſhe is reſpected.
All which proceedes, as probably may ſeeme,
In that ſhe trades with men of choyce eſteeme,
Who *ferret*-like ſtill ſport them in her *Burrow*,
With whom ſhe revells it the ev'ning thorow.
Though I confeſſe ingenuouſly my ſhame,
That on a time I lay upon her name
Such deepe aſperſion, as it did ſurpaſſe
The compaſſe of redreſſe, and thus it was.
" Upon a day withouten companie,
" I went to cheape a rich commoditie;
" Heere and there ſought I this, but in a word
" Not any ſhop in *Burſe* could like afford

" As this faire *Curtezans*, who ſeemed nice,
" As if ſhee would not ſell't at any price;
" *For know* (quoth ſhee) *this ſtands not here for Sale,*
" *But only ſet to grace the Shop withall.*
" This anſwer did not pleaſe me, for my fortune
" Did promiſe me, that if I would importune
" Or preſs my ſuit, hows'ere her breſt ſeem'd ſteel'd,
" By hot aſſault ſhe could not chuſe but yeeld.
" On this foundation grounded, I did ſhow her
" How much reſpect I ever tendred to her,
" So as no *fancy* could be more expreſt
" Then th' faithfull ſervice I to her profeſt.
" *And know* (deere Love) *ſuch is my preſent ſtate*
" *As I will buy this Gem at any rate,*
" *Rather then loſe what I eſteeme ſo much,*
" *The boundleſſe limits of my Love is ſuch.*
" *Beſides, it will no derogation be*
" *To caſt the eye of your reſpect on me,*
" *For I may grace you more then any other,*
" *Both by my own means and my high-priz'd brother,*
" *Whoſe riſing-fortunes gaine him that eſteeme*
" *As bleſt are they that may but follow them.*
" So moving was this lovely Rhetorick,
" As it began to touch her to the quick;
" Silent ſhee was, Silence implies conſent,
" Whence I perceiv'd my profer gave content: (her
" For there was nought that wrought ſo much upō
" As when I gave her notice of mine *honour*,
" And that my *Lordſhip* would reward her more
" Then all her *Silken-guls* had done before.

" For

" For theſe *Court-punies*, What could they effect
" That might deſerve the height of her reſpect?
" Theſe are but *great-mens-ſhadowes* at the beſt,
" Who ſute themſelves with ſhreds of intereſt,
" Learne to looke big, and keep their poſtures too,
" But which of theſe has money to beſtow
" On his affected Miſtreſſe, whoſe repaire
" Muſt not rely on Caſtles in the ayre?
" Yea, which of theſe, how ere they ſeeme to prate,
" Dare whet their knife neer to the *Counter-gate?*
" Such gilded Puppets are theſe *Courtly-Apes*
" Who gull faire *Idols* with deceiving ſhapes.
" Having obtain'd my Suit, I made expreſt
" By bounteous gifts, the Love which I profeſt,
" So as 'mongſt all paid tribute to her beauty,
" I was the man to whom ſhee tenderd duty
" With moſt obſervance; But behold my *fancy*
" Grew in the end diſtempred with a *Phrenſy*,
" So as I could not any thing conceale,
" But 'mongſt the reſt told how I had to deale
" With this freſh amorous *Burſan*, and what rate
" Shee priz'd the traffick of her body at;
" So as in briefe (ſo far had reaſon croſt me)
" I told my *wife* how deere that pleaſure cott me.
" Shee, though I was diſtemperd, did apply it
" To her conceit, and thought in time to try it;
" Which on a day, her *Lady-mother* being
" Of her opinion, and in one agreeing,
" With jealous thoughts, they to this *Sempſter* go,
" To try if this report weee true or no.

" The

" The Shop deſcride, theſe ſubtle *Syrens* take
" Their walk by her, Shee asking *what they lack*,
" Little ſuſpecting (ſimple Soule) that they
" Should in thoſe ſhapes her ſecret crimes diſplay.
" *Shew us ſome Ruffs*, quoth one, *of choiceſt faſhion*,
" Spaniſh, Italian, *or ſome other nation*,
" *As the* Venetian; *where no Country can*
" *Compare in State unto their Curtezan.*
" Chiefeſt & choyceſt of her *Ruffs* ſhe ſhows them,
" For ſhe preſumes (ſo perfectly ſhe knows them)
" That none would give content but ſuch were beſt,
" Though worſe would ſerv for ſuch a thankles gueſt
" Choice doe they make of ſuch as beſt doe like,
" And at a price they now begin to ſtrike;
" What ſhee demands they give, *but pay*, they ſaid,
" *Was more then needs, Shee was already paid.*
" *By whom* (ſaid ſhe?) *By ſuch a noble Lord,*
" *Who hath engag'd his honor and his Word,*
" *That ſuch a time and place, what would you more?*
" *Juſt to this Sum he paid you* long before
" Shee (*modeſt Matron*) guilty of the Bill,
" Stood as a Statue, ſilent, huſht and ſtill;
" Yet with Vermilion tinctures ſhee diſplaid
" That ſuch a Sum had beene by mee defraid:
" Which they obſerving, left her ſore perplexed
" Through my diſtemper, thus impeach'd & vexed.
After, by meanes of Phyſick and good diet,
My *Phrentick* humor grew to be more quiet;
So as when they did any time upbraid
Or tax mee now with that which I had ſaid,

I ſtraight

I ſtraight recanted that which I had ſpoken,
But *femal* ſpleen is not ſo ſoon forgotten;
For thoſe aſperſions though I did diſclaime,
Imputing them to th' weakneſſe of my braine,
My *Lady-mother* will not let mee gad,
But keeps mee ſtill reſtrain'd, as I were mad;
So as the cauſe why I can ſcarcely know
My friends, is this, my *Lady* makes mee ſo.
One have I heard ſpeak in my forlorne roome,
"A madder Lord is not in *Chriſtendome*,
But hee may thanke his *genius* for it
And not his *honour*, if he have more wit.
Now all the tricks which I muſt henceforth play
Are few or none, for I poor *Ape* muſt ſtay,
Like to a ſtarved *Snake* or drouzie *Drone*,
With *houſe-Baboons* and *Marmoſites* at home;
Unleſſe I goe ſometimes unto a *Wake*,
Where I ſuch *Stoicks* for my *Conſorts* take,
As *Rumford*, *Ratcliffe*, *Hallowell* can ſhow,
For theſe are farthelt *Wakes* I goe unto,
My *Tutors* be ſo ſtrict, unleſſe by chance,
About a *May-pole* I dare hardly dance,
Or give a wench a green-gown on the graſſe,
So much the time is chang'd from what it was.
Only (*kind-Bearward*) reſts it in your pow'r
To make mee free as any Emperour;
Whereby you may redreſſe my preſent wrong,
And make mee merry as the day is long.

The

The Ape of Faſhion.

FAſhion thou art mine *Idol*, *Pride* my *Prize*,
My *glaſs*, my *globe*, my *corpſe*, my *Sacrifice*,
Which I one day muſt offer to the *Mace*,
For cloath a ſilver, ſcarlet and gold-lace.
Twelve yeers and more I have a *Trav'ler* been
In *France* and *Italy*, where I have ſeen
Variety of *faſhions*, whoſe rich fraught
I now, at laſt, have to my Countrey brought;
For I was he that did the firſt diſcover
Your *Saffron yolkie* band, & brought it over;
Your *paned* doublet, and *pennrious* breech
Were undeſcride, till I began to teach
The rudiments of *Art*, nor have I loſt
All by my voyage, though it deerly coſt.
For now admires each *Gallant* my invention,
And gratifies mee with a ſtanding Penſion;
Four *Spaniſh* Mares have I to carrie me,
With all accoutrements ſo properlie,
As in more ſtate himſelfe he cannot beare
Who may diſpend ten thouſand pound by yeare.
Now to acquaint you where I make reſort,
My reſidence is for moſt part at *Court*;

Where

Where I ſuch tricks as I bring over, ſhow
To ſuch, whoſe diſpoſitions I do know
Moſt itching after novelties, and theſe
Ile pawne my life, that I ſhall quickly pleaſe.
For give theſe noble *Courtiers* their due,
If th' *faſhion* I preſent them with be new,
They care not how ill-favord it appeare,
For they would be obſerved what they weare;
Nor is it decency that they reſpect,
For we ſhall ſee a kinde of ſtrange neglect
In our apparell gaine us more eſteeme, (ſeeme.
Then thoſe who in their clothes more punctual
As for example, let our cloaks fall downe
Upon left ſhoulder, or go ſweep the Roome
In a neglectfull *faſhion*, with ſleeves drawne
Up to the elbow, to deſcry the Laune
Or Cambrick ſhirts wee weare, unbutton'd too,
That our lac'd Linnen may more neatneſſe ſhow,
With points untruſs'd, as if wee did not care
For pride ſo much as for the ſubtle ayre:
And wee, by this, ſhall more obſervance git,
Then if, with ginger pace wee minſed it.
Of all thoſe ſervants that I entertaine,
A *Tayler* and a *Broker* bee the men
I moſt eſteeme, and where I moſt relide,
Though I have many hangers on beſide;
For th' *one* with new-clothes ſtill rennes my ſtate,
The *other* broaks ſuch clothes are out of date.
And howſoere ſome people doe condemne
Theſe *Brokers* for unconſcionable men,

I know

I know them to be bounteous and kind,
For if you leave in paune your Suit behind,
You ſhall be ſure, ſo freely will he ſhow him,
To find more on it then you gave unto him.
Nor is my *Tayler* ſuch a man of ſin
As ſome young cheated-gulls would make of him;
For what's the cauſe they beare ſuch hate unto him?
'Tis this forſooth, he hath his *Hell* below him.
If this procure their hate, it doth behove them
To finde out ſome that have their *Hell* above them.
I muſt confeſſe hee will od-ſhreds conceale,
But that's a ſmall fault in our Common-weale,
For, in our State, ſome *greater-Theeves* there bee
Whom none dare tax, yet ſteale far more then hee.
Hee one Command'ment breaks and ſo doth fall,
But theſe *State-ſharks* infringe not one, but all.
Now for the place where I do moſt frequent,
Court, City, Country, are my continent;
Where, to the garbe of every place I live,
And ſuch a forme of *faſhion* uſe to give,
As there is none who would not imitate
The *faſhion* I affect at any rate.
Which joyes mee much to ſee an humerous Lord,
Whoſe formal habit only doth afford
A perſonal eſteeme, ſo mad to bee,
As in an *Apiſh* garb to ſecond mee.
But I in change can vie with none of them,
Which makes mee curry favor with their men,
Who ſet their *Lordſhips*-wardrope at a ſale,
From whence I hooke ſome Suit bee't nere ſo ſtale,

Which

Which I reduce to *fashion* by my wit,
And this their Lord admires and followes it.
For little knowes he, when he notes my *fashion*,
That from his *Wardrope* it receiv'd *translation*;
Where if hee knew what to my selfe is knowne,
Hee would be loth to imitate his owne.
I have likewise a *Venice* dame brought over,
Whom our *Court-Ladies* eye, and eying love her;
For choyce attyres shee labours to invent,
Mixing with *English Venice* complement:
So as no *Curtezan* observeth there
Ought worthy note, but's nat'ralized here.
Rounding of haire, short-wasted doublets too,
Steeletto-pockets are stale *fashions* now;
" Inventions Mint must goe both night and day,
" No matter though our money-Mint doe stay.
Long was I bringing of a work about
A Looking-glasse, to view from head to foot,
Before, behind, so as my very Spur
Could scarcely move but I might see it stur.
And this invention gain'd mee much esteeme,
Chiefly 'mongst such who most deformed seeme,
Whose crooked shapes, if they perfection lack,
I could applie a levell to their back;
Whose equall feature by th' reflecting-glasse,
Made them admire themselves as they did passe.
And to some *Ladies* much deform'd, of late
I have prescrib'd another choyce receite,
Which now for modesty I will omit,
Because *Cornelius-tub* produceth it.

Nor

Nor is my *Venice-urinal* so brittle,
Though she felt once the furnace of the *Spittle*,
But shee demurely can observe all times,
And with her Saintly outside cover crimes.
So as the *City* beares her such affection,
Shee's only thought the first to give direction
For matters of discourse, attyre, behaviour,
Striving among themselves who may receive her
With most extended bounty; yet will shee
Requite their boundlesse liberalitie
With Husbands ruine (she has vow'd to do't)
And with excesse of Charge to *bank her out*.
For goe they but to *Rumford* to a feast,
Their clothes proclaim them *Ladies* at the least,
Though all that while, their *wronged-husbands*
And satisfie their hunger with a *Carret*. (spare it,
Nor only there, but on the *Country* too,
Some *fashions* out a date doe I bestow;
Where shee and I marching some fortnight after,
Are like to burst our selves (I sweare) with laughter.
For in a *Country-Church* you there shall see
The May-pole wenches weare my liverie;
But in their forme of *fashion* so displaid,
None can discerne the *Mistrisse* from the *Maid*.
Yet they'r perswaded what they weare is new,
And that their *fashion* is but known to few
Save to themselves, which makes them to appeare
Scornfull to such who goe in Country weare:
Yet if they knew as much as I, they'd say
Themselves were out of *fashion* more then they.

Thus

Thus have I liv'd, and thus am I belov'd,
For State appointed, and by States approv'd,
Where of no Law I doe ſo much complaine
As of one late-enacted now in Spaine,
Touching *reſtraint* of all exceſſive 'parell,
Which I'm reſolv'd would make our *gallants* quarel;
And reaſon good; for would one think it fit
To reave them that they more eſteeme then wit?
Surely the *Task* were hard, the *Law* ſevere,
Yet this they doe who ſtrip them of their weare.
For theſe are they who deſcant on one ſtraine,
And with no care diſturb their giddy braine,
Save only how they may in *faſhion* git,
And be the firſt that may encounter it.
Theſe are they whom I love, with whom I live,
And unto whom this *Legacie* I give;
They who prefer a *Coate* before a *Pate*,
Shall die without a *Coate*, *Wit*, or *Eſtate*.

The Ape of Obſervation.

WHat I *Sites*, *States* & *Natures* might deſcry,
T *Columbus* hath not travel'd more then I;
In Princes Courts I have a lodger beene,
And there *obſerv'd* whats'ever I have ſeen:

Which to compile it did mee highly pleaſe,
Entitling it my *Ephemerides.*
I have been preſent at late wars of *Rhine,*
Though I to neither party did incline;
I heard th' *Electors* ſing a dolefull dirge,
At winning of renowned *Heidelberge,*
Redoubling thus the ſubject of their care,
" *Our neighbours Houſe a fire, bids us beware.*
I follow'd warlike *Tillie* at the tayle,
When with ſtreight ſiege he cloſed *Frankindale;*
To *Berg' apſome* I did my progreſſe make,
Where I much muz'd how *Spynola* could ſcape,
When in his Campe hee was ſo gyrt about,
As feare got in, but nothing could get out. (ſink,
" Though plots ſeeme deepe, one may their bottom
But I were mad if I 'de ſpeake all I think.
Nor is my *obſervation* ſo reſtrain'd,
As if it earthly objects only aim'd;
More high Myſterious *ſpeculation's* given,
To view thoſe *Signes* and *Wonders* are in heaven,
Prodigious formes and figures in the ayre,
All which *impreſſions* lately frequent were
Neere ſieged *Prague,* and other Cities too,
Who have ſuſtain'd what foe or fate could doe.
At *Turein,* two miles from *Egeria*
Within the kingdome of *Bohemia,*
Next to a *Stew,* where I with others ſtood,
I ſaw a *Table and a Form ſweat blood;*
Which I *obſerv'd* and forthwith did divine
There would ſucceed a blood-effuſing time.

From

From whence diſlodg'd no ſooner did I come
Unto the famous Ci ty *Lintium*,
Then there appeared a fear-increaſing viſion,
Which ore the City ſhewd this apparition;
Two Swords ſtood pointing one againſt another,
With furious Armies skirmiſhing together;
All which I made th' inhabitants beleeve
Would ſome impreſſions in their City leave;
Aſſuring them, to make mine Art more knowne,
Theſe ayrie *Armies* would ſurprize the Towne.
This caus'd a ſtrict watch to be duely kept,
And I did laugh at this while others wept;
For it was far above my element
To know what theſe ſtrange *Apparitions* meant;
Though my conjectures were eſteem'd more true
Then th' unknown *Palmiſtry* of any *Jew*.
But leſt the *Statute* bring me into queſtion,
This is the leaſt I uſe in my profeſſion,
Unleſſe in forrain Countries where there be
So few that practiſe this ſame Myſterie,
As they will lodg a Wizard in their breſt,
But ever prize *North-Britain* Wizards beſt.
Thus I've inrich'd my ſelfe with *Obſervation*,
And gaind me ſuch renoune within this *Nation*,
That be my weekly *Corrants* nere ſo ſtrange,
They paſſe for *current*-novells on th' *Exchange*:
So as upon my knowledge their eſteeme
Hath ſtaid the vent of better labors cleane.
Yea, there be divers *Stationers* in the Citie,
Who had been broke (the more had beene the pitie)

Had not my high-priz'd travels been brought hether
Which kept them up from going down the wether.
And now *theſe* are, which ſeems to mee moſt rare,
Held by our *Stage-gulls* for oracular.
Not any ſtory or occurrent paſſes,
But is authentick-truth with theſe *ſage-Aſſes*,
Who neighbourly confer upon a bench
Of ſuch a *Rampire*, *Paliſado*, *Trench*;
Of ſuch a *Conqueſt*, ſuch a *Battaile* loſt,
And what a world of *Chriſtian* lives it coſt.
This they peruſe, which they peruſing ſend
Into the *Country* to ſome ſpeciall friend,
Who may partake theſe *news* without delay,
And theſe become as credulous fools as they.
For though, to give my thriving-works their due,
Scarce among twenty one relation's true,
Yet on their truth not one of them will ſtand,
But ſpread their fame abroad from hand to hand.
Nor bee my *Corants* only *Alehouſe* talke, (walke;
Nor for *Duke Humfries Knights*, who *Pauls* doe
For I have ſeene the very *Pulpits* ſmooke
With ſome extractions rifled from my booke,
Which howſoere they could not well beare water,
Yet would they ſerve for want of better matter.
But there's no place ſo highly prizeth mee,
As where our *Ordinary-Gallants* bee;
For there am I admir'd, and to my grace
Preferred ever to the higheſt place:
Where my looſe glibbrie tongue is prating ſtill
Travels more ſtrange then thoſe of *Mandevill*.

Yea

Yea, you ſh ll ſee ſome ſcore of *Gallants* ſtand,
Each with a *Table-booke* within their hand,
To take *obſervance* of ſuch ſpeciall heads
As from the *forge* of my diſcourſe proceeds:
Which they relating duely, now and then,
Makes them eſteem'd for moſt accompliſh'd men.
Now what may you imagine I deſerve,
When theſe extract but that which I obſerve? (them,
And gaine ſuch praiſe, as thoſe *Land-gulls* who hear
Account them highly bleſt who neighbour neer thē?
But now becauſe I 'm to my *Country* come,
Ile ſhew you what I have *obſerv'd* at home,
And in each ſev'rall place where I have beene,
Briefly unfold what I have heard or ſeene.

In *Court* I liv'd, and living felt no ſcant,
But bravely ſurfeited on others want;
It was my ayme, and I did ayme aright,
To winde me in with ſome *Great-favorite*,
Whoſe gracefull count'nance might ſupport me ſtill
In all my courſes, were they good or ill.
Where I *obſerv'd*, more good might be effected
By meanes of *One* who was in *Court* reſpected,
Were his Cauſe ne're ſo faultie nor ſo weake,
Then a good Cauſe, if he no friends could make:
The reaſon was, though *Juſtice* bore ev'n hand,
From ſome of *theſe* there came a countermand,
Which, cauſe he was a *great-Antagoniſt*
They durſt not his authority reſiſt;
Or elſe his meanes advanc'd them to that place,
Which mov'd them veile to him in any Caſe.

For this I held a grounded *obſervation*,
Juſtice to Greatneſſe ever had relation;
For ſome of *theſe* oft get a place worth chuſing,
By being married to a *great-mans* Couſin:
So firm 's the linke of mutuall allyance,
Againſt all oppoſits it pleads defiance.
For other *ſilken-Apes* who ſpend their time
In making their ſeer-bodies brisk and fine,
I hold it needleſſe here to make report,
Becauſe ther's ſuch an *Ape*, juſt now, in *Court*;
Who will deſcribe himſelfe in every lim,
Which makes me leave that labor unto him.
For our *Court-Ladies*, very few I know
Who racket it with their *Comradoes* now;
Our ſpritely *Lords* doe either Treaſure lack,
Or elſe they want agility of back,
So as amongſt a number ther's ſcarce one
But ſhee is eyther *mortifide* or gone.
" One did I heare of but the other day,
" Who now has throwne her *lighter* Roabs away,
" And by a firm-friend whom ſhe well approv'd,
" Sent to the *wife* of that ſame *Lord* ſhe lov'd,
" How ſhe reſolv'd her good eſteeme to win
" By wearing of a *mourning-gowne* for him.
" But what's the anſwer ſhee return'd to her?
" *I wiſh*, quoth ſhe, *your Lady may not Weare*
" *But what becomes her beſt in publique ſight*,
" *Her Suite muſt ſute her ſelfe, her ſelfe is light*;
" *But if with mee ſhee 'll keepe a mourning part*,
" *Shee muſt not mourn in Habit, but in Heart.*

And

And ſo no queſtion doth ſhee; for long ſince
Shee loſt the *eye* of her *concupiſcence*,
Which makes me hope the eye-light of her mind
Is cleerer far, ſince th' outward eye was blind.
Thus be our *Ladies* matchleſſe *Converts* held,
To whom no Suiters make but are repeld;
Though *One* I know, nor was old *Lais* liker
Unto her ſelfe, then ſhee is to a ſtriker.
In *City* likewiſe I remain'd a while,
Where I *obſerv'd* how *Tradeſ-men* did beguile,
And in ſome darke part of their ſhop tooke care
How they might vent their moſt deceitfull ware.
Here did I ſtay farre longer then I need,
That I with laughter might my humor feed;
For here I might *obſerve* a Country-gull,
Whoſe fathers death had made his pockets full,
Mount *Ludgate-hill* to buy a *Spaniſh* felt,
Pull out his money, bid the Knave go tel 't.
Notes from *Black-fryers* I preſently might gather,
For now this *Corniſh-Chough* mourns for his father
in a *Carnation-feather*, wherewithall
Hee means to grace his fathers funerall.
By this hee travells to *Saint Martins lane*,
And to the ſhops hee goes to buy a *chaine*;
Where ev'ry painted *Babie* that hee ſees,
With their horſe-gilded varniſh doth ſo pleaſe,
As ſuch commodities muſt not bee loſt,
For he will have them whatſoe're they coſt.
To th' *Royal Exchange* fain would he take his courſe
If he had any money in his purſe,

But the *Long-ſhop* hath brought his pockets low
With *Daggers*, *Bells*, and *Hobby-horſes* too.
For *City-wives* I will not *preſſe* them much,
If they be pleas'd that I may only touch
Their errors, not their perſons; which ſhall be
Shadow'd ſo covertly as none ſhall ſee.
I have *obſerv'd* that nothing is more ſweete
In their conceit, then when theſe *goſſips* meete;
Nor would this halfe ſo much their husbands vex,
If all theſe *goſſips* were but of one Sex:
But this the grief on 't, forth they will not go
But they muſt have their *foremen* with them too.
Which to redreſſe, and for a quiet life,
Let ev'ry one be *foremen* to his wife;
For this in ſhort time will her humor tame,
And purchaſe to her ſelfe a better name.
For the gum'd grogran *Citty-uſurer*,
He is *obſerv'd* ſo much by *Luciſer*,
I need ſmall *obſervation* take of him,
Being known to be th' *Engroſſer* of all ſin.
Not all his *furrs* nor *vermin-skins* ſhall ſave him,
He has contracted with him meanes to have him;
And reaſon good, for you ſhall truely finde
The *maſter* and his *man* both of one minde:
For there is nought the *Uſurer* doth crave,
But that he may *Security* receive,
With whom in this his *maſter* doth agree,
For all he ſeeks is but *Securitie*.
Yet for all this I cannot chuſe but love him,
Becauſe he cheats ſo many men above him,

And

And by a Forfeiture or ſuch like Sentence,
In time he brings them unto true repentance;
Whereas if they had never met with him,
Perchance they had ſtill rioted in ſin.
Beſides, he *'s charitable*, for to his door
You cannot come but you ſhall ſee the poor;
Yet th' cauſe hereof he cannot well conceale,
" He makes all poor with whom he has to deale,
Now for the *Country*, though there many be
Who make pretences of ſimplicitie,
Becauſe they little know that part of ſpeech
Which *ſoutherne* people to their children teach;
Yet in a home-ſpun native Rhetorick
They ſhew themſelves as pregnant and as quick,
As thoſe whoſe education may impart
Far more accompliſhment by meanes of Art.
A ſubtle-piercing ayre has made theſe wittie,
Apt to deceive as any in the Cittie;
For th' richer *grubs*, we properly may call
Broggers, *Foreſtallers*, and *Regraters* all:
And theſe prey on his ſtate that weakeſt is,
As *Whales* and *Sea-Bulls* feed on leſſer fiſh.
For th' *younger* ſort ſmall policie diſcerns,
Yet as the old Cock crows the young Cock learns;
Though they be gull'd oftimes by *City* ware,
They are by it made circumſpecter farre,
And now and then the *City* recompences
With a commodity of ſtale-ſtuffe wenches,
Who by their *carriage* gaine them ſuch eſteeme
As many times they match with *Aldermen*.

For

For th' *higher ranke*, they live at ſuch a rate,
As ſome of them cannot ſupport their ſtate
Without ſiniſter meanes, yet theſe by aw
Seeme to oppoſe and contradict the Law;
So as the Law grows tongue-tide, or elſe bent
To give theſe *Bulls* of *Baſan* all content.
"Law 's as a Spiders-web, and ever was,
"It takes the little flies, lets great ones paſſe.
But let us draine theſe *Rivolets* that flow,
Thoſe laſt are loſt, they were ſo long ago.
If we extract not poyſon from each Rill,
Injoyn us Silence, we have loſt our Skill:
But *Pan* ſhould thwart the fancy of his Pipe,
Ceaſing to play when Vices are ſo ripe.
Then to our *Trillo*; you ſhall heare more ſet
In this Compoſure then you heard of yet.
A nimble *Ningle* we did lately heare
Has purchaſed a thouſand pounds by yeere,
Contracting for Delinquents, though ſome ſay'
He was *Delinquent* once as well as they.
And there's ſmall doubt, when all *Accounts* are paſt,
He of his *Houſe*, ſhall be both *firſt* and *laſt*;
For though his *Fortunes* to ſuch *grandeur* ſwell,
A ranker *Cheat* breaths not 'twixt Heav'n and Hell:
So dearly hugging private Intereſt
As ſordid Lucre has intranc'd the Beaſt.
The Proverbe is, "All evill comes from North,
And worſe then *This* the North-coaſt nere brought forth.
Here you ſhall ſee, wch I did ſmile to ſee,
Reteyners to ſome man of qualitie

Cheat

Cheat a *Sot* of his Coyne, or which is worſe,
In the kings high-ſtreet take away his purſe,
Which they with winged ſpeed wil forthwith carrie
Unto their old receit or Sanctuarie;
Where theſe *Reteyners* due account muſt make,
And with their ſtate-ſplit-*Maſter* part the ſtake.
Yet who dare ſay that ſuch a man as he
Would give leaſt countenance to theeverie?
His port doth rather argue him a Giver,
Then to ſupport his State with *Stand, Deliver*;
But ſo long hee his bounty did diſplay,
"He cannot as he would, but as he may.
Thus I in *Obſervations* of all ſort,
Be they in *Country*, *City*, or the *Court*,
Have in my *Progreſſe* ſuch exactneſſe ſhowne
As I ſuppoſe no Traveller hath done.
Yea in the *Academie* I obſerv'd
Thoſe *Drones* enjoy beſt *roomes* who leaſt deſerv'd;
And many more, which if I ſhould expreſſe.
Would force the hearer to amazedneſſe,
That any one ſhould poſſibly containe
Such ſtore of *Obſervations* in one braine.
For *Rules* of *Art* ſo far do they excell
The diving plots of matchleſſe *Machavell*,
That I of all the world could compoſe
An Abſtract of her policies, and encloſe
Each project and occurrent that befell
Within the compaſſe of a *Wallnut-ſhell*:
For I ne're view'd the forme of any State
I'de not *Obſerve*, *obſerving* imitate.

What

What reſteth then, but that yee doe deviſe
Honors for him, whoſe knowledg makes ye wiſe?

The Court Ape.

O briske I am, ſo ſweet and ſo perfum'd,
I have no *tricks*, it may be ſo preſum'd;
But I doe muſe how any one ſhould think
I could thus neatly goe and have no chink;
For howſoe're ſome *Courtiers* have ſaid it,
They were ſupported only by their credit.
Tradeſmen grow now ſo wiſe (the more's the pitie)
The *Court* is out of credit with the *Citie*.
At this time have I here the *Minories*
Two Coaches with diſtinguiſh'd liveries,
Eight *Barb'rie* mares, two foot-cloth Naggs beſide,
On which, for more variety; I ride
The publique ſtreetes, to viſit ſuch a *Ladie*,
By whom I have a *ſtanding* penſion paid me.
Coach men and Pages divers have I too,
On whom my *caſt ſuits* uſe I to beſtow,
With other *vailes* which accidental be,
Beſides the grace they have in following me.
Nor is this all, Crowns muſt I alwayes carrie,
And hazard too when I 'me at *Ordinarie*,

Where

Where like true *Heire* of bounty I muſt ſhow
Farre more profuſe then *vulgar Gallants* doe.
I have a *Tweake* too, one of my retenue,
Who will expect a ſhare in my revenue;
"If *Phebus* had no light, could *Phebe* ſhine?
"No more can She without ſome ayde of mine.
Now can one thinke, I on this charge ſhould ſit,
And have no meanes at all to ſecond it?
A *fire* muſt fuell have or it goes out,
A *Lampe* muſt needes have oyle applide unto 't;
Springs Rivers feed, *Seas* are by Rivers fed,
Bees ſucke ſweet flowers, and ſo are nouriſhed.
While theſe in diſtinct nouriſhment doe ſhare,
Muſt I *Chameleon*-like be fed with Ayre?
No; I have meanes in *Court* to ſhew my light,
For I 'me eſteem'd a ſpeciall Favorite
To ſuch a *Peere*, whoſe greatneſſe can ſupport
The loweſt *Shrub* that grows within his *Court*;
Much more ſuch State-aſpiring *Pines* as I,
Who on his grace without deſert rely.
For if I ſhould deſert or merit weigh,
I 'de make a Conſcience of thoſe tricks I play;
But bare might I be as the ſlough-ſtript *Snake*,
If of my pranks I ſhould a Conſcience make:
For this my *maxim* is; "He that will bluſh,
"Or value honeſty more then a Ruſh,
"Or ſo precize, hee 'l no advantage take,
"May thrive in *Court*, but he 's not very like.
But now it reſts, that I my *tricks* doe ſhow,
Which ſhowne, judge if I may not thrive or no.

In

In *Court* I live and flouriſh where I live,
Apt to receive, but ſeldom apt to give;
In ev'ry Boat a private Oare I have,
Where th' bargain 's ill I neither win nor ſave:
For I 've a braine has wit enough to plot,
And for a Conſcience I know it not;
Becauſe this Conſcience ſuch a *Scarcrow* is,
As it deterreth us from what 's amiſs;
Which if wee ſhould obſerve, it would be like
Within ſhort time to overthrow us quite.
If any State-employment be in hand,
I by ſome ſecret *Agent* underſtand
Whereto it tends, compounding with a friend,
To whom by meanes the *State* doth recommend
This publick taske, that I may ſhare with him
In th' benefit that he 's employed in;
Which if he grant, to raiſe his eſtimate
I recommend his ſervice to the *State*,
Extolling his deſerts, ſaying; " 'T were fit
" Such men as he ſhould reape a benefit
" By their employments, otherwiſe 't would ſeeme
" The *State* were weak & could not judge of them:
Yet I may ſweare ſincerely from my heart,
I little prize or value his deſert;
My chiefeſt ayme and principalleſt care
Is how I may in his preferment ſhare.
For to that end did I his worth improve,
Cauſing him thinke 't was only for his love,
Whereas peculiar profit drew me to it,
Nor care I much if all the world doe know it.

For

For theſe are uſuall *projects* now a dayes,
And if contrived nimblie, merit praiſe
In th' undertaker; yea I know a *Man*
High in the *Courts* eſteeme, who now and than
For all his outward luſtre will not ſtick
To gul the *State* with this familiar trick.
If any one, whoſe ſervice hath beene tride,
Sue by ſome meanes for to be gratifide,
That *he* his hopes on ſtronger ſtayes may ground,
He with this gracefull *Courtier* doth compound;
That if he ſhall procure him ſuch a Summe
For all the former ſervice he hath done,
He ſhall be *Sharer* with him, and receave
Two parts and more of all that he ſhall have.
This moves this ſpritely *Courtier* to perſwade,
That ſuch a ſumme of money may be paid
For ſuch State-ſervice, which above compare
Deſerv's due guerdon; for his onely care
(As he pretends) is to preferre the ſuite
Of them whoſe name hath purchas'd them repute.
The *State* weighs his deſerts, and doth beſtow
What 's fit and equall for his ſervice too.
But when it 's to be paid, this underſtand,
Seldome a fourth part comes to th' owners hand;
For his perſwaſive *Orator* will ſhare
Above the former compoſition farre,
Telling him how, if 't had not beene for him
He had not got the value of a pin:
Then fit it were that he three parts allot
To him by whom his entire ſuite was got.

Thus

Thus muſt we plot and reape the greateſt gaine
Through their deſerts, who in the *Camp* remaine
Subject to all thoſe miſeries of warre,
Which on the *Souldier* ſtill inflicted are.
Our ſoft down beds be all the harms we feele,
Our ſilken-Roabes, our Harneſſe and our Steele;
Our Cryſtall ſprings of luſcious *Hypocrice*,
Our humors taſte no warlike enterprize;
Our Congies, Cringes, amorous ſalutes,
Our Love-inducing-Sonnets, warbling Lutes,
Our Masks, Tilts, Triumphs & obſequious greetings,
Our cloſs encounters in our Entry-meetings,
Our deere *Eringo love-provocatives*,
Our *Julips*, *Apozems*, *Preſervatives*,
Our ſecret plots to work our ends thereby,
Cloſing our drifts within an *Oyſter-pye*,
Our private aymes to purchaſe ſuch a wife,
By laying ſiege now in her husbands life;
Our *french-Moriſcoes*, motives of delight,
Our *Parachito*, *Monkey*, *Marmoſite*,
Our *Arbour-daliance*, when we make reſort
To thoſe ſweet groves and gardens of the *Court*,
Move us to joy in ſuch a happy birth,
As thoſe who doe enjoy their heav'n on earth.
In brief, what's choice we have it, and contemn
Thoſe weake delights are us'd by *vulgar-men*.
Here you ſhall ſee a man of diſcipline,
One who came off right bravely in his time,
With all obſervance make recourſe to us,
That we would deigne to be propitious

To

To his preferred Suite; which wee ſet light,
Hows'ere his cauſe ſeeme equall and upright.
The reaſon is, this *Supplicant* is poor,
And with a bounteous hand can ſcarcely ſhoure
Into our boundleſſe skrips, what wee expect,
" This is the cauſe his Suit takes no effect.
Thus in the *Court* doe wee our luſtre ſhew,
And on inferior *groundlings* take a view
With ſuch contempt, as they who us behold,
Would hardly think us made both of one mold.
For come wee within diſtance but of thoſe,
Wee hold a *Pomander* ſtreight to our noſe,
Leſt their ranke breath ſhould any way infect us,
Or that the *popular* might more reſpect us.
Yet I proteſt I can no reaſon ſee,
That wee of them more cautulous ſhould bee
For any ſuch infectious ayre, I ſay,
Then they of us, *corrupter* far then they.
But far be it removed from my breſt
To hatch leaſt thought of ſtayning my own neſt:
For ther's enow that will this ſtaine encreaſe
In ev'ry coaſt, though I ſhould hold my peace,
Now from the *Court* to *City* muſt I goe,
Where I my *tricks* am purpoſed to ſhow,
Which I 'm indifferent, pleaſe they or diſpleaſe,
But to diſplay them briefly, they be theſe.
I have choice *Spies* and *Tarriers* in the towne,
Who by their long experience now are growne
Ripe in obſervance; now the uſe I make
Of theſe, is this; they ſerious notice take

Of ſuch *commodities* as bear moſt ſway,
And at what ſpeciall rate they goe away.
Which known, I hold it thriving policy
To make a Suit for this *Monopoly*,
By which the *tradeſ-men* ſhall be forc'd to ſtand
Till they ſeeke *compoſition* at my hand.
Or elſe I cauſe the *Impoſt* to bee rais'd,
Which new enhancement I 've no ſooner caus'd
Then I make meanes (ſuch is the courſe of us)
To get unto my ſelfe the overplus.
Or elſe I farme this *Impoſt* of the king,
But what is due to him I ſeldome bring;
For th' *Maxim* is I hope, as it hath beene,
" *Where there is much, much will be overſeene.*
Another feare I have, and it is this,
If any *Tradeſ-man* in the towne ſhall wiſh
To vent ſuch *Ware* as he hath now with him,
Before ſome new Commodities come in,
Let him *annoynt* me well, I will make way
That no new Ware be ſold till ſuch a day.
As for example, if a *Vintner* wold
Before new wines come in, vent all his old;
By my procurement I can cauſe reſtraint
Of all new Wines, till hee his old ſhall vent:
Yea, and inhance the rate too of his owne,
Becauſe ſuch want of Wines are in the towne.
If any likewiſe would *Protection* have,
Be he ne're ſuch a State-abuſing knave,
He ſhall receive it by ſome means of ours,
And wipe the noſe of all his *Creditors:*

Yea

Yea *breake* he in the morning, yet ere night
The *Sonne* of this ſame *Bankrupt* ſhall be *Knight*.
More curious feats I have beſides all theſe,
Which to my waining coffers yeeld encreaſe;
But in the *City* they ſo frequent are,
As they grow now like to their ſullied ware:
So as of theſe Ile briefly make an end,
And to my *Country-Cormorants* deſcend.
Hath any man deſire to have his *neſt*
Or any of his *brood* grac'd with a *Creſt*?
Though there were never Title of his own
To any of his Predeceſſors known,
He ſhall to him and his a *Style* inherit,
Which after times may think he got by merit,
Or ſome Field-ſervice that he never did,
Or ſome ſtrange Act, which to the world is hid.
A *Catalogue* of *Honors* I have written,
Whereof he may make choice as he thinks fitting;
An *Heralds arch* theſe Titles are diſplaid on,
Barons, *Knights-Baronets*, or new-ſtyl'd Vaidon;
Only I feare, ſome of theſe *honors* bee
Of too high ranke for ſuch an one as hee:
Yet if he will but loſe his ſtrong-ty'd-purſe,
Ile get him one, a better or a worſe.
For *Honours* as they ſhould, ſo humble ſeeme,
Many enjoy them know not what they meane;
Which th' *Herald* ſhadows oft times with a jeſt,
Deviſing for their *Coat* as ſtrange a *Creſt*;
As *three Red-Herrings in a forreſt-greene*,
With a ſouc'd-Gurnet peering up betweene.

Or for one *Combe*, as I have heard it ſaid,
A curry-Combe betwixt two Sunnes diſplaid.
But now admit the *Country* grow ſo wiſe,
It will by no meanes yeeld to ſuch a price,
Alledging how there is no reaſon why
That they at ſuch high rate ſhould *honor buy*,
Seeing decreaſe of money it is ſuch,
As there be few that have it, but will grutch,
Though they doe value *Honor* as their life,
To pay ſo much as then when Coine was rife.
Or elſe perhaps *Honors* ſo common ſeeme,
As now they fall into ſuch diſeſteeme, (on,
They 'll have no more *Knights* made. 'tis ſo agree'd
Leſt they ſhould want ancient *Eſquires* to breed on.
Admit, I ſay, all this, I have a feat
To get me Lands and livings by Eſcheat;
For, by my *Tarriers*, I doe underſtand
Of all improved and concealed Land,
Which preſently I beg, and in an houre
Turn Husband, wife and children out a doore.
Compound with mee none can at any rate,
For now all compoſition comes too late;
I 'm ſeiz'd and in poſſeſſion, taking care
To build a curious houſe to ſeate my Heire;
Planting delicious Orchards to delight
With luſcious fruits, the choyceſt appetite;
Contriving ſpacious fiſh-ponds cloſed round,
With marble Columns raiſed from the ground:
In briefe, ther's nothing that you can deviſe,
Appears not in this earthly *Paradiſe*.

Now

Now all theſe works are finiſhed and done,
To reare a ſumptuous *Manſion* for my Sonne,
Who many times before I turne to mold,
Hath his Reverſion to another ſold;
Which ſo prevents my care, Ide think no ſin,
But that I have confer'd my State on him,
To ſtrip this *Wag*, who in a Net doth dance,
Of all the hope of his inheritance.
But 'tis no matter, I 've a State for life,
Which I ſuppoſe will mediate this ſtrife;
For now of late I 'm run ſo far on ſhelfe,
All I have left will ſcarcely ſerve my ſelfe.
Yet muſt I gull the time and make a ſhow
As if I had more owne then I doe ow;
My *foot-cloth* beares mee out, nor is my debt
So great as I need much to pawn it yet.
In *Progreſſe time*, I likewiſe goe to ſee
'Mongſt other *Apes*, the *Univerſitie*,
Where though * *Licinius*-like all Arts I hate,
I muſt be made forthwith a *Graduate*
For which I promiſe, when they come to *Court*,
Some *Chaplains* place, but they muſt pay me for't.
Thus have I ſhown my *tricks* in ev'ry place,
And howſoere ſome twit mee to my face,
Affording mee (*poor Snakes*) no better word
Then of a *Carpet-civet-comfit* Lord,
Though aged *Court-Apes* fall into contempt,
I 'm none of theſe, my perſon is exempt:

* *Licinius Valerianus*-

Who have no *tricks* to cheat may droop and die,
But thanks unto the *Stars*, this need not I ;
My happy *Fate* ſuch apprehenſion lent me,
As I would ſee that man could circumvent me.
Now he that has a wit and will not uſe it
Unto his beſt advantage, doth abuſe it.
It reſts, as you have heard ſo to report,
No tricks are like thoſe tricks are plaid at *Court*.

The City Ape.

'Tis ſtrange to heare
That this *ſilken-gull* preferre
Thoſe plots by which his
Court-ſhip ſeems to erre,
Before thoſe honeſt aymes which ever are
Both more ſecure and more ſucceſſive far.
'Tis ſure the corrupt age hee liveth in
Makes him thus vainly glory in his ſin ;
Or elſe hee holds *Confeſſion* of his crimes
Agreeing well with theſe *abſolving* times,
Where ſundry *Rites* they to the *Church* reſtore
Which we nere heard this threeſcore yeeres before.
But doth this *painted Truncke*, whoſe beſt repute
Dependeth on the faſhion of his Sute,

Imagine

Imagine all the Projects of the State,
To have no other Forge but from his pate?
Or that there is no Engineer so quick,
To vie with him in matters politick?
Yes, know thou powdred and perfumed *Ape*,
For all thy *Cinnamon* adulterate shape,
Though thou seeme to disvalue other men,
Ile match thee with a *grogran Citizen*,
Who, as it will appeare before wee part,
Shall put thee down with *tricks* spight of thy heart.
Yet I ne're travel'd far to get them neither,
Being a byrth-right left me by my Father;
So as in these I cannot well miscarrie,
Because they are to mee Hereditarie.
Nor be my actions halfe so base as His,
For all his policie meere servile is;
Hee's tyde to dance attendance early, late,
And to Petition men for his estate;
Grounding his hopes on others overthrow,
But Ide be loth to raise my Fortunes so.
My *Shop's* my *Ship*, where I doe vent my ware,
To which both *Court* and *Country* doe repaire;
Where if the buyer chance to bid too much
For his commoditie, I am none such
To lessen what he offers; my receite
Of custome, is the place where I must waite:
Where if I should make scruple of my gaine,
How should I pay my rent or port maintaine?
I must and will for my best vantage stand,
" Let the *gull* take his losse in his own hand.

Yet ſome are thus opinion'd, Of all men
There's none more ſimple then a *Citizen*;
For hee can ſcarcely any reaſon ſhow
For ought he ſees, but asks *where Malt doth grow*:
This makes them call us *Cockneies*, nor doe wee
Thrive worſe for that we ſo accounted bee.
For wee *darke-ſhops* to vent ill ware may uſe,
And with ſimplicity our guile excuſe;
Proteſt *yes verily*, and make a ſhow
Of that which *verily* is nothing ſo.
Here you ſhall ſee a *gallant-gull* come neere us,
When in our ſhops he ſhall no ſooner heare us
Cry out to paſſengers *What doe ye lack?*
But he is forthwith tane with ſome new knack;
Out cometh gold from this *Arabian* Rat,
Which our keene lick'riſh Teeth doe water at.
More will we aske then we expect by halfe,
Of purpoſe to entrap this *golden-Calfe*;
For there's no purchaſe in the world can pleaſe
A *Citizen* ſo much as gulling theſe.
The reaſon is, our weakneſs they contemn
As ſillie, ſimple and plain-dealing men,
Becauſe (forſooth) we no diſcourſers be,
But only of our owne commoditie.
We know no tillage, nor no paſture grounds,
The *City-walls* have ever been our bounds,
Unleſſe along we with a neighbour go
To *Croydon*, *Acton*, *Newington*, or ſo.
Now there is nought on earth makes me ſo ſorie,
As that this *Court-Ape* ſhould ſo vainly glorie

That

That we repaire to him for his direction,
In the procurement of our own *Protection*,
Which is not ſo; for as we laid firſt plot
Of bringing that to paſſe which we have got,
So Ile maintain it, none of theſe but wee
Are Agents too in this immunitie:
Which to confirme, I purpoſe to relate
A *Preſident* which hapned but of late.
"One of my *Bretherhood* of good eſteeme,
" As any neere *Long-lane* long time hath beene,
"Pretending by a mighty loſſe on Sea,
" (Though this was but a meere pretended plea)
"That he through poverty could not defray,
" What he in Conſcience was bound to pay.
"Yet long ere this, that he might *Statutes* ſhun,
" Had he confer'd his *State* upon his Son.
" With this pretence he to a *Courtier* goes,
" To whom ſincerely he his purpoſe ſhows,
" Imparting to him briefly his intent
" Was to make men beleeve his means were ſpent;
" That ſo he might by this deluding cheat,
" Increaſe his State, his *Creditors* defeat.
" Meane time his ayde he humbelly would crave,
" That for his Debts he may *Protection* have;
" Which court'ſie ſhould ſo ty him during breath,
" His State ſhould be the *Courtiers* at his death.
" This the ſpruce credulous *ſilk-worm* ſeems to truſt,
" And little dreams what State was made at firſt;
" But by *Aſſumpſit* holding th' *Grant* ſecure,
" Hee a *Protection* labours to procure.:

" Which

" Which got, my *fox-fur'd Brother* was at eaſe,
" Frolick and merry as a Mouſe in Cheeſe.
" But now enſues the jeſt, when he ſhould die,
" (As no *Protection* 'gainſt mortalitie)
" *Adoption* did the *Courtier* ſo intrance
" In hope of his aſſur'd inheritance,
" Hee'd ſuffer none (ſo carefull was the elfe)
" To viſit this rich *ſick-man* but himſelfe;
" About his Bed ſtill would he ſeeme to bee,
" Expecting that which he did long to ſee:
" But lo! his hopes were turned to deſpaire,
" When he perceiv'd another made his Heire;
" Which caus'd him vow that he would never after,
" Make his *Protections* inſtruments of laughter.
But I doe wonder how *Court-Apes* ſhould ſeeme
So much our *City-Apes* to diſeſteeme;
They 'r made, I 'm ſure, of ſelfe-ſame element,
Hows'ere they ſeeme inferior in diſcent.
No, nor inferior in diſcent at all,
As might be prov'd of late from *Girdlers-hall*,
Where *One* of obſcure race as one could bee,
Without ſo much as a *Welſh-Pedigree*,
When he deceas'd, ſo well his fortunes ſtood,
Was found deſcended of a *noble* blood.
Which makes me think, if ſo their race were known,
That there be many *Tradeſ-men* in the Town,
Whoſe high deſcent aymes at a noble pitch,
Provided alwaies, that theſe men die rich:
For then, for *Heires* they need take little care,
Some *noble* unknown kinſman will be Heire:

The

The Law enableth him as *heire apparant*,
For why; *A great mans claim includes a Warrant.*
But while I make my *Brethrens* actions knowne,
I am forgetfull wholy of mine owne.
For th' little time I did the *Court* frequent,
I found it wanton and incontinent;
Which I obſerving, though a *City-Ape*,
I had a great deſire to imitate:
And that you may know how I profited,
Ile ſhew you briefly where I practiſed.
"To a *Court-Landreſſe* firſt did I repaire,
"Enconntring her at bottom of a ſtaire;
"Which by experience I may ſafely ſweare,
"Within a fortnight after coſt mee deare.
"For ſhee demanding of mee where I dwelt,
"Weakly and unadviſedly I tell 't,
"Whereof ſhe made this uſe: One day being come
"Unto my Shop, when I was gone from home,
"(For by direction ſhee my ſhop had found)
"Shee call'd for ware to th' value of ten pound;
"My man expecting money, ſhee delay'd him,
"Asking where was his Maſter, ſhe had paid him?
"Long had not hee and ſhee conteſting bin
"Till I, as fortune bad, came ruſhing in;
"Whom ſhee no ſooner ey'd, then by my name
"Saluting me, ſhee juſtifi'd the ſame.
"*Where Duck* (quoth I?) *ſhee, rounding in mine eare*
"(But never bluſh'd at matter) *told me where.*
"I, leſt I ſhould my credit overthrow,
"Told her, *I did remember it was ſo,*

"*Entreating*

" *Entreating her excuſe, I had forgot it* ;
" Thus did I colour 't ſo, as none could note it.
But now my reputation doth remaine
Free from all touch, as if it nere had ſtaine ;
All cauſes unto mee are now refer'd,
As the ſufficientſt man within the *Ward*.
If any childe be in the *Pariſh* got,
I of the *Parents* take eſpeciall note
To take them joyntly bound, be 't boy or daughter,
That th' *Pariſh* be not charged with it after.
For I 'm held none of theſe who prate *nonſence*,
Spending the day in nodding on a bench ;
For theſe, as if their beard held all their wit,
Speake ſcarce two words but they are ſtroking it.
I know right well, there 's not an Officer,
From *Treaſurer* unto the *Scavenger*,
But needs thoſe choice directions of mine,
For I have borne each office in my time,
And in each place of note ſo well become me
As there was none could take advantage on me,
But I ſhall little neede to preſſe this theame,
The *City* notice takes of my eſteeme ;
The *Vergers* too, ſo highly do approve me,
As ſcarce two Seats be in the *Church* above me,
Now having got ſuch honor in the Towne,
Ile take ſurvey where I am leſſer knowne ;
If they diſ-value me, impute ye it
To want of my acquaintance, or their wit.
To th' *Univerſity* I nere repaire
But once a yeere, and that 's at *Sturbridg-faire* ;

Yet

Yet am I knowne to many *Scholars* there,
Who buy of me whats'ever they doe weare.
Silks, *Sattins*, *Grograns*, *Serges* of each ſort,
Of mee they cheap, and I doe cheat them for't.
If a penurious *Maſter* have a mind
To *Satten-face* his doublet, though behind
It be of *Buckram*, hee 'll to mee reſort,
And tell mee hee's injoyn'd to preach at *Court*;
So as he meanes, if God will give him leave,
To buy a *Satten*- forepart, with half-ſleeve;
For that 's as much he thinks as will be ſeene,
To gaine unto his perſon more eſteeme.
Forthwith I finde a *Remnant* of the beſt,
(So much at leaſt I verily proteſt)
Wherewith I doe ſufficiently ſtore
This choice Divine, who nere bought ſilke before.
Yet I confeſſe this *Remnant* that he bought,
Such a commoditie 'twas good for nought,
Being *gumm'd* throughout to make it neatly ſhine,
Which gave content unto this ſpruce *Divine*.
When th' *Fair* is done I to the *Colledg* come,
Or elſe I drink with them at *Trompington*;
Craving their more acquaintance with my heart
Till our next *Sturbridg faire*, and ſo wee part.
Now for the *Country*; where I make my ſtay
In no place longer then at *Beverley*.
To Country maids, and Gentlewomen too,
My neweſt and alluringſt ſtuffs I ſhow;
Which doe ſo mad them, they perforce muſt buy,
And I perceive their humor by their eye:

So

So as I ever hold that ſtuffe moſt deare,
To which theſe *Gooſings* moſt affection beare;
Swearing it coſt mee more then all the reſt,
For P. *and* G. *'s the marke which proves it beſt.*
Then with ſhop-uſual formal *Rhetorick*,
I touch theſe itching *tamefowles* to the quick,
For I doe tell them, if they hold 't too deere
Ide wiſh them to goe try ſome other where;
But I 'm perſwaded, though they doe complaine
My rates too high, they 'l come to me againe;
For ſure I am, wheres'ever they doe try,
There 's none can ſell at lower rates then I.
Thus I adjure them, yet perhaps they'l go
To make a tryall, to a ſhop or two,
But this the jeſt; we have a *practiſe* made,
The better to enhance our thriving trade,
Amongſt our ſelves no ſecret muſt be hid,
But we are to give notice what they bid,
That we may altogether ſing one ſong,
And by our rates not one another wrong.
Yea, by our art to gaine our *trades* their due,
We have a *trick* to ſell old ware for new;
Which *country-people* ſeldom doe perceive,
For they 're too ſimple to ſmell out a knave.
Although ſometimes they fit us in our kind,
When they with eaſie gale and ready wind,
In ev'ry Coaſt doe take eſpeciall care
To change *ſtale-Wenches* with our *ſtubberd-ware*;
Which wee accept, and if good luck bechance them,
To *great-mens* wives their fortune may advance th̄e.

Thus

Thus have you heard the *tricks* that I can play,
Which ſmoothly carried profit more then they,
Whoſe glorious outſides paint their projects over
With nothing elſe ſave with a gilded cover.
If *Wags* be gulld by running on our ſhelves,
Wee were not cauſe on't, they may thank themſelves
Wee in our Shops doe ſtand, they come unto us,
To profit what wee can they will allow us.
But if 't diſlike them that we ſhould doe ſo,
Truth is wee 'll do 't whether they will or no;
For it was never yet to any knowne
But One might make beſt uſe he could of 's owne.
Which whether I have done or no, review
My courſes o're, and Ile bee judg'd by you.

The Country Ape.

MArke how this ſilken civet *Citizen*
H Eſteems of us poor ſilly *Countrey-men*;
As if wee were of no account or note,
But had a braine as ſimple as our coate.
Why, pray you *Sir*, if I may be ſo bold,
Are you of purer or of choicer mold?
Or doe you breath on freſher ayre then wee?
Or ſhines ſome *Starre* on your nativitie,

Which

Which keepes her light from us? or is your wit
So pure, as all draw influence from it?
Are you ſo ſubtil, as you onely have
The trick to Cheat, to Cozen and Deceive?
No *Sir*, though I live in a wilder place,
For ſleights and feats I 'le bate you ne're an Ace.
Your darke-loom'd Shops ſhall never have it ſo,
Falſe Ballances, baſe Compoſitions too,
Counterfeite Stuffs our haire-brain'd *Fopps* to gull,
In ev'ry *Country ſhop* wee have them full.
For you muſt know the *Country*'s no ſuch *Ape*
But it can *City-faſhions* imitate;
Yea we have nimble *Monkeys* of all ſort
Can perſonate both *City* and the *Court*;
Which neere reſemblance that it may appeare,
Give eare to my diſcourſe and you ſhall heare.
First we have *Lords* and *Ladies* very many,
As proud and hautie as the *Court* has any;
There 's not a faſhion knowne but it comes downe,
For ſuch as theſe have *Taylors* in the Towne,
By whoſe intelligence they are informed
What's new, which they obſerve hows'ere deformed.
Being thus attyr'd, they're preſently addreſt
To ſhewtheir bravery at ſome Goſſips feaſt;
Where many *Country gentlewomen* are,
Who by obſervance take eſpeciall care
What theſe *great Perſons* weare, for they intend
To be in faſhion ere the ſennet end,
Which if their frugal Husbands but deny,
They hope by putting finger in the eye

To get their purpoſe; for they little ſtand
Whether new faſhions make them ſell their Land.
Which our *May-moriſh Wenches* likewiſe follow,
Who thinke they beare away the faſhion hollow.
Nor doe theſe onely imitate the *Court*
In ſumptuous habit, and are beggard for't;
But foraſmuch as they in *Court* doe ſee
No great reſpect of hoſpitalitie,
They hold it providence to ſhut up door,
No matter though they famiſh all the poor:
Or that they may their private waſte maintaine,
Both *Lords* and *Knights* doe table with their men.
Here you ſhall ſee a *Farmers* doore barrd up,
Where th' poor may cry but is from almes ſhut;
His cryes, his teares can no compaſſion force,
For th' more he beggs, he ever fares the worſe.
What boots it, though his Barnes and Garnars be
Stor'd with all fruits, yet he pleads povertie?
His aymes are how to get, and if he can
To make his *Muſhram impe* a gentleman.
Beſides all this, I would be very loth
That *Court* or *City* either of them both,
Should ſhew more art in any *Contract* making,
Then we can doe for all their undertaking.
Yea I my ſelfe can of my ſelfe aver,
I know no griping-grinding Uſurer,
Whoſe practiſe is oppreſſion, but I'le vye
With him or any one under the skye.
For *Courtiers* no ſuch buſineſſe intend,
They onely *borrow*, Uſurers doe lend.

But ſhew me that Man at a full *Exchange*,
Be he home-borne or to our *Country* ſtrange,
Whoſe long profeſſion, give the man his dew,
Has a *ſeer'd Conſcience* worſe then any *Jew*,
And I will cope with him in his profeſſion,
Be it *Church-ſimonie* or *State-opreſſion*.
For this my practiſe is the whole yeare thorow,
When any come to me in hope to borrow;
Firſt to examine his neceſſitie,
As, Wants he Bread to feed his familie;
Or is his Living gag't, and day at hand,
He either muſt redeeme or loſe his Land;
Or is he in ſuch bondage, as his griefe
Requires without delay preſent reliefe;
I 'le hold his Noſe to Grindſtone and ſo uſe him,
He ſhall doe what I pleaſe, or let him chuſe him,
Statutes on *Statutes* forthwith ſo purſue him,
As like *Actæons* hounds they ſtill doe view him,
So that unleſſe he hye him all the faſter
They will in time devoure their breathleſſe maſter.
For *Conſcience* haggard-like I doe diſclaime her,
Since He that has her, ſeldome proves a gainer.
Two bags I have, the one whereof I call
Juſt *All the World*, and it holds nought at all;
The other *Bag*, with which I uſe to lend
Money to thoſe that want, I call *my Friend*;
Whereof I make this uſe; if any come
Requeſting me to lend them ſuch a ſumme,
If th' offers they propound, content not me,
As want of paune or good ſecuritie,

I preſently

I presently reply to these who crave,
In *All the world* I not one pennie have;
But if such come as I may profit by them
Be 't the same instant, I will not deny them:
For though I have no Coyne, as I pretend,
To give them all content, I 'le use my *Friend*,
After this manner am I wont to deale
In all my practise with the Commonweale.
Now you shall heare how cunningly I lurch
By *Simonie* the Pastor of the Church.
Impropriations have I one or two
With some *Advousons* which I thus bestow,
Least any of my profits should be lost,
"I hold them best deserving who give most.
These I induct, for I doe value them
Well worthie th' place who are well-monied men;
But least some censure should on me befall
By being found thus *Simoniacall*,
Whereby the *Princes* priviledge might choose one
To take the benefit of my *Advouson*;
That I more smoothly may delude the *State*,
I in my sale use to *Equivocate*.
As for example, I doe take a course
To sell the *Parson* whom I choose a *Horse*,
A *Librarie* of *Bookes* to furnish him,
Because he wants *Books* when he enters in;
And these I rate to him at such a price,
As serves for *Horse*, *Books*, and for *Benefice*.
Now who can say that I doe sell this Living,
Whose bounteous hand is so inclin'd to giving?

Tell me what *Great one* makes them fairer play,
To give both *Bookes* and *Benefice* away?
No, No, the moſt of all our Clerks will ſweare,
Though th' *Benefice* be cheape, th' *Addition's* deare:
But let them looke to this before they enter,
I make no conſcience of it, *Caveat Emptor.*
Yea I doe hold theſe kinds of *Sale* as good,
If they be well and duely underſtood,
As to make tender of them for ones life;
Provided that he take her for his Wife
Whom they ſhall chuſe; which voluntary offer
Makes me ſuſpect, her *Maſter* has made proffer
Of ſome familiar curt'ſie long before,
" I count him mad will for a living *bore.*
But if he muſt, let him be his owne Carver,
" Who chuſeth not his Wife doth ill deſerve her.
She's his *impropriation*, which through hate
Unto his perſon, might ingraſſe his pate;
Whence in his *Pariſh* would abroad be knowne,
" He had a *Common-place Booke* of his owne.
But let theſe *Contracts* paſſe, they 'r knowne enough
Both in the *Church* and in the *Country* through;
I'le now deſcend to ſhew what fierie ſpirit
Our native *Country people* doe inherit;
Which I perſwade me, will ſeeme ſtrange to all,
Becauſe wee ſeeme as if we had no gall:
But we doe ſcorne that any place ſhould bee
More malapertly factious then wee.
For when I was a *Tennant* I doe know,
(Though I 'm no *Tennant* but a *Landlord* now,)

I would

I would commence a ſuite upon my *Lord*
(Becauſe I knew the Law) for any word.
In which *Commencement*, many flockt together
Like *Birds* all of one brood and of one fether,
Who with joynt *Combination* made a purſe,
To put their ſeame-rent *Landlord* to the worſe.
Yea I have knowne ſo inſolent a *Nation*,
As when they heard the Princes *Proclamation*
Tend to th' extinguiſhment of Tennantright,
They in a braving manner ſet it light,
Affronting their weake *Landlords* at their gate,
Vowing they 'd force them to confirme their ſtate
Nor be their haughtie *Lords* leſſe domineering,
Puff'd up with preſent hope of a *next Hearing*;
For now am I a *Landlord* and muſt ſharke
(For Prieſt forgets that ever he was Clarke,)
As others doe, by raiſing Fine on Fine,
And cram my ſelfe how ere my *Tennant* pine.
Great are my debts, and my expences large,
Now whom ſhould I thinke fitting to diſcharge
This heavie taske which thus ore-burdens mee,
But theſe rich *Gormaws* who my *Tennants* bee?
Which that it may more covertly be donne,
In all my State I doe inveſt my Sonne;
On which Eſtate doth preſently enſue
A *Gen'rall Fine*, which hath beene ever due.
Scarce is this *Fine* paid, till I make a claime,
By re-eſtating of my ſelfe againe,
Of a *new Fine*, whereto they muſt conſent
Or have a triall for their tenement.

Which if the *Court* adjudge once to be mine,
To *Demaine land* convert I it in time;
So as Depopulation is as common
As is inconſtancy unto a Woman:
For in the *Country* many Farms appeere,
As neither Farme nor Farmer had beene there.
Now foraſmuch as we all Learning lack,
Unleſſe we have it from an *Almanack*,
For I doe know no Nation under Sun
In a *Prognoſtication* puts us down;
You ſhall perceive (for ſo I hold it fit)
What ſpeciall uſe we daily make of it.
Herein we note and take obſervance too
Whether our *Heire* be like to thrive or no;
Which we collect by this rare-erring forme,
We ſeeke the Planet when he firſt was borne,
For we aſſure our ſelves this cannot erre,
Prov'd and confirm'd by *Shepheards Calender*.
If any dayes foretell enſuing dearth,
Thoſe be our dayes of *Jubile* and mirth;
For my owne part I ſpeake it, I doe feare
Nothing ſo greatly, as a plentuous yeare:
For ſo much graine I've in my Barns engroſt,
As if it prove not deare, it will be loſt;
For till the Markets riſe, as now they fall,
I 'le bring none forth, let *Rats* conſume it all.
What doe I care, though *Juſtices* doe ſeeke
My Barns and well-ſtor'd Granars weeke by weeke,
Vaults and cloſe-arched caves I have below
Within the earth, of which they little know

Nor

Nor ever ſhall; ſo I my ſelfe may ſerve
I take no thought if all the *Country* ſterve.
" They who for others good their courſe contrive,
" May live belov'd, but dye before they thrive.
To *Court* or *City* ſeldome I repaire,
Nor doe I know any employment there.
To *Univerſity* I never come,
Unleſſe along I carrie up my Sonne
To get a *Scholars place*, and after riſe
By my fat purſe unto ſome Benefice.
Meane time that he a leſſer charge might be,
To my Eſtate I ſtill plead povertie;
Which *Maſter* of the *Colledge* oft believes,
Whereby my Sonne a *Scholerſhip* receives:
Though I 'me reſolv'd for money I have more
Then many of their *Founders* had before.
Thus have I liv'd, and thus I meane to live,
Apt to receive but moſt unapt to give;
Thus hoord I Treaſure for my Sonne and Heire,
And get my Harveſt while the ſeaſon 's faire.
Oppreſſion is my darling, which I take
From none ſo much as from the *City Ape*;
Whoſe *contracts* are the *ſtories* that I read,
So as I find my knowledge bettered
By daily uſe and practiſe I obſerve, (ſwerve;
From whoſe choyce *Rules* I would be loath to
Meane time let me be rude and ſimple thought,
So may my purpoſe to effect be brought.

The Church Ape.

I Am a *Levite* and a great one too,
And can observe the time as others doe;
In my Opinions I am wondrous warie,
Lest I offend the State and so miscarrie;
For th' only Scar-Crow that I boggle at,
Is not distaste of *conscience* but the *State*,
And twice a yeere I commonly resort
For observations sake unto the Court;
Where it 's the sum and substance of my care
To note how *men in Grace* affected are
Unto Religion, for 'tis only these
Who at their Gyrdle hang Saint *Peters* keyes:
To whom (I wis) sole Soveraignty is giv'n,
To ope on earth, but to be shut from heav'n.
If they be pure, I shew my heate of zeale,
As much as any in the Commonweale;
But if I finde a coldnesse where I come,
Or an inclining to the *Sea* of *Rome*,
Mine Arguments like pellets I bestow
The *English* Discipline to overthrow.
Most men are of opinion where I live
That I am rich, for I no almes do give,

I keep

I keepe no Houſe nor Hoſpitalitie,
But for extortion, fraud, and uſurie,
I keepe receit of cuſtome; thus ſay they,
But 'las poor fools, they know not what they ſay;
For if they knew how my *Corrivalls* croſt me,
How much in bribes my *Conſecration* coſt me;
How much procuring ſuch a Ladies Letter
To ſuch a Lord, though I was nere the better;
How, though I beare the Title, yet I am
No Real Biſhop, but a Serving-man
To ſuch a *great man*, for his Farmer am I,
Who though I would, cheat him hardly can I;
If they knew this, they would right ſoone confeſſe
I were the poorſt in all my Dioceſſe.
And though a *Paſtor* ſhould be none of theſe,
Who ſhare both in the *Fleſh* and in the *Fleece*,
I muſt not only *Fleece* but *Flea* them quick
Till I have paid well for my Biſhoprick.
Nor is my charge the leſſe, when this is donne,
For I 've a wanton wife, a waſtefull Sonne,
Who muſt have freſh ſupplies to feed their riot,
Hows'ere by hook or crook they may come by it.
I have a Lord, and daily I attend him,
Who made me once a grant of th' next Cõmendam
Should fall into his Lapſe; but I doe heare
A Simoniack Slave inducted there,
Which if I prove, hee 's forfeit his Induction,
And be ſuſpended henceforth from his Function.
Yet though theſe *Motes* in others I make known,
I never note theſe *Eye-beams* of mine owne.

I can

I can dispence with private Symonie,
And make a vertue of necessitie;
Yea and maintaine that common error too,
Framing Apologies for what I doe.
'Tis ill you'l say, which you observe in some,
Who by the window to the Temple come;
But I must answere, They're mistaken quite,
For to the Church no way can bee more right;
For though *Noahs*-arke, & Churches type, had doore
And windows too as this same Church of ours,
Yet that gall-wanting Bird when *Noah* had sent her
To take survey, did by the window enter.
An Olive branch shee in her bill did beare,
Implying that the dry-land did appeare,
And to the Arke, the Churches figure hies,
And through no *Doore* but by the *Window* flies.
To us this *Simile* may have relation,
Who should resemble *Doves* in conversation,
Our way is by the *window* not the *doore*,
Since to the Arke *Doves* led that way before.
In great assemblies I doe seldome preach,
Lest I false doctrine to my flock should teach,
For I confesse I am no great Divine,
Nor in such studies doe I spend my time:
At *Bethel* once indeede I made assay,
When most of th' learned Doctors were away,
Where som report, my Doctrine mov'd much laugh-ter,
Which made mee vow I de ne're come thither after.
And I've observ'd my vow; nor doe I care,
When I doe heare that such a Chaplain's rare,

And

And that hee 's flockt to by the better ſort,
Or gains himſelfe a ſingular report.
For this opinion, like a dang'rous ſhelfe,
Makes a poore Preacher oft undoe himſelfe
With a continuate ſtudy, yea not one
Of theſe is ought but only skin and bone.
But let me come more neer them; what's their ayme,
But to receive preferment by their fame?
Which I have got, and now may ſilent be,
While more deſerving men attend on me.
Unto the *City* ſeldome I repaire,
Unleſſe it bee for ſome delicious fare,
Wherein I take more abſolute delight
Then ere in *faſting* did the *Anchorite*.
Sometimes perchance I to th' *Exchange* may goe,
To buy my wife what ſhee enjoyn'd mee to;
Some new-invented Dreſſing that's in grace,
Sweet powders for her skin, oyles for her face,
Or ſome provocatives which may move ſenſe,
And cauſe me give her due benevolence.
All which I buy where they are to be ſold,
For I muſt tell you I am growing old,
And gladly would my imperfections ſmother,
By giving her content one way or other.
For elſe ſhe might, which would a ſcandall be,
During my *Viſitation* cuckold me,
As ſome have done, whom I'de be loth to mention,
Who now maintains One with her Biſhops Penſion:
And this is better farre as I ſuppoſe,
Then have her keep a knave cloſe by my noſe,

Who

Who night by night with her would cloſly drab it,
And change my Rochet to *Actæon's* habit.
Tertullians opinion I deſpiſe,
Who held this *tenent*, None ſhould marry twice;
With which ſtrange error I was nere miſled,
For I have two, and neyther of them dead.
Of *Baſils* minde among us there be few,
Who would not change his old wife for a new.
"Much of one thing breeds loathing, therefore we
"Muſt cheere our palats with varietie.
I hold that act of *Luther* bravely done,
Who made *Beſſe Bore* a Lemman of a Nun,
Which ſpritely action wondrouſly rejoyc'd her,
In hope to get a *cliſter* for a *cloyſter*.
With *Romiſh*-Catholicks I could agree
In all their points of Doctrine ſave theſe three,
Faſting, *Pray'r*, *Almſ-works*, for theſe be thoſe
Which we profeſſe to be our greateſt foes.
Firſt *Faſting*, whereto they aſcribe a merit.
It takes both of the fleſh and of the ſpirit,
Diſheartens Nature, weakens her delight,
Conſumes the marrow, dulls the appetite;
Seares up the radick humor, and doth quench
The native ardour of Concupiſcence.
Indeed it makes devotion ferverous
And full of zeale, But what is that to us?
Let *Hermites* for devotion give exemple,
Zeal hath been long ſince whipt out of our Temple.
Secondly *Prayer*, though ſoveraign and good,
And rightly ſtyl'd the Soules eternall food,

Our

Our buſineſſe being many, I think meet,
That our devotion ſhould be ſhort and ſweet.
For many worldly affairs have we in hand,
Which if we ſhould upon promotion ſtand
Might oft miſcarrie, whence may gathred be,
Long Prayrs can no way ſtand with Policie.
For *Almeſ-deeds*; All miſ-deedes I obſerve,
For by *Good-works* I meane not to deſerve;
'Tis ſuperſtitious Doctrine, *Babels* ſtaine,
And ſuch as none but *Rhemiſts* will maintaine.
Time was indeed, but time's not as it was,
When no way-faring traveller could paſſe
Without relieſe, for Hoſpitals were then
Harbours and Inns to all diſtreſſed men.
Which bounty was by *Abby-lubbers* ſhowne,
Who had no wives nor children of their owne;
Which we account of as an old-wives fable,
Our *Olive-branches* ſpread about our table,
And though they ſeldome proſper, yet muſt we
Have ſpeciall care of our poſteritie:
For worſer far then Infidels they are,
That of their *families* will have no care.

Men of our ranke, there's nothing ſo much raiſes
As gaining great mens Love with Bribes and Praiſes;
This is that *Cement* joynes us unto them,
Whence wee contemn inferior Clergy-men,
Whom th' hand of greatneſs to ſmall honor lifts,
Becauſe they're not, as we are, *Men of Gifts*.
Some muſe why any one would mee enſtall,
Having no Learning nor no worth at all;

But

But I replie, theſe Places where we be,
Require ſmall learning but much policie.
There was a time, which time's eſtrang'd from ours;
When we were *Rabbies* and Expoſitours
Of holy-Writ, and taught the heav'nly way,
And in our *Gen'rall-Councels* bore great ſway.
But we account him ſimple now, that cares
More for Divine then Temporall affairs.
Learning's an uſeleſſe Relique, or a Prize
Got with a waſted body, and dim eyes
Which oft contemns preferment, with deſire,
Like a ſequeſtred *Ermit* to retire
From th' view of earth: while we take little care
For this eſteeme, which vaniſheth like ayre.
Our contemplation is how we may skip
To ſome more rich, commodious-Biſhoprick.
Where wee may hatch our eggs, and feed our brood,
And labor to get good, but doe no good.
And thanks unto my Fates, I 've now in hand
The *richeſt-Biſhoprick* in all the Land,
And priviledges too, ſo great and many,
As more or higher there enjoyes not any.
To inſtance ſome whereof, that I have here,
I 've pow'r to chuſe the Sheriffe of the *Sheere*;
If any *Juſtice* ſhall my *Grace* diſpleaſe,
Ile thruſt him from th' Commiſſion of the Peace,
And make him vaile to th' loweſt of my Traine,
Before he be reſtor'd to 's place againe.
No Suite may be commenc'd in any Court
'Gainſt m[illegible] mine but I will firk him f[illegible]t.

If

If any one no *preſent* chance to ſend,
He ſhall ere long find me his heavy friend;
So as of late, I 've brought them to that uſe,
As Country Preſents will maintain my houſe.
Some works of ſeeming zeale I doe profeſſe,
Yet is my love to th' World nothing leſſe;
For out of feare leſt ſome men ſhould complaine
Of my extreme hard dealing, I retaine
Some ſemblances of pitie to the poor,
And for them make a dole-day at my door.
Where, that the world may know my ardent zeale,
Both to the Church and to the Common-weale,
I manifeſt my charitable ends
With *ſound* of *trumpet*, and invite of friends;
Which in my judgement well deſerve expreſſing,
To ſound alarum to a Biſhops bleſſing:
For bounties of this kind are held ſo rare,
'Tis good to publiſh thoſe poor few that are.
In *Viſitation* time, becauſe there be
Many poor people that doe peſter me,
I give direction whereſoe're I come,
Mine *Almoner* tender reliefe to none,
Before I goe from thence, which makes them ſtay,
While I out of the back-gate ſlip away.
Hows'ere this be, I zealouſly pretend
My cloſe departures for no other end.
Then to prevent *vain-glory*; which would meet
So great a *Biſhop* in a publique ſtreet:
And therefore I a private paſſage take,
That oſtentation I might better ſcape.

Now

Now in the *Country* where I make retire,
My Senſes have whats'ever they deſire;
As firſt, for curious objects which delight
The moving apprehenſion of the ſight,
Eye-drawing-Pictures in each chamber ſtand,
Which ſhew ſuch lively motion and command
In their attractive beauties, as they woo them
That are Spectators, to doe homage to them.
Wherein 'tis one State-axiom of mine,
To chuſe a Picture ſorting with the time.
For while *Spayne* had the name, it was mine ayme,
To have th' *Infantaes* Picture ſent from *Spayne*,
Which in my dining chamber I ſet up,
Or in my private Parlor where I ſup,
Where any one, by drawing up the latch,
Might judge how much I did approve the match.
But ſee what chanc't! Laſt day a buſie knave
This *Spaniſh* Picture hapned to perceive,
Which hee obſerving, told me he did muſe
Why I would hang ſuch Pictures in my houſe,
As gave diſtaſte unto the publick State,
And made their proffers projects of deceite;
Where I reply'd, it little me behov'd
To hate that *Picture* which my *Prince* once lov'd.
Yet leſt it ſhould give ſcandall or offence,
I caus'd it ſtreight to be removed thence.
Nor is my eye delighted only there,
But with ſelecteſt melody mine *eare*,
With choyceſt cates my liqu'riſh *appetite*,
With od'rous perfumes I my *ſmell* delight,

And

And with embraces amorous as may be
Touch I my Lordſhips *wife*, but not a *Ladie*.
Thus ev'ry Senſe enjoys his earthly bliſſe,
As if my heav'n were where my Palace is,
For nought on earth doth in me griefe begit,
But only one, and I will tell you it.
It is intended, having cure of Soules,
That upon ſummons I ſhould preach at *Paules*,
Which though it come ſcarce once in twenty yeere,
I'm ſick when I ſhould make my Sermon there;
So as enforc't by my infirmitie,
(Or want of brains) I hire a Deputie:
Which done, I make returne from whence I came,
And thank my wits for ſhielding me from ſhame.
Some other uſefull projects I intend,
Now when I feele I'm drawing neere my end,
For doubtleſſe ſome would think I foulely er'd,
If I ſhould leave my children unprefer'd.
So as grown weak, my wife and children doubt me,
And like *Jobs* comforters they cling about me,
Adviſing me, as they poor Orphans are,
(Not for my Soul, for that's their leaſt of care)
But that I would take courſe to ſettle on them
Some meanes, that they may live as doth becom them,
Likewiſe my wife puts finger in the eye,
And ſays her joynture dies, when I doe die,
This makes me plot how theſe things may be don,
When other matters ſhould be thought upon.
Firſt, how my ofspring may *preferments* have,
Before the mete-wand meaſure out my grave.

Secondly, how their *Mother* may be ſped
Of ſome young *Ruffin* when her *Biſhop*'s dead.
Which to effect, there 's nought ſo fully pleaſes,
As the renewall of concurrent Leaſes;
Admit they doe defeat him that ſucceeds me,
This gainfull guilefull contract much beſteeds me;
For by this meanes, revenues I beſtow
Both on my wife and on my children too.
This makes me ſend my *Briefes* from day to day,
If any one will *Leaſes take*, they may.
And at more eaſie *rate* then ere they had,
Which makes my *Leaſers* run as they were mad.
Thus live or die, ſeven yeers apprentiſhip
Has taught me how to geld a Biſhoprick;
Which to good uſe converted, I ſee not
But it may thrive though indirectly got,
For, if no ill-got-goods thrive in this Nation,
Some would ſeeme baſe who now are men of (faſhion

The Judiciall Ape.

Rave *Apes*; briske Bungs;
yet they muſt leave the field,
And to an ancient *Bencher* learne to yeeld; (chin
Fox-fur'd 's my Gowne, and ſmooth my cloſe-cut
But far more Foxly-ſmooth am I within.

Gravely

Gravely can I for lucre-ſake proteſt,
And clap mine unctuous fiſt upon my breſt,
Ev'n when my heart 's as neer unto my mouth,
As *Eaſt* is to the *Weſt*, or *North* to *South*.
Muſæus came the other day to me,
(A curious wit for ſtraines of Poeſie)
And he beſought me in a Cauſe as good
As truth could make it, if well underſtood,
To be his friend, and I did promiſe him,
But breach of promiſe is with us no ſin.
He mee accoutred with his words of Art,
And I admir'd him too for his good part;
Ripe was his judgement, and his wit as quick
Garniſh'd with copious flowers of Rhetorick.
But theſe are tongue ty'd Orators with me,
Who would have me his friend, muſt bring his fee.
Yet for all this, I will not ſtick to chide,
If any come to tempt me with a Bribe.
For I would have theſe *Wittalls* underſtand
Fees muſt paſſe by my *ſervants* to my hand,
I take no Fees my ſelfe, they may fee *Ned*,
They need not feare their cauſe if he be ſped;
For we have *Tarriers*, *Agents*, *Inſtruments*,
To ope the Cabinet of our intents
And plot our purpoſes, give them their due,
And theſe we uſe as men ſhould uſe a ſcrue.
Theſe be our *Harping-irons* that will draw
Like *Ferrets*, theſe *minc'd Maggots* of the Law;
Who when their cauſe muſt to a hearing come,
Next night before unto my chamber run,

And currie favour all the waies they can,
To get admittance to me by my Man;
Which got, they finde me in Majeſtick ſort,
Starching my beard, or reading a Report.
While each of theſe more ſcurvy Court'ſies makes
Then upon *Whitby-Strand* are ſhapes of Snakes;
Which country Congies, were they ten times worſe,
Shew State enough, becauſe they cram my purſe.
Suppoſe then how theſe Ruſsetings appeare
Wholly divided betwixt hope and feare.
At whoſe approach I lay aſide my booke,
Teaching my face a *Radamanthean* looke:
Sirrahs, What make you here? Who ſent you hither?
Your man, ſcarce mutter they, *Walk knaves together*;
Thus fret I like *gumm'd-grogran*, which once paſt,
I deigne to take a ſuperficiall taſte
Of their ill-open'd cauſe, and give them hearing,
Which I intend next morning to appeare in;
Yet ſo, as if it nought concerned me,
But out of meere reſpect to equitie,
Though I doe prize the juſtice of his Cauſe
As much as old *Syſambris* did his Lawes.
But being heard, I doe demeane me ſo,
I get both coyne and good opinion too.
Thus doe my plots work for a thriving end,
I poll the poor, yet I 'm the poor-mans friend.
Nor am I alwaies held the ſame I ſeeme,
For in my time I have a *Nigler* been:
So as in privacy I ſometimes muſt
With my ſeer'd bones quench the deſire of luſt.

A

A faire-poor Client fall ſhe in my diſh,
Ile tickle her for *forma-pauperis.*
Downe goe my trunck-hoſe with their gravity,
To cope for once with acts of levity;
Her *Caſe* Ile put, like to a man of Law,
Bee't right or wrong I doe not care a ſtraw:
My *Bon-a-Roba* ſhee the day ſhall win,
Nor ſpend a graine, but what ſhe ſpent in ſin,
I weigh not what the world doth Judge of me,
My ſapleſſe-age pleads my Apologie.
"*Appius* has ſilent tongue, but ſpeaking eyes,
"Yet who ſaith *Appius* loves *Virginia* lyes.
Yet they can tell you that do better know me,
How none ſometimes can have admittance to me.
Fit were it then ye were advis'd when time is,
For now and then I drinke a cup of *nimis*,
So as to ſleep ſo ſoundly I betake me,
A thouſand Cannons ſcarcely could awake me.
Yet ſee my boldneſſe! while my thirſt I drench
In profuſe cups, I ſometimes mount the Bench,
And gives my cup-ſhot-judgement out of hand,
Ere I the Caſe or Pleadings underſtand,
And who dare well control me? ſith theſe ſhelves
Which wrack my wits, my fellows feel themſelves.
Beſides, if any in my friends Caſe do oppoſe me,
I am their Advocate, if they will choſe me.
They cannot ſtand for *Seconds*, I 'm the man
By all their Pleadings bob me if they can,
Some I have had, and in this *Engliſh* Nation,
Who have ſtood firmly on their generation;

That they were greater and more ancient borne
Then any deſcent was; but I held in ſcorne
Their fruitleſſe Pleas, to th' *Judges* I did write,
And made expreſſe my Byrth, Deſcent and Scite.
Whereto they condiſcended out a hand,
And doom'd my worthleſſe brood take upper-hand.
Our Titles are, as wee doe make them good;
And if they croſſe us they'r miſ-underſtood,
For what is for us we embrace and love,
But what's againſt us we doe diſ-approve.
Zlid, doe you think that our rich ſcarlet may
With ſuch a Penſion our *Retinue* pay
Unleſſe wee loſe by't? No, wee know our time,
And with *Duke Humfrey* wee'll be loth to dine.
Now for my *Circuit* ſo imperious am I,
That though I purchaſe the diſtaſte of many,
Yet I 'm indifferent how they cenſure me,
I juſtifie my legall Soveraignty.
My *white-lock* is ambitious of honour,
Yea, I muſt tell you, I doe dote upon her.
But in no place am I predominant
So much as when I 'm *Judge-itinerant*:
Where flocks of country Gentlemen do meet me,
And in ſubmiſſiv'ſt manner uſe to greet me;
Like *Widgeons* ſome behinde and ſome before me,
As a terreſtriall Idoll they adore me.
Bleſt is the man, to whom Ile daigne to ſpeake;
And how admir'd when I a jeaſt doe breake.
'Tis wonderfull to ſee what preparation
Is daily made for me, and in what faſhion

Each

Each County entertains mee and my crue,
Who take upon them, give the knaves their due,
As they were petie-Judges in commanding
Weake officers, who have no underſtanding
But only to admire them, and give way
To their commands, whats'ere they doe or ſay.
My *Tipſtaffe* is eſteem'd a wittie man,
And one (ſo ſaith the witleſs Commonty) who can
Prevaile much with me, for he ever knowes
What way the winde of my opinion blowes.
Nor err they in their judgement, for indeed
Hee that would in his buſineſse ſucceede
Muſt make this man his Orator unto mee,
For he ſo fitly, to my profit knowes mee,
As be the Cauſe you recommend to him
Never ſo foule, yee ſhall be ſure to win.
For, truth is, I dare hardly ſay him nay,
He knowes my courſes ſo, which to diſplay
Would ſhame mee quite, ſo as whats'ere I ſhow,
I muſt keepe in with him whats'ere I do.
Now when I leave the County where I ſit,
(I cannot chuſe but jeere them for their wit)
The generous Fry ſwim to my Chequer bag,
Where one preſents mee with a *ſummer Nag*,
One with a *caſt* of *Hawks*, and now and then,
Some Shires *Scotch Daggers* to my Serving-men;
Others give *hunting-Leaſes*, which remaine
For Cuſtoms now, and muſt not off againe.
Yet were theſe bounteous Babies bleſt the while,
If all their bounties could procure a ſmile

From my compoſed Count'nance, but they err
That doe expect me to be popular.
No, I muſt punctuall be, and ſet my face
According to the *tenour* of my place.
My poſture is accoutered with braves,
In calling of the Shrieff and Gentry knaves:
None dare affront me while I am in place,
And whom I pleaſe, I put to all diſgrace.
In Counties where I am at my own finding,
My richly-moultred Mill is ever grinding.
The Gentry, they have notice by the Shrieves,
And furniſh me with Muttons, Veals and Beeves;
Others doe ſend me Veniſon and Wine,
So as my *Circuit* is a joviall time.
For ſuch aboundance of proviſion have I,
As it would furniſh neere a Royall-Navie.
Now leſt yee doubt my numerous Retinue
Should want their due or competent Revenue,
I give the meaner ſort which doe attend me
Reverſions of that ſtore the Gentry ſend me;
As *broken-meat*, and *beere*, all which they prize,
And ſell poor people at the end o'th Size.
There 's nought unvalued that may mony give,
So well my Meney is inform'd to live.
But for the better ſort you may ſuppoſe,
(Specially ſuch who help to truſse my hoſe)
I mint ſome other profits more then theſe,
As my Subſcription unto *Refrences*,
Which ignorant people bring, hoping thereby
T' affright their ſtrong and factious enemy;

But

But they 'r deceiv'd, for they no more prevaile
By our Referments then an old-wives tale,
Nor ſhall this trouble us; our men gaine by them,
Come they as thick as hayle wee 'll not deny them.
Thus far our *Country* life hath been expreſt,
In *Court* and *City* wee 'll diſplay the reſt.
In *Court* we ſeldome come, yet great men know (us,
And in a Courtly-garbe petition to us
By their ingenious Agents, and we heare them,
And though their Crimes be odious we forbear (them.
Or if to us they ſhould a Letter ſend
In ſuch an ones behalfe, to be his friend,
Then Stoick-*Cato* wee 'r inſtructed better,
We paſſe no Doome before we read the Letter,
For wee 've experience of a tickle-ſeat,
How dangerous it is t' offend the *Great*:
Wee 'll not diſtaſte them then in any caſe,
Left they be meanes to put us from our place.
Sometimes we are invited to a Play,
Upon ſome joviall-ceremoniall-day,
Where we doe preſſe, as other *Sages* uſe,
With grave aſpect unto the *Banket-houſe*,
And there in *Conſcript* manner doe wee ſit,
Admiring of ſome paſſages of wit
Which we doe underſtand as well as he
That tooke *Opigena* for *Mercurie*.
But in reſerved jeſts we have a care,
To make men deeme us wiſer then we are:
If Great-ones laugh, it is a pregnant jeaſt,
And we approve it as we hug a Feaſt,

If

If we be widdowers, though ſapleſſe, old,
Decrepit, crooked, rhumatick and cold;
Yet ſee what wealth can do, we ſtraight are choſen
As fit to match with ſuch a Great-mans Coſen,
Though ſhee, poor Girle, rather would be led
Unto her Grave then to a loathed bed:
Yet Will an old-man ſerve them for a cloake,
And be a Chimney for a greater ſmoake.
And that 's the cauſe, no queſtion, when we dy
And leave our wives ſo large a Legacy,
Why they ſet their affection on Soldadoes,
That can diſcourſe on nought but Barracadoes:
For ſuch is their ſtrong-temperd reſolution,
They love no *Judgement* like to *Execution*.
But 'tis no matter for the worlds Sentence,
We get us honour by our wives acquaintance;
Which we ſo idolize, that we can ſhow it
Even in our pace, as we were borne unto it.
Were it not fit then we ſhould ſhew all grace
To ſuch as theſe who raiſe us to our place?
For tell me ſeriouſly, how many have
Deſerved well, who never could receive
Any eſteeme at all, for all their worth,
Becauſe they had no *friend* to ſet them forth?
Theſe liv'd obſcurely, and as poorly dyde,
Nor cap'd nor congi'd, nor ſo much as ey'de,
Or popularly viewd; what was the cauſe?
They had nought but the knowledge of our Lawes
To give them count'nance, whereas ſuch as we
By our *Alliance* more authentick be.

For

For there's no place nor perſon in the *Court*,
Whereto we may not readily reſort
And have acceſſe, by conſequence, ſucceſſe
In whats'ere we Petition, more or leſſe.
But now I muſt unto the *City* goe,
Where I am Councellor and dweller too;
Neighbours I have, but principally three,
Who now are *Wardens* of a *Companie*,
Men of ſufficient wealth, I can aſsure ye,
And now and then impannell'd in a Jurye:
Of one whereof (I cannot chuſe but laugh)
For all he walks now with his Civil-ſtaffe,
Being made Juror of a grand-Enqueſt,
And in 's opinion wiſer then the reſt;
Unto his fellowes that himſelfe diſplay'd,
"Thus long have we our Verdicts (friends) delay'd,
"And as ye ſee it draweth neere to night,
"And we by Law are barr'd from Candle-light,
"Meat, drink, and neceſsaries, till we give
"Our Verdict up, which die; or which to live. (here,
"Now hear me (friends) we 've twelve Indictments
"Againſt twelve priſoners as may appeare;
"To what end ſhould we thus preciſely watch them
"Let's hang ſix and ſave ſix, and ſo diſpath them,
Yet this is held a man of choyce eſteeme,
And in his white fox-fur ſits to be ſeene
Upon his well-couch'd-Bench, whoſe Pillars be
As fit t' adviſe a *Company* as he.
Yet deigne I with theſe ſage-gulls to diſcourſe,
Nor doe I hold my judgement any worſe.

The

The Sun may ſhine on dung, none can deny it,
And yet receive no ſtayne nor blemiſh by it.
The object of their knowledge is my jeaſt,
The ground of my acquaintance is to feaſt,
And jeere them for their bounty when they doe it,
Though I muſt tell you I goe gladly to it.
But for requitall they have none from me,
It is ſuffi.ient they've my companie.
" Once in his life the Churle make's his feaſt,
" And by that feaſt, his byrth-day is expreſt:
Whoſe rule is my direction, and ſhall ever;
I'd rather be a taker then a giver.
If they invite us to them we will meet them, (them.
" Though fools make feaſts, wiſe men may go to eat
Nor are theſe all th' delights I cope with here,
I have variety through all the yeere.
Here a freſh *Erithrea* of choice price,
Came laſt day privately for my advice,
" Whether a Citizen lawfully might
" Having, (as ſhe put caſe, laid with a Knight)
" Challenge precedence for her eldeſt Son
" Fore ſuch an one as had no ſuch thing don?
Whereto I anſwer'd; might I put her Caſe,
I little doubt but ſhe ſhould have the place,
And for her Son get that prioritie
Which did belong unto my Progenie.
At which reply, ſmiling away ſhe went
Silent, which *ſilence* did imply *conſent*.
Thus both in *City*, *Country*, and in *Court*,
With a reſerved gravity and port

I ſpread my beams of honour, and deſcry
A ſelect affectation in mine eye.
I looke about me with a glorious vaine,
While my faſtidious wagg beares up my traine:
Groundlings I diſ-eſteeme that croſſe the way,
As if I were of better clay then they:
And in a word, ſo ſweetly doe I breath,
I feare no Enemy ſo much as Death.

The Politicall Ape.

Las, fond *Apes*; how ſhallow doe theſe ſhow,
Thus to diſcover whatſo'ere they know?
They have no *Project* be it nere ſo ſlight
But muſt be publiſh'd to the open light:
Their hearts are in their mouths, which they diſcloſe
Not onely to their friends, but to their foes.
Which lightnes I abhorre; for nere ſhall hee
Be ſcholed in the grounds of *policie*,
Who by experience has not got the art
To make his Tongue a ſtranger to his heart.
He onely to the hight of wiſdome growes
Who ſeemes as if he knew not what he knows.
His *Projects* muſt be neatly ſhadowed,
His *drifts* with ſecret Curtains covered;

His

His *Plotts* ſo ſmooth as the quick'ſt-ſighted men
Cannot with all their ſleights diſcover them.
There's nothing in the World I more deteſt
Then t' have *tranſparent Windows* in my breſt;
For by this meanes my *inſide* ſhould be laid
Ope to the world, and all my tricks diſplaid:
Which would not onely grieve me, but enforce
The World to love me ever longer worſe.
In my opinion thoſe *Cilician Geeſe*
Are wiſer in their ſecrecy then theſe,
Who have expos'd themſelves to publick view
By making others knowne to what they knew.
For they (as t'is reported) When they fly
Over mount *Taurus*, leaſt they ſhould deſcry
Their flight by cackling to thoſe *Eagles* there
Which in aboundance to thoſe Hills repaire,
With winged ſpeed (for there they dare not tarrie)
They haſt, and in their Bills ſmall Stones doe carrie.
Thus by inſtinct they uſe a policie
To ſave them from their furious enemie:
While theſe *tame fools*, whom ſillie *Geeſe* condemne
Will give their foes advantage over them.
But theſe that dance ſo blindly in a net
Shall be excluded from my *Cabinet*;
They are too full of chinks, ſo let them reſt,
"My *Secretarie* ſhall be my owne Breſt.
In all thoſe Coaſts wherein I have remain'd,
I 've ſome experience in my courſes gain'd,
Which I made uſe of to my owne behoofe;
And where I ever ſeem'd to hold a loofe,

I was

I was moſt intereſſed ſtill in that,
Yet few could reach the pearch I aymed at.
I never ſaw that *Statſeman* in my dayes,
(Nor would I have it ſpoken to my praiſe)
Whom I in ſhort time could not make my friend,
And finde as ſoone whereto his aymes did tend.
For thus I wrought him; Firſt I ſought to wind
Into his *Nature*, how he ſtood inclin'd,
Which found, I moſt affection us'd to ſhow
To that, which he ſtood moſt affected to:
Whereby, as *Jet* attracts the yeelding ſtraw,
Juſt as I would, could I his humour draw.
Or by his *ends*, if once I had diſplaid him,
I by that meanes would labour to perſwade him,
Which he could not reſiſt, ſeeing me bend
My ſpeech to that whereto his courſe did tend.
Likewiſe if my obſervance found him weake,
I of his *Weakeneſſe* would advantage take,
And if he were ſo ſtiffe I could not draw him,
His *Weakneſſe* gave me ſtrength to overaw him.
But if he could by none of theſe be reſted,
By meanes of *Some* where he was intereſted,
His boſome open'd to receive me in,
Where ſeiz'd, I tooke in hand to governe him.
In all my time, *Man* was my onely book,
On which with ſerious Studie I did look:
Tracing all his demenſions to and fro,
For ſtill I dogg'd him where he us'd to go.
Were he a *Statiſt* I obſerv'd him ſtreight,
And poiz'd him too, to finde if he were weight;

And

And now and then I found him wondrous light,
Or elſe bleere-ey'd and blemiſh'd in his ſight.
For eyther his *Ambition* did ſo mad him,
As he would doe what ere his fancy bad him;
Or elſe his *bleered Judgement* ſo deprav'd him,
As ſtill in State-affaires he misbehav'd him.
In which obſervances I wondred much
(Not without juſt occaſion) any ſuch
Should be advanc'd to place of that eſteeme,
Who never knew what State-affaires did meane.
So as more aptly could I not compare
Theſe *Spongie Stateſmen* who are nought but ayre,
Then to that world-waſting *Phaeton*,
Whoſe ayme's to guide the Progreſſe of the Sun,
When they alaſſe (ſo ſimple are theſe Elves)
Can hardly give direction to themſelves.
Nor did I onely limit my Survey
To theſe who have the glory of the Day,
Sitting like *Pilots* at the ſterne of State,
But ſuch as were of lower Eſtimate.
Where I obſerv'd, there was not any vice
Derivative to man form *Paradiſe*,
That could her ſecret Poyſon ſo much ſmother
As not infuſe it ſelfe in one or other.
For men of all degrees employed were
How to their Seed they might a fortune reere;
Wherein they all contended how they might
Incroach the farr'ſt upon an others right.
Which practiſe I approv'd, yet much condemne
The weake and open paſſages of them;

For

For their *projectments* ſcarcely were begun
Till they diſcover'd all that they had done;
Which gave their foes occaſion to prevent,
By timely circumſpection, their intent.
I rather reliſh him can play the knave,
Yet ſeems as if he knew not to deceive:
For in my books He is the only one
Who hath a wit, yet ſeems as he had none.
There is no walke that me ſo much doth paſe
As tracing clouds with *Ariſtophanes*;
To walke, I meane, obſcure, as cenſure may
Tax neither what I act nor what I ſay.
Which to effect the better, I doe give
Such ſatisfaction whereſoere I live;
As there's no rite nor cuſtome that can ſhow it,
But I can ſoon conform my ſelf unto it.
Yea of my *faith* a noſe of wax I make,
Though all I doe ſeems done for Conſcience ſake.
For I addreſſe my ſelfe in any caſe
Unto the diſpoſition of the place:
At *Rome* I live juſt as the *Romiſts* doe,
Elſwhere I live as they'r affected to.
At pure *Geneva*, *Proteſtant* I am,
At *Doway* or at *Rhemes* another man;
In *Germany* a ſelfe-inſpired *Luther*,
At *Amſterdam* a *Laodicean Neuter*,
'Mongſt zealous men I ſeem a hot *Preciſian*,
But when I come within the *Inquiſition*,
Leſt, touching my profeſſion, they ſhou'd doubt me
I carry ſtore of *Reliques* ſtill about me;

Which I ſuppoſe to be the only courſe,
For without theſe I well might fare the worſe.
Thus I conform my ſelfe to any Rite,
Be he *Armenian* or *Hugonite*;
State-ſtirring *Browniſt*, or a *Broughtoniſt*,
Licentious *Famuliſt*, or *Barrowiſt*,
His *Ape* I am, and will be ſo profeſt,
To make me more familiar with his breſt;
On which I worke my aymes, for by my wit
What ere I act, my Conſcience ſhadows it.
For proſper in the world few I know,
And hold concurrence with *Religion* too;
Which makes me gull the world with a pretence
Of hypocritick zeale and conſcience.
For popular opinion 's my deſire,
So as in th' *Country* I have built a *Quire*
Where I and my religious family
Make our repaire (as ſeems us) uſually;
Yet from the *Pulpit* far remote's my Seat,
Becauſe I am not well *reſolved* yet
In caſe of Conſcience, therefore would I be
Far of, that's doctrine may not trouble me.
The cauſe is this; as yet I have no time
To treat of any thing that is Divine;
My ayms are plots of profit, plants of pleaſure,
For points of *Faith*, Ile think of them at leiſure.
" Who wiſh unto their aymes an happy end,
" Muſt in their aymes no other thing intend;
For he that deales much in the world, I trow,
Without the *Church*, he has enough to doe.

Nor

Nor with theſe *Politick Rules* doe I reſort
Only to *City, Country*, and the *Court*;
For I theſe grounded *axioms* can ſhow
Unto the learned *Academie* too:
Where with quick eye I may obſerve their tricks
Withouten *Ariſtotles*-politicks.
Here a *grand-Senior-Dunce* will keep his place,
Although he have a *Parſonage* in chace;
Which having purchas'd, yet concealing it,
Some yeere or two heel keep his *Fellowſhip*.
The ſelfe-ſame ſmooth *politicall-abuſe*
Have I obſerv'd in *Maſters of a Houſe*,
By whom ſuch *Fellowes* only are appointed
As had their oylie-fiſts before annoynted;
So as, though't ſeem much different to their functiõ,
"Nought they affect ſo much as *extreme-unction*.
Where no *Election* can be freely granted,
If he that would be choſen *fellow, wanted*;
For no admiſſion can be ever made
Untill the *Maſter of the Houſe* be paid.
Beſides, conveyance of their Colledge-Leaſes,
Is as the *Preſident* or *Provoſt* pleaſes;
Which many times themſelves they ſo befriend,
As they convert them to their proper end:
For it is daily ſeene what courſe they take,
And what commoditie of theſe they make.
To all which acts I approbation give,
"For he that cannot ſharke, he cannot live.
All Engins muſt be us'd that we may git
Unto our ſelves a certain benefit.

Nor can he thrive that cannot well diſpence
For profits ſake, with *Faith* and *Conſcience*.
From *forrain-States* intelligence I have,
Which like our weekly *Corrants* I receive
By means of ſuch as are employ'd for me
In ev'ry place where their occaſions be.
Theſe, like *Architas* wooden-Dove, can bring
Tidings from ſuch a State, or ſuch a King;
So as nought can be done in any Nation,
Whereof my *Agents* give me not relation:
Which betters my experience in each part,
Making my beſt friends ſtrangers to my heart.
For he that has the humor to diſplay
Himſelfe unto his friend, although he may,
Yet his too open breſt ſhall at no time
Partake of any ſecrecy of mine:
I may preſume my Councells muſt be ſhowne
By him, who has not brains to keep his owne.
I hold it to be oyle and labor ſpent
Here to diſcourſe what th' *Spaniſh*-treaty meant,
But nere had buſineſſe ſo ſtrange a carriage;
To make more ſhows and leſſe intend a marriage;
But this was ſo well ſhadow'd, give it due,
By th' *Spaniſh Jipſy* and her wandring *crue*,
As I will preſſe no more this *Subject* now,
"Only the *Cinque-ports* muſt be look'd unto.
Thus have I ſtor'd my well-experienc'd pate
With *Politick-Rules* extracted from each State,
Where I have liv'd or converſant have bin,
As there was none but I could humor him.

For

For was he *zealous*? I could make a ſhew
Of fervent zeale and of devotion too;
Was he a worldling? I was worldly given,
Diſcourſing more of *Mammon* then of heaven;
Was he *voluptuous*? Ide conſort him right,
As one devoted wholy to delight;
In briefe, there was no ranke, degree, nor ſtate,
Which in my ſelfe I could not perſonate.
Nor care I much whats'ever the world deeme,
This is my Mott: *I am not what I ſeeme.*

The Chymicall Ape.

ALL rules of Art, of ſmall eſteeme I hold
To his, who can extract refined *gold*
From *copper*, *braſſe*, or ſuch inferior mettle,
For he can make pure *Ophir* of a kettle.
Beſides, ſo rare is Art expreſt in him,
He may from *Lattin*, *Alchimie* or *Tin*
Draine ſtore of *ſilver bulloyne*, with the which
He maks himſelfe and his attendants rich.
The *Stone*, the *Stone*, O that I had the *Stone*,
By meanes whereof I might be ſuch an one!
Which *Stone* I have long ſtudied to obtaine,
Waſting my oyle, weakning my *Chymick* braine,

And ſtill me thought I had it, yet was croſt,
For longer that I ſought, the more I loſt.
Yet foraſmuch as I did underſtand
That many did profeſſe it in the Land,
Whoſe ſolid judgements could not chuſe but ſee
That ſuch a thing might well effected bee,
Or elſe they nere would ſuch eſtates have ſpent
In trying of a meere experiment;
I reaſſumed ſpirit, and betooke
My ſelfe more ſtrictly to my *golden-Booke*.
Beſides all this, I heard how *Kellie* came
By practiſe of this *Art* to ſpeciall fame;
An *other* likewiſe ſo experienc'd grew
In this myſterious *Art* reveal'd to few,
As he an *artificiall-tree* of gold
Had curiouſly contriv'd, which daily would
Bud, bloome and bloſſom, and in branches ſpring,
Which might be ſoone a beneficiall thing:
For theſe *Heſperian-plants* in time would prove
By their encreaſe to be a *golden-Grove*.
All this encourag'd me, hoping one day
The charges I had been at to defray
With plentuous int'reſt; but the more I travel'd,
The more I found my ſenſes to be gravel'd.
Limbecks, with artfull *forges* builded I,
And places too where I my *gold* might try;
Sev'n yeers and more have I my wits thus bet,
But not a penny-weight extracted yet.
Sometimes unto the *Braziers* Ide repaire,
And laugh'd at my conceit while I ſtaid there;

For I was halfe reſolv'd within ſhort ſpace
To change the *braſſe* and *copper* of that place
Into pure *gold*, and make my copeſmates merry
With tranſmutation of all *Lothberry*.
Thus fed I on opinion, laying out
Great ſumms, till I my purpoſe brought about,
Which once diſburs'd, I never ſhall receive
But count it loſt whats'ere I ventur'd have.
For having ſpent my fortunes and my wit
In diving to the ſecrecies of it,
My aymes I bended to another marke,
Reſolving now to learne the art to ſharke.
For which, that I might more enabled be,
I ſtreight betooke me to a companie
Of wittie *Rake-hells*, roaringly profeſt,
And in all forlorne courſes bravely fleſh't. (*panders.*
Flankt were my troups with *bolts*, *bands*, *punks*, and
Pimps, *nips* and *tints*, *Prinado's*, *highway-ſtanders*;
All which were my *familiars*, and would doe
With quick diſpatch whats'ere I put them to.
So as ſome of my crue of choice account
Did ev'ry *Seſſions-time* up *Holborn* mount;
Yea I my ſelfe could *Miſerere* ſing
Or I had gone to heaven in a ſtring.
For to relate thoſe nimble *tricks* we plaid,
Though on the publick Stage they be diſplaid,
As th' ſubtile-headed *Alchimiſt* can ſhow;
Or th' *Alchimiſts* own Ape, *Tom. Trinculo*,
One hold I fitting to be here expreſt,
By which you may judge better of the reſt.

" One of my *Foists* resolving to resort
" In th' habit of a *Courtier* to the *Court*,
" Where he demean'd himselfe as none could deem,
" But he was just the man that he did seem;
" Nor any *Courtier* there of sweeter scent,
" Nor choycer in his forme of complement,
" More punctual in his gate, or in his looke,
" As one whose postures had been all by th' booke;
" After a turne or two, to th' Table came
" Where two *great personages* were at game.
" The one whereof, had laid his purse close by,
" His losse upon occasion to supply;
" My *Bung* observing this, takes hold of time,
" Just as this *Lord* was drawing for a *prime*,
" And smoothly *nims* his purse that lay beside him,
" And all this while the other *gamester* ey'd him,
" At whom he winks, to move him to conceale it,
" As one that had no purpose for to steale it.
" He that perceiv'd him, thinking him to be
" One of the *Court* or of his companie,
" Smiling, continued play, and so it rested
" Untill this *Lord* seeks for his purse, but mist it:
" Whereat the other laugh'd; quoth he, enquire
" Of such an one, and clad in such attire,
" One of your own acquaintance, I suppose,
" Who *nim'd* you of your purse before your nose.
" Diligent search was made all there about,
" But my ingenious *gue* had got him out
" Before this inquisition, which secur'd him
" Better then when the court-wals had immur'd him.

Thus

Thus were my *Limetwigs* laid in every place,
Who like *Blood-hounds* had ſtill ſome game in chaſe,
Which they purſu'd with ſuch an eager mind,
As where they ſeiz'd they left ſmall ſtore behind.
Scarce could two *country fopps* together meete
To heare a cheating-*ballad* in the ſtreete,
But preſently ſome *Complices* of mine
Took hold of th' opportunity of time;
For while theſe to the *Ballad-monger* flocked,
My nimble-*Nipps* div'd deep into their pocket.
But for as much as I perceiv'd theſe ſhifts
Were meerly grounded on apparent thifts,
And that ſome private foe through in-bred malice
Might be a meanes to bring me to the Gallows,
This ſharking trade relinquiſh'd, I became
A wondrous ſtrange reformed honeſt man;
An *Emp'rick-Doctor*, who had Art at will,
Which I derived from my *Chymick-Still*,
Where I ſuch *Waters* made, as in ſhort time
Doctor Stevens water was leſſe priz'd then mine.
Balms, *apozems*, *confections* had I ſtore,
Yet th' more I had my *Patients* wiſh'd for more:
Such rare effects were daily wrought by theſe,
As they were Cures for any ſtrange diſeaſe.
But that I might ſeem learned in mine Art,
Of late I've got an *Herbal* all by heart,
Whereof I make this uſe; when I can give
No reaſon why this dies, or that ſhould live,
(For no ſuch depth as yet mine art affords)
I ſtreight confound them with abſtruſeſt words.

As *Cataplaſms*, *Diarrhicks*, *Cataclifms*,
Concucurbetuls, *Emplaſms*, *Paroxiſms*,
With which I ſo conjure them, as they ceaſe
To aſke me any queſtions touching theſe.
" Who for his practiſe can no reaſon ſhow,
" He muſt have words or he 's not worth a ſtroe.
Beſides all this, ſuch *Authors* can I number,
As they that heare me are enforc'd to wonder;
For thus holds *Galen*, thus *Hippocrates*,
Thus *Silvius* holds, thus *Dioſcorides*,
But *Paracelſus* thus, who in my breſt
Hath more eſteeme then any of the reſt.
Though I was never ſo on learning ſet
As I read any of theſe *Authors* yet;
Nor care I much, 'tis my deſire to ſeeme
More then I am, to gain me more eſteeme.
Some twenty *Patients* have I here hard by,
Who know not what they ayle, no more doe I,
Yet leſt of negligence they me condemn,
Morning and night I duely viſit them;
Preſcribing them *receits* to cheere their blood;
Which many times doe far more harm then good.
Yet am I crouded to on ev'ry ſide,
So as of late I on my *foot-cloth* ride
By meanes of ſuch a *Lord*, who had occaſion
To try my profound Art this laſt vacation;
Whoſe hand of bounty did my ſtate enrich
For curing of an *ulcer* in his breech.
How glad am I my *Chymick-works* are done,
Amalga-like they had more *Moone* then *Sonne*?

More

More profit doe I reape by one direction
To mine *Apothecarie*, or inſpection
Into my *Patients* water, then I looke
Ere to receive from all my *Chymick*-ſmook;
For *Alchymie* with piercing *Antimonie*,
Upon my knowledg cans'd a want of monie;
Minerall metals, *Niter*, *Orochalke*,
By th' uſe whereof I in a cloud did walke,
Hatching ſuch quaint *Chymeraes* in my braine,
As reaping wind was all that I could gaine.
Hope train'd me on till all my wits were reſt me;
I ſought for *gold*, till I no *braſſe* had left me.
But why doe I my weakneſſe thus deſcry?
When men have er'd were wiſer held then I,
In making ſearch for this unvalued *Stone*,
But I muſt leave them and their wits alone;
They hope a day will come will pay for all,
But I feare ſuch a day will never fall.
So as me thinks I cannot well compare
Theſe men who build ſtrange Caſtles in the ayre,
More fitly then to thoſe who once did labor
To take a *Hare* with playing on a *Taber*.
Fly-braſſe; no *Chymick* but a *Phyſick-ape*
Since I left *Mercury* for *Æſculape*:
My practiſe now 's cleere of another nature,
Trading before in *Smoake* but now in *water*.
Now am I us'd with choyceſt entertaine,
Had in eſteeme wheres'ever I remaine;
In *City*, *Court*, and *Country* harbored,
With free acceſſe unto a *Ladies* bed,

Whileſt

Whileſt her weak husband thinks ſhe *Phyſick* wants,
And for my *Potion* gives me hearty thanks.
Streight ſhe proteſts my *Pills* doe only pleaſe her,
Thus much I 'm ſure, they for that ſeaſon eaſe her;
For *application* is the ſoveraignſt thing
That may *conceiving* to a woman bring.
There is a *lovely-Lady* in this land,
Whom I have had theſe two yeeres under hand,
Yet I for manners ſake will laine her name,
But truſt me, ſhee 's a hen that loves the game,
Who has been long time *barren*; yet have I
By art and other things I did apply,
Made her a fruitfull Mother; yea ſome ſay
That ſhee *conceiv'd* the very ſelfe ſame day
That I did miniſter; but I divine
It came right neeere unto that very time.
And I am glad on't; for I doe not ſee
How he had Heir'd his Land withouten mee.
The *babe* is full of hope, and will no queſtion,
For his *Syres* ſake, love men of our profeſſion.
But 'tis no matter, now in grace I am,
And ſhall be dead before he be a man;
Thus much entirely ſhall I wiſh unto him,
Hee'd be no *Alchymiſt*, it will undo him;
For other Arts, a Gods name take his venter,
This is ſo deepe I thinke it has no center.
Nor am I only practis'd in the *Court*,
But in the *Country* too to make me ſport.
Here *Granam Gurton* will be ſick for love,
And I muſt ſcent ſome love-procuring-Glove,

To cauſe her *ſweet-heart* more affection ſhow,
And this I promiſe out a hand to doe.
Some foure houres after I make known to her,
That I 've confer'd with my *familiar*,
Who has engag'd his word before one weeke,
Hee whom ſhe ſeeks ſhall for her fancy ſeeke.
Shee payes me well, and hopes all ſhall be mended,
But I am gone before halfe weeke be ended.
Young wenches too I have exceeding ſtore,
And I content them all, what would they more?
Only ſome *zealous-Siſters* doe refraine
To come unto me, but I know their ayme;
They daily ſo *increaſe* and *multiply*
Among themſelves, they need none ſuch as I.
Thus have I traced many dangers ore,
And now at laſt arived on the ſhore;
I like the *Horſe-leach* feed upon their blood
To whom I ſeldome tender any good:
My *Patients* are my profits, nor care I
Leg of a Dog whether they live or die.
This is the higheſt pitch of all my skill,
How to draw up a *Pothecaries* bill
Of *ounces*, *drams* & *doſes*, wch long *Item* (write'em.
(Wer't not for gain) would tyre me much to
Within few moneths I hope I ſhall not need
On other mens infirmities to feed;
My ten yeers practiſe ſo much treaſure gaine me,
As *ten at hundred* now may well maintaine me.

The

The Criticall Ape.

NOw by my life, a blind man may diſcover
A *Ship of fools* or *Dottrells* new come over.
Have you heard ſuch a crue of brainleſs (Skulls,
As if they had been bred i'th' *Ile of gulls*,
Boaſt of the *Vilanies* that they have done,
Meaning to end juſt as they have begun?
Heere a *great Lord* like one of *Iſis Aſſes*
In my conceite all other fooles ſurpaſſes;
For he conſumes his Lungs when he doth ſee
Any Man grac'd or in eſteeme but hee.
'Tis worth obſerving too, to note how ſin
Retaines a kinde of priviledge in him.
Be his vile courſes nere ſo indirect,
The *greatneſſe* of his place will him protect,
And give ſuch luſtre to his vices too
As they like vertues ſhine in outward ſhow.
For where *Ambition* or *Oppreſſion* either,
Yea all enormious vices put together
Are covered with *State*, inferiours love them,
At leaſt there 's few dare cenſure or reprove them:
So as that *maxim* 's true in my conceit,
"It is a rare Sight to be *good* and *great*.

But

But I doe heare this high-aſpiring fellow,
Is in a ſingle combat or Duello
Upon diſgraces offer'd, preſt to fight
With an *Hiſpaniolized* Favorite;
But I'm perſwaded neither of them both'
(So highly grac'd they are) but will be loth
To ſhed one others blood, how's'ere they prate it,
Unleſſe they be diſpenſt with for the *Statute*.
But ſhould one kill the other in this ſort,
I thinke the *State* had cauſe to thanke them for't.
Now *Verulam*, good Man, is in his grave,
I muſe who ſhall his Houſe and Title have;
That ſpatious-ſpecious-pretiouſs refectorie,
Which coſt a world of wealth, ſo ſaith the ſtorie:
Thoſe peble-paved Brookes, empaled Lakes,
Thick clad with countleſs ſholes of Ducks & Drakes.
For 's Ladie, ſhe has got one now, will buſſe her,
And chang'd her Uſeleſſe *Vicount* for her *Vſher*;
Whence th' *Croſſe-inne* may report, as ſure it will,
"A *Counteſſe* dain'd to lye her *Vnder bill*.
For *him* whome ſome call his adopted Heire,
Our waggs point at the Tow'r, and ſay hee's there,
Where he with his She Couſins plays at Gleeke,
Though ſome make bold to ſay he's in by th'weeke.
But what is that to me! this would I know
Whether he be *Saint Alban* yea or no.
Saint Alban! no; yet *Alban* was a Martyr,
And one each gate, i'th Towne beſtow'd a quarter;
Now th' *State* might well afford it to beſtow
That *Style* on him, would he be Martyr too.

For

For I ne're read that any Age did call
Saint Alban Martyr Lord High *Admirall.*
But God will have a ſtroake in every Man,
Witneſſe the diſmall ſhot of *Egleſham,*
Whoſe fate was this *Dukes* fall, enforc'd to looſe
Thoſe Honours by a *ſtabbe* whereto he roſe;
" So weake 's that Arch of Greatneſſe which relyes
" On Complements and meere formalities:
But God is mercifull, as he is juſt,
To whom, with whom I leave him, ſo I truſt.
Next him, an *Ape of pleaſure* or delight,
A very ſenſual fleſhly *Sibarite*;
And he triumphs, fond *Ape*, as much as may be,
In favors ſhewn him by his wanton Ladie.
Yet ſhould he but unto the world be ſent
Nak'd, he would die for want of nouriſhment;
For then his outward beauty would deceive him,
His *conſorts* loath him, and his *pleaſures* leave him.
For this mine *axiom* is, He that doth find
" More comfort in his body then his mind,
" May feed, and glut, and gormandize his time,
" Yet all this while he lives but like a Swine;
" Who ſpends his dayes in Surfeits and in Sinning,
" Making his end far worſe then his beginning.
Next him, a ſhallow, weake, *vaine-glorious-gull,*
Of *ſtyles* and *titles* who is ſtuck ſo full,
As there is none, ſuch *honours* doe befall him,
That know to day, to morrow how to call him.
Yet lend your ear, I 'le tell you in a word
What this *Coloſſus* is, *A Spongy Lord,*

Whoſe

Whoſe merit's meane, whoſe apprehenſion ſmall,
Great onely in his Titles, that is all.
The way by which he ſeekes eſteeme to gaine
Is this, he ſtrives *great States* to entertaine;
Conduits run *Rheniſh*, and the Kings high ſtreet
Smells of his odours and his perfumes ſweet.
In publique wayes his bounty he diſplayes
In *Sucket*, *Biſket*, *Wafers*, *Carawayes*;
At one *reere-ſupper* in expence more large
Then all his yeares Revenues will diſcharge.
The height of his *Ambition* is to get
By *Citizens* acquaintance into debt;
But I ſuppoſe till he has paid old ſcore,
They will be loath to lend him any more:
Then let him paune his *Honour*, but this age
Is farre too wiſe to credit ſuch a gage.
This *Ape* hows'ere in State himſelfe he beare,
He can with patience take a box o' th' eare
And n'ere repine, as if he did allow it
More *Courtier-like* to take a wrong then do it;
For he through meekenes of his ſpirit doth prize
Patience above the weight of injuries.
Next a licentious *ſelfe-conceited Ape*,
Who in the *Court* ſuch ſport doth daily make,
The *Ladies*, he proteſts, ſo value him
They would not want the *Wag* for any thing.
His Parentage he likewiſe doth diſcloſe,
Leaſt his deſcent ſhould admiration loſe,
Which he deſcribes, and I believe him, thus;
A Courtier gat him of a Succubus;

Of whom both bred and fleſht, he nightly trades
In darke *Court-entries* with his Ladies maides:
Which *Ladies* well obſerving, doe attire
Themſelves like *maids*, that they might have like hire.
In ev'ry *Maſk*, *Court-ſhow* or *Enterlude*,
He muſt make one, or it is holden rude;
For (as he thinks) he is by *Ladies* eyde,
More then all thoſe that are employ'd beſide.
Yet let me tell you, this *conceited fancy*
Whereof he labours, brought him to a *phrenſy*;
Nor is he yet recover'd, but inchain'd
Untill his *madding humor* be reclaim'd.
Next him a waſtefull, formall *faſhion-monger*,
A finicall, ſuperfluous ſtate-wronger,
Who boaſts of his invention in deviſing
All thoſe ſtrange *faſhions* in our *State* ariſing,
Which by his travaile were firſt brought a ſhore,
For to this *Ile* they were not knowne before.
Nor is his forraine travell unrequited,
So much are we with his conceit delighted;
For to diſcharge the debt that we doe owe him,
A *yeerly-Penſion* doe we pay unto him.
Wee pay unto him! No; I ſcorne it I,
That any ſuch Pie-colour'd *Butter-flie*
Should gaine by me or any one of mine,
To geld the *State*, or gull the preſent time.
Yea rather then Ide ſecond ſuch a Cheat,
Ile ſee his carrion-gutts about his feet.
But I commit him till he pay his *Tayler*
To *Brokers-Lavender*, or to the *Jayler*,

Where

Where let him lie in naſtie, nittie-linneh,
Till he make ſatisfaction for his ſinning.
Next an *Obſerving-Ape*, who travels Nations
To gaine him knowledge by his *Obſervations*,
Glories in thoſe ſtrange coaſts where he hath beene,
And in the *Novels* he hath heard and ſeene.
Nought he *obſerves* but he relateth it,
And yet me thinks, he ſomthing doth omit:
Which if he had remembred, ſure I thinke,
Could not ſo ſoone into oblivion ſinke.
But I muſt tell him of it; "*Sir, do you heare?*
"*A ſtrange Conjunction hapned this laſt yeere*
"*Twixt Mars and Jupiter*; pray now divine
"What this Prognoſticates to after time.
"Some, and the wiſeſt, of opinion are
"That it preſageth *famine*, others *warre*,
"Others, ſome *peſtilent-diſeaſe* occurring,
"Cauſing men die on heapes by ſuch a murrin.
"But what is your opinion? ——I'as poor ſot,
He eyther has forgot or knoweth not
What *Conſtellations* meane! But ſirra, you,
Who knows more coaſts then ere *Columbus* knew;
While *forraine-Country* wonders are made known,
You much forget this *Country* of your owne.
For in this *Iland* where your ſelfe was borne,
Did you nere viſit *Glaſtenbury-Thorne*?
Saint Thomas Beckets *path, his Shrine, his Cell*?
The Civit-ſenting Moſſe of Win'freds *well*?
The Stones of Salsbury-*plain, which none can number*?
The *Stones of* Whitby-ſtrand, *that Snakie wonder*?

Bruertons *Logg which on a Mote doth lye,*
And ſinking bodes, The Anceſtor *muſt dye.*
Or of *Saint Quintins* (as Ive heard it told)
Whoſe ancient Seat is *Harpham* on the *Would,*
Where at ſuch times as *chiefe* of th' houſe ſhall dy,
A Drum to th' hearing of the neighbours by,
For three daies ſpace together ſounds alarum,
(A gentle eaſie ſummons to prepare him.)
Which dying march, (as I have underſtood)
Iſſues from th' covert of a ſhadie wood,
But whence or how produc'd, that know not I,
(A Sacred-Secret Seal'd from mortall eye.)
But it implies (this Charity will grant)
He dies a Champion ith' Church militant.
Or of thoſe *Corniſh-Choughs* I 'm ſure you heare,
Which built at *Claughton* once in *Lancaſhire,*
Who, as I 've heard it there reported oft,
When a late Anceſtor firnamed *Croft* (whither)
Deceas'd, fled ſtreight from thence (but God knows
Where they had built for many yeeres together.
Which ominous or no, I cannot tell,
Nor what it boded can I gather well,
But people thereabout affirme, it wants
Her ancient priviledg'd inhabitants,
Who left their Country-coaſt, their native neſt,
And took plantation where they liked beſt.
Or of thoſe rare, inteſtine, civill-warres,
Or fatall skirmiſhings of *Iriſh-Stares,* (ther,
Where ſon with father fought, daughter with mo-
Shedding the reeking blood of one another:

Nor

Nor could their quenchleſſe rage extinguiſh'd be,
But by an univerſall Tragedie;
For there was ſcarce one left (as I 've heard ſay)
To bring their fellowes word, who won the day.
So hot is fury (as appear'd by theſe)
As it reſpects no State, Sex, nor Degrees,
But breathing forth revenge holds on the fight
A tedious Summers day from Morn to Night.
But ſure theſe * *News* are come unto your eare,
The bruit whereof 's diſpers'd in every ſheare:
The *fatall veſper* (Man) where th' *Romiſh* paſtor
Brought to himſelfe and numbers more diſaſter.
Which tragick act ſhould not ſo *cenſur'd* be
As if thoſe men had ſinned more then we;
For thoſe on whom the Towre of *Siloam* fell
Were not the worſt, as is obſerved well:
But rather let 's this application make,
(That of Gods judgements we may warning take:)
"If th' beſt employment that a *Chriſtian* hath
"Be not ſecure from th' violls of Gods wrath,
"And that he ſpareth not, for our exemple,
"To chaſtiſe thoſe who doe frequent his Temple;
"How can we look, when any of us come
"To *Sinks of Sinne*, but he will pay us home?
"We make our Brothells Temples, & in Stewes
"Our *Saintly-formaliſts* erect their Pewes;

* *Theſe ſtale newes the* Critick *purpoſely recounts, to taxe this* Obſerver *of palpable weakneſse.*

" If Places of devotion then receive
" Such fearfull ruines as of late ſome have;
" How can theſe *ſenſuall Synagogues* but fall?
" well, *Boyes*, a *day* will come will *pay* for all.
But ſure he hears *theſe news*, for none be newer,
I meane that Ratsbane-Academick *Bruer*,
Who rather then he would his *Bev'rage* loſe
Poyſon'd rare hopefull *Plants*, as th' rumor goes.
Yet he lives ſtill and flouriſheth, nay more,
Continues ſelfe-ſame trade he us'd before;
Whereas if *Juſtice* executed were
Upon th' *offender*, as his crimes appeare,
" Who caus'd theſe *Schollers* ſuch *Rats* deaths to dy,
" Should die a *dogs*-death, more have thought then I.
But ſure you heare, (for who is 't heareth not)
Of th' monſtrous fiſh in *Viſtula* late got,
Which wore a *triple-Miter* on his head,
And on whoſe back were lively figured
Saint *Peters-keyes*, a *partizan* of warre,
Which *Wizards* doe divine predictions are
Of ſome ſtrange thing that 's likely to enſue,
Now what that is Ide gladly know from you.
Fall upon *Rome*, you anſwer ſomthing will,
But I would heare whether 't be good or ill;
For under cope of heav'n no *State* I know
But ſome occurrent it is ſubject to:
Wherefore reſolve me, Sir, before you go,
Whether it bodes our State ſome good or no;
Or whether this ſame monſtrous fiſh divine
Some doubtfull alteration in our time;

For

For ſure I am nought can eſcape your diſh
(If fit to be obſerv'd) be 't *fleſh* or *fiſh*.
But ſure you 've heard or ſeen that fearfull viſion,
Which th' wiſer ſort have held in great deriſion;
That white-mayl'd-Army marſhalling her power,
All rankt in battail'ray on *Burnley* Moore;
Where not a man but vented his conceite;
One ſaid it was an enemy to th' State,
Some *Spinola* that mortally doth hate us:
Some thought it was a *Poſſe Comitatus*
Rais'd in the County, purpoſely to ſeaze
On ſome Recuſant for arrerages.
But moſt men held it was great *Bacchus* train,
Had ſhot thoſe Squibs & Streamers in their brain:
For moſt of theſe that for this *Viſion* ſtood
Could ſcarce diſcern a Souldier from a Cloud.
But ſure you heare (for 'twas within this ſennet)
How *Birds* would be of th' Order of *Saint Bennet*,
How *Raven, Crow, Pie, Sparrow* (pretie Soule)
Flockt about *Bennet*, as th'ad been an *Owle*:
How *Raven* taken in a golden dreame,
Would needs a naked *Benedictan* been, (ing,
Till th' ſweet tun'd *Finch* with his melodious plead-
Split *Raven* quite and plum'd him for his treading.
Which ſharpe encounter coſt *Muſæus* more
Then all theſe *Fowles* could ever yet reſtore.
But zlid, Ide like forgot! he cannot chuſe
But heare of *Bugle-blues* and *Titre-tues*, (ſweare
Choice blades, brave youths; yea I durſt almoſt
That he has notice what their Projects were,

So as whats'ere he ſpeak in 's own defence,
He cannot chuſe but have intelligence,
And therefore ſhould be cenſur'd; ——'las not he,
Though he pretend ſome *Rules* of policie
Whereon his erring *Obſervations* ſtand,
He 's held the verieſt *Widgeon* in the land;
" For like a bottle (howſoere he ſhow him)
"Nought he retaines, unleſs 't be put into him.
" So as me thinks I fitly may compare
" This ſimple *Sot* unto that muddie *Maire*,
" Who of his wiſdome ſelf-opinionate,
" Like to ſome ſtate-obſerving *Magiſtrate*,
" Mongſt other things which he was glanci ng at,
" Obſerv'd one weare a *ribband* in his hat
" Of dang'rous colour, for the field was blue,
" Whence he infer'd he was a *Titre-tu*,
" An enemy to th' State: ſtreight to the place
" He ſends his ale-tipt- *Sergeant* with his *Mace*,
" To ſummon this *Titerian* to appeare (weare.
" And ſhow ſome cauſe why he ſuch toyes did
" The *youth* accoſts the *Maire*; the *Maire* the *youth*;
" Who having ſtroakt his beard & wipt his mouth,
" Charg'd him upon th' *Allegiance* which he bore
" His Prince, to ſhow why he ſuch ribbands wore?
" Sir, quoth the *youth*, moſt *Boyes* in all our *Pariſh*
" Such *ribbands* weare in honor of our *Moriſh*.
" In honor of your *Moriſh*, quoth the *Maire*,
" You and your *Moriſh* ſhall taſte both one fare.
" Brethren this *Morice* is a welſhman borne,
" Who on Saint *Davies* day weares *Leeks* in ſcorne

" Of

"Of us true *Engliſh-Brittains* —— I think meete
"To ſet you and your *Moriſh* both by th' feete;
"For we doe know hows'ere theſe *Ruffins* prate,
"*Ribbands* and *Leeks* are ſtratagems of State;
"Which well effected, to the *Court* Ile come,
"And ſhow the Prince what ſervice I have done.
But were this *State-ſot* ignorant of theſe,
Has ſurely heard of th' maſſacre of *Reze*,
So many *Enſignes*, *Colours*, *Streamers*, *Standers*,
Ancients, *Lieutenants*, *Colonells*, *Commanders*,
So many *Heroes* which we ſometime had
In *Coate of male*, but now in *Durance* clad;
So many maine *Land-pieces* which did breath
The ſeldom welcome Embaſſie of death,
Seiz'd and ſurpriz'd, ſo as it may appeare,
The *French* at no time ſold their *ſalt ſo deare*.
While ſome doe think th' *Engliſh* had won the day,
But that their *Generall* was ſlunke away;
But this is but ſome flying-falſe report,
And they that ſpread it would be cenſur'd for 't;
For is it likely ſuch a man as he,
So ſtout (So ſayes the *Corrant* Hiſtorie)
Should be on Sea, and ſcarcely underſtand
How his *Commanders* far'd that were a Land?
Or He reſt ſafe from ſhot of Enemy,
And his whole Navy in ſuch jeopardy?
Or ſo well entertain'd at his approach,
As to be ſent for by the * Kings owne Coach?

* *Theſe* Novels *relate to the time wherein they were firſt writ, being according to the Original.* An. 32.

Bells

Bells to be rung in consort, which descry'de
The sorrow they conceiv'd for those that dide?
Bonefires erected in each publique streete,
With perfumes mixt, fit for a man so sweete,
And he deserve so ill? I cannot see
How a wise State should so deluded bee.
For nere was *England* brought to such a lurch,
Their Colours trail'd unto Saint *Michaels* Church
And reer'd in all contempt, as who should say,
Nere *France* ore *England* had a fairer day.
But our adherence now helps one another
As well becomes a reconciled Brother:
Which *gallant Junctto* may enrich our State;
Becoming *sharers* in the Silver plate.
Nor doe we feare, but wee next yeere shall catch it,
Should *Argus* & th' *Hesperian-Sisters* watch it.
Yet Ile be thus opinion'd till I die,
And so are many persons more then I;
Had but that martiall militarie place,
Seene but his sweet and amiable face,
It would have beene with admiration charm'd
To see *Adonis* like *Bellona* arm'd;
For had those *Amazons* so bravely bred
Been there encamp'd, they would have yield or fled.
But we are quite deceiv'd, the *Golden-Fleece*
Surprizeth Souldiers more then *Ambergreece*.
Where hath this great *Observer* been the while,
And never view'd these wonders of our Ile?
In *Court* hee'll say to make himselfe some sport;
Well go to Sir, you must be jerked for 't,

And

And that will learne you wit another time,
To draw a curtaine o're a *great-mans crime.*
But ſee you *Silke-worme* ! who is one of thoſe
Who ſcents the ſtreet with perfume where he goes;
A *Courtly-carpet-Ape* who takes delight
In giving Raines unto his appetite.
There's many things which he doth glory in,
As firſt, he makes a profit of the king,
Farming his *impoſts* at ſuch eaſie rate,
As he both cheats the *Prince* and wrongs the *State.*
The next abuſe, which addes no leſſe diſgrace
To men made eminent by ranke or place,
Is that he hath pow'r whereſoere he pleaſe
For to diſpoſe of all *Court-offices.*
Beſides, there's not a *Captaine* in the Land
Receives *Exchequer-pay* but from his hand;
Which muſt be guelt, as uſe hath beene before;
To make the *Courtier* rich, the *Captaine* poor.
He beſtows *Honors* too, which to the coſt
Of the receiver, fall on him bids moſt:
So he who hath deſerv'd no ſtile at all
May have his penniworth when Markets fall.
To dignifie his undeſerving pate,
The *Academie* makes him *graduate,*
Where if the *Maſter of a Houſe* deceaſes,
He placeth and diſplaceth as he pleaſes.
I wonder much the *State* will ſuffer him
Thus to triumph and riot in his ſin;
But ſure he plays not ſuch vile pranks as theſe,
Boaſting too highly of his rogueries;

For

For many *Court-pips* be there that I know,
Who make a ſhew of more then they can doe:
If this be ſo, he well deſerves deſcrying,
And to be cudgell'd roundly for his lying.
But ſee yon *City-Mammon* how he ſtruts,
As full of Sinns as he is ſtuff'd with Guts!
For nimble *tricks* I doe not know his match,
So ſliely can the *Urchin* Cony-catch,
As none but he would think and ſee his feat,
That he had ſerv'd a *Prentiſhip* to cheat.
If he owe more then he intends to pay,
He ſeekes by all the conning meanes he may,
To fruſtrate his weake *Creditors*, whoſe Wits
Goe a wool-gathring, he *Protection* gits:
So as the hopes they ground on are but ſmall,
For by this courſe he wipes their Noſe of all.
Yet tickles he my itching ſpleene with laughter,
And makes me ſmile, I ſweare, a ſennet after,
To thinke how he deludes that *Ape* o'th *Court*,
Who labours his *Protection* in this ſort.
He tells him, he ſhall in his Fortunes ſhare,
And at his death he ſhall be made his Heire,
Upon which deed of gift the *Gull* relyes, (dyes;
And 's like to hang himſelfe when th' *Merchant*
For now when he ſhould ſeize upon his ſtore,
He finds an other ſeiz'd thereon before.
In ev'ry *Faire* too he his *tricks* can play,
And ſharke, and cheate, and profit day by day;
For *Country people* they ſo ſimple are,
They ſcarce diſcerne good from adulterate ware.

Beſides

Beſides all theſe, if th' *Academie* looke
Not to themſelves, and ſhun his dangerous hooke,
He hath a *tricke* to gull them with the ſhow
Of Sattin foreparts, Silken halfe-ſleeves too:
But let him looke to 't, though his profits be
Great to him ſelfe, yet his poſteritie
Drawn from ỹ loyns of this broad-ſpreading tetter,
I 'm ſo reſolv'd, will never thrive the better.
Next him the *Country Boar* comes leering in,
So ſimple-ſeeming as he knew no ſin;
But he that holds him ſo 's a ſimple man,
For he can cheat as well as others can:
Yea he that holds him ſo let him but try him,
And he will finde himſelfe no gainer by him.
He makes a ſhew, that ſo his *tricks* may paſſe,
That he can hardly tell to *Michaelmas*,
And ſo preciſe, ſome will not ſtick to ſay,
He will not lend his *Bull* on *Saboth Day*:
Yet for *Oppreſſion*, Biting *uſurie*,
Rapine, *Extortion*, hatefull *Simonie*,
He ſcorns that any one ſhould put him downe
In *Court*, in *Univerſity*, or *Towne*.
Yet ſee this *Erwig*, How he ſtarves himſelfe,
For all his ſubſtance and injurious pelfe;
The more he has the more he ſeemes to lack,
Indebted both to Bellie and to Back:
For his hid traſh he labours ſo to ſmother,
He 'l neither feed the one nor cloath the other.
But leave him to himſelfe; for ſuch as theſe
May be compared to *Hermocrates*,

Who

Who when he ſaw ſad deaths approaching houre,
Did make himſelf his own *Executour*;
And being ask'd the reaſon, did reply,
I got my wealth, who ſhould diſpoſe't but I? (ſtruts,
But eye me yon *Church-Chuffe*, how broad he
With thighs and legs ore-pentis'd by his guts!
A formall apiſh timiſt, who delights
In fauning on our riſing favorites;
Who once profeſt compaſſion to the poor,
Bolts charity and pity out of door.
A zeale-pretending halting *Laodicean*,
Or Mountebank adulterate Phyſitian,
Who with 's infectious drugs corrupts his ſheepe,
And with his leaden-Sermons makes them ſleepe.
If a ſound Lay-Divine profoundly write,
His worke gets ſcarce admittance to his ſight:
For this ſpruce-damask-Caſſoked Divine,
Will have no books divulged in his time,
But ſuch as reliſh of his oyle-ſpent Lampe,
Though like baſe balloigne they deſerve no ſtampe.
Thus *Ignorance* muſt cenſure what we doe,
Raze and deface our choiceſt Labours too:
So as this *Ænobarban Bacchaniſt*
For th' *Preſſe* is now made ſole *Monopoliſt*:
Fo there's no *Author* without *Achans* wedge
May ever hope to get his priviledge.
If this be longer ſuffer'd, I profeſſe
To make my *Trunk* my *Print*, my * *Deske* my *Preſſe*.

* *Oleum quod impendi circa vineam, immiſi in Scrinium.*

He

He has confeſt he counts it as no ſin
By th' window to a Living to get in,
For he has preſidents of divers men
That doe the like, and he will follow them.
But if he ſee a vertuous exemple,
It's not ſo ſoon admitted to his Temple.
Well, if Oppreſſion, Rapine, Injury,
Equivocation or Church-Simony,
Ambition, Aſſentation, Inſolence,
Licentious life, and looſe Non-reſidence
May under *Church-mens* copes ſecurely fight,
I vow to God I'le be made Deacon ſtreight;
For there is no Profeſſion in this Nation
Save this, for ſuch crimes may get diſpenſation.
Now ſhield me deare *Juſtinian!* who comes here?
O Sir, I know you by the Robes you weare:
That conſcript habit cannot ſhroud your ſin,
Unrip your caſe, Sir, ſhew me what's within.
Shall I be your Anatomiſt? I will,
And ſqueaze your ulcerous corrupted ill.
This *Lime-hound* hath diſparaged the State
By his injurious judgement, and with hate
Of God and all good-men, as well appears,
Grows rich by Orphans cryes and Widows tears.
He may for forme-ſake to the Temple goe,
Becauſe he hath no other thing to doe,
But it is only done to take a nap
And thank God for 't: *he ſleeps i'th Churches Lap.*
Bribes have ſo ſtuff'd his Cuſhion none can wake
Till wrath and fury dog and overtake him. (him

Hee'd

Hee'd hug *Astræa* if she were a Whoor,
But being pure, he kicks her out a door.
Hee's in such grace, he scorneth opposition,
Conscience hee'l harbour upon no condition.
His chap-fallen chin is shrunk below his Navell,
Yet hugs he gold till 's mouth be fill'd with gravell.
He limits his nice Dame, what she shall pay
For this or that, who hopes to see a day
When his corrupted corpse reduc'd to dust
Shall give free scope to her restrained lust.
But note yon *politick State-underminer*,
Of *Machiavels* opinions late refiner;
How he condemns those *Apes* which went before,
Yet to be censur'd he deserves far more
Then all the rest: For hath not he confest,
And made himself as guilty as the rest?
He taxeth them of *openesse* (poor Elfe)
When he incurres like *weakenesse* in himselfe.
So as I think, whats'ere he seem to know,
Hee's lesse in substance then he is in show.
Tracing the clouds with *Aristophanes*,
He comes farre short of *Aristomanes*,
Who strait-immur'd, as stories doe report,
Within a ragged Rock, an aged Fort,
When he with other noble *Captains* were
In *Lacedemon* kept close prisoner;
To free them from these unrelenting Rocks,
For shame (quoth he) *Let's imitate the Fox,*
Who were he here, hee'd gain him libertie,
Let's not come short of him in policie.

No

No more they did, for digging thoſe rag'd ſhelves,
Within ſhort time they after freed themſelves.
But this *State-polititian* works his ends,
By making all he treats with his firme friends;
And with pretence of *Conſcience* ties them to him,
Cauſing thē think he's ſame man he doth ſhow him:
But I make little doubt, when theſe have tride him,
But they'l deteſt him, having once deſcride him.
"This Ile avouch, and ſtand to 't when I 've done,
"He that is friend to all, is friend to none.
Let him then gull his friends, engroſſe his ſin,
Till he have no friend left to burie him.
But hold ſides that ye burſt not, luck befall
Thit *Paracelſian Chimick-Urinal*!
Who would not laugh to heare him cry, *the Stone*,
The Stone, *the Stone*, as if he had juſt none?
Or that his paine had caus'd him ſh w the madder,
By reaſon of ſome gravell in his bladder.
But 'las, poor *feered thing*, he cannot ſee
His *Chymick-Works* will ever uſefull be.
For though he once preſumed on his wits,
To turne *Spits*, *Jacks* and brazen *Candleſticks*
Into pure *gold*, his muddie braines grow wearie,
"Brazers may uſe their trade in *Lothberrie*.
This *Cricket* now is turn'd a *Water-caſter*,
Since which bleſt time his wealth grows daily faſter;
For as he vaunts, where ere he make reſort,
Bee't to the *City*, *Country* or the *Court*
He 's only priz'd and had in all eſteeme,
Yet knowes not what the Rules of *Phyſick* meane:

If this be ſo, it cannot be denide,
Under his hand but many men have dide,
So as no other reaſon ſee can I,
But that the Lawe ſhould cenſure him to die:
An *Homicide* is hang'd if he kill any,
What ſenſe is't he ſhould live has kild ſo many?
Thus have theſe *Apes* diſplay'd them, ſo could I
If I my *tricks* would labour to deſcry;
But this my feare is, if I ſhould deſcry them,
By their diſcovery ſome might profit by them;
Which would much grieve me, ſuch an one I am,
As I nere wiſh'd for good to any man:
Yea I may ſweare, I know not one alive
That with my heart I could deſire to thrive.
But if I might impeach their name; Ide doe it,
Or doe them any harme, Ide quickly ſhow it:
Their imputation is my joy, their hurt
The only pleaſant game that makes me ſport.
When *Timon*, my deere friend, once chanc'd to ſee
A mans wife hanging on a *wild-figtree*,
O (quoth he) *It would* Timon *highly pleaſe*
That ev'ry bough brought out ſuch fruit as theſe;
For then our Wives would ſing a ſilent dittie,
And we ſhould need no Cuck-ſtools in the Cittie!
The like wiſh I; nor doe I only wiſh
To *woman kinde* that heavie doome of his,
For I 'm indifferent for ſexes both,
This could I never love, and *that* I loth.
Æſope I hug, and I doe honour him, (in;
Who in a tale brought * *Mamus* chafing

* Ariſt. de part. anim. l. 3. c. 2.

And

And in reproofe of *nature* did proceed,
For setting Bulls-horns rather on his head
Then on his shoulders, being strenge-vpart;
In which respect preferd he curious *art*
Before the hand of *nature*: for, quoth hee,
Such ouersights in Art We seldome see.
His steps I follow, for I tartnesse show
To th' choicest works of *art* and *nature* too:
Nothing can please me in this globe of earth
But others woes, whose moans afford me mirth.
If on a learned worke I chance to looke,
Though I've no judgement I can taxe the booke,
And call the *Author* for his paines a foole,
Yet past two Months I never went to Schoole.
By meanes whereof, and home-bred education,
One taught me th' rules of a Prognostication;
Streight by direction from an *Erra pater*,
I knew ech distinct *Planet* and his *nature*.
Which known, I could not brook my Country well,
But in acquaintance with some *Gipsies* fell;
Whose chiefest *Bung* and Captain now I am,
And held in *Palmistrie* the only man:
Where though I cannot sing the *Gipsies* song,
I am as merrie as the day is long.
For if a *Milk-maid* come to me and crave,
Ide tell her when she shall a Husband have;
Or an old *Chrone*, that I to her would show,
Whether she must out-liue her *Grub* or no;
Howsere their fortune be, better or worse,
My *dainty-Dexie* nims away their purse;

With which we merrie make and bravely rore,
With ſome ſtolne Pullen that we have in ſtore.
Truth is, ſince I kept ſquare with theſe, I find
My ſelfe and my affections worſe inclin'd
Then ere they were before; nor doe I care,
"They that fare well may reputation ſpare.
"He muſt be ſtain'd, conſorts with ſuch as theſe,
"He that lies downe with dogs muſt riſe with flees.
Thus in each Village I and my ragg'd nation
With canting gibriſh doe we make our ſtation;
In *Corporations* we doe ſeldome tarrie,
Becauſe of *Statutes* to the contrarie.
For other Coaſts ſuch *Officers* we find,
That though they ſee us, yet they will be blind;
For now and then, they'r ſuch kind-natur'd men,
They will not ſtick to eate with us a Hen.
But I repent me, I ſo much have ſaid,
Leſt ſome that heare me, come to learne my trade.

To the State-Critick.

WHy, who are you? whence came you?
what's your name?
That you ſhould taxe the *State*,
or touch her fame?

Is it your manners Sir, to chide great men,
And with your tarter lines to nettle them?
Admit you meet with ſome that nere did good,
As deepe in ſinne, as they are high in blood,
What priviledge have you receiv'd from us
To mixe your Inke with gall and Copprice thus?
Are you a man of ſuch account I pray,
As th' *State* ſhould notice take of what you ſay?
Have we not in this famous Ile one *Sage*,
Nor one *Wiſe Maſter* in this latter age,
That can reprove the errours of our time
Without the help of your *caprichious* Line?
Is now your rurall ſtraine of *Melibæus*
Mixt with *Therſites* humour or *Tirteus*?
Are great mens crimes your Subject? and muſt they
Taſt of your Whippe, when they doe goe aſtray?
But let us heare how you your ſpleene expreſſe,
Which *Sir* implyes your male-contentedneſſe.
Some have ſo bluſhleſſe and ſoſhameleſſe beene,
To let their Coach and foot-cloth Horſe be ſeene
At common Strumpets dores; to rouze a whoor;
Why, I have ſeene this *Critick*, and much more:
And vaild my bonnet, with *God ſave your Honour.*
Juſt as his Lordſhip came diſmounted from-her
And I conniv'd at this, and would not ſee,
Though light was not more manifeſt to me
Then his Licentious actions: now muſt you
Bring theſe concealements to a publique view?
I know a Lord with choiceſt gifts enricht
Who, as report goes, is of late bewitcht,

And to a Doctor goes to cure thole ſpels,
But they that know him, think 'tis ſomething elſs.
And will not ſtick *vnder the Roſe* to ſpeak
That this ſame Docter is (indeed) his Tweak.
But what have they or I to doe with him?
If it be ſo, 'tis but a Lordly Sin.
Many have beene, and ſo no doubt will be,
Bewitcht with Objects meaner farre then ſhe.
Yet I'me reſolv'd they judge not farre amiſſe,
Who ſay that he 's *Bewitcht*, for ſo he is:
For who, unleſſe drawne in by ſome impoſtor,
Would ſuch a *Blenſe* to his diſhonour, *foſter*?
Now were it fit, like *Glow-wormes*, to diſcover
Matings and meetings of ſo great a Lover?
Admit you know extortion in the Land,
In officers corruption under hand,
Symony, Brocage, Rapine, Sacriledge,
May you not ſee the Age grant priviledge
To ſuch State-epidemicall diſeaſes?
" What profit gets, it generally pleaſes.
Why Sir, I ſee as much as you can ſee,
For my whole life is *Albions* ſcrutinie:
In *City*, *Court*, and *Country* I doe want
For no intelligence, for I doe hant
With circumſpection every nooke and angle,
And how our State-impoſtors doe intangle
Our unexperienc'd *New-comes*, I obſerve it,
And how they 're honour'd moſt that leaſt deſerve it.
All which I could diſplay, and draw the lines
Of all their actions to ſucceeding times

To

To make men wonder at, but pray thee, ſay,
Would this reclaime theſe *State-moaths* any way?
Or dart a bluſh in any of their faces?
Or make them wearie of their purchas'd places?
Or ſtrike a terrour in their conſcience?
Or reinſtall loſt juſtice to her Bench?
Would it make one man good that now is evil?
Or weane one ſoule from ſerving of the devill?
Laſſe no Sir; Though from God you have your warrant,
And faithfully perform his ſacred arrant,
When ſo ſmall benefit is wrought by th' Pulpit,
Doe you by *Satyrizing* hope to help it?
Is all the Tribe of *Levi* ſo farre ſhort
Or ſhallow to improve, reprove, exhort,
As they muſt ſilenc'd be, while you begin
To taxe their *Coat*, becauſe they taxe not ſin?
You are too bold, Sir, in your fluent ſtraine,
And tenders that which none will entertaine:
For doe you thinke we live in ſuch an Age
A *Clergie* man will looſe a Parſonage
Before he ſcourge not ſinne? it cannot be;
For how ſhould he relieve his familie,
His *hopefull* Olive branches with his Spouſe,
With all the holy Meynie of his houſe;
If he ſhould not diſpence with his Creatour,
And ſmooth the ſinne of his Impropriatour?
Or that an Officer in any Court,
Will rectifie himſelfe by your report;
Or purchaſe to his ſoul leaſt hope of bleſſe
By taking of a poore man one fee leſſe?

For though *Extortion* be, I grant, a ſin,
This courſe would goe well neere to begger him:
A place that at ſo deare a rate is bought,
Muſt be imploy'd for gaine, not ſold for nought.
Or that a *Lawyer* ſhould his practiſe make
Leſſe for himſelfe, then for his Clyents ſake?
Or uſe that glibberie member of his Tongue,
To further right, and not to bolſter wrong?
For ſo he ſhould grow out of practiſe quite,
And wrong himſelfe, by doing others right.
For right and wrong though they contraries be,
Yet wrong does right, if it bring in a fee?
Or a *Phyſitian*, whoſe Empyrick Hand
Muſt kill downe right before he underſtand,
Should apprehend remorſe, when, as by doſes
He weighs his Phyſick out, but not the loſſes
Of his abuſed Patients, who with grones
Muſt looſe their lives and ſubſtance both at once:
Theſe haning novght to give muſt be forſaken,
And if they die the care is quickly taken?
Or a *Civilian*, though Conſcience be
The Object of his Law, will looſe his fee,
Or not protract a Cauſe and make a ſturre
By plodding ſome impertinent demurre:
For he ſuch ſtore of *Preſidents* can ſhow,
That their examples tell him what to doe,
And will ſecure him: onely let pretences
Guilded with ſanctity diſguiſe offences.
Or that a *Rorer* will his Oathes forbeare
Or ſhudder when he does Gods judgements heare;

Or

Or leave his Brothells, or his midnight revells,
Or leave consorting with his femal Devels?
For so he should abandon all his joy,
And loose the Title of a roring Boy;
No, Sir, these taskes surpasse a *Critick* straine,
And make him wash the *Blackamoore* in vaine.
Yet I perswade me, you expresst your zeale
In your dimensions, to the Commonweale;
And that your meaning was to waine the State
From some of that which all good people hate.
But where sinne 's grow to ripenesse, you must know
Good meanings and intentions will not doe:
So delicate are these corrupted times,
As none must taxe or taint their swelling crimes.
But tell me in good sadnesse what 's the cause,
To think your Lives more powerful then our Lawes?
If an *Oppressor* hatefull Contracts make,
Our Laws can bring him like a Beare to th' stake;
The Cunningst *Church-thiefe* be he neere so great,
When once detected for a Counterfeate,
Must not uncensur'd passe, nor any one
Who in a civill State shall throw a Bone.
So as in my Opinion from the State
Such Stigmaticks doe highly derogate, (command,
Who judge their *Muse* mongst men t' have more
Then all the Lawes and Statutes of our Land.
But to remove this Error, I thinke fit
If any one have mind to shew his wit,
That in obscurer manner he disclose it,
Least too much plainenesse make the *Satyre* lose it.

This

This moved ſome, as in their *workes* we find,
In *Hieroglyphicks* to expreſſe their mind,
Or like choyce *Heralds* to finde out a Creſt
Fitting the forme and nature of the Beaſt
As ſome of our ſpruce-ſilken Curtaine Lords
Who ſhew their worth in their imperious words
Have beene diſplaid and ſhadow'd to their ſhame,
Yet know not who nor where they wounded them.
"But moſt of theſe their Dingity have loſt,
"And can of nought but painted Scutchions boaſt.
This Courſe was held at firſt, and ever ſince
The freeſt from diſtaſte and from offence.
For when we darkely write, thanks be to Heav'n,
So ſmall a portion of conceit is given
To our *Magnifico's*, as when they read us,
They underſtand us not, or never heed us;
Which happy ignorance ſecures our pen,
And makes them laugh at us, that nettle them.
In theſe darke colours have I drawne the ſhapes
Of vicious *Silke-wormes* in this *Age* of *Apes*.
Which ſhadow'd with a *Viſion*, may doe good
To purge, if not to purifie the blood.
Nor would I have this to be held in me
Weakneſſe of courage or timiditie;
For in a Cauſe where I intend to doe
Service to God I ne're did terror know.
Nor doe I ſee ought in this vale of teares,
Which ſhould beget in me ſuch fruitleſſe feares.
The Subſtance I enjoy, I here did gather,
But as a Birth-right left me by my Father;

For

For had my fortunes hung upon my care,
My part had com'd unto an easie share.
But what I now possesse, be it more or lesse,
I never wish God may it longer blesse
Then I shall willingly forgoe the same,
To honour God and magnifie his name.
Nor is my health so good that I should feare,
When s'ere 't please God, my dissolution here.
Besides, gray-hayres have caus'd me change my song,
Assuring me my dayes cannot be long:
Should I then in my Glorious Makers sight,
Play servile Sycophant or Parasite?
Should I now when my one foot is in grave,
Learne the obsequious posture of a knave?
Should I contemne my Soule when death is nie,
Or complement when I should learne to die?
Should I who ne're could fawne in all my dayes,
An unjust Man against my conscience praise?
No, heav'ns forbid! that I should taxe that thing
In Subjects, which I would not in a King?
Or praise that in a King, which I'le not doe
Even in his Groome or meanest Subject too?
For howsoe're our Statists Some times frowne
Seeing those darling vices of their owne
Touch't to 'the quicke, yet why should good men feare
Such Impes who Satan in and out side weare?
No, in that cause where I desire to please
My gratious God, I scorne the threates of these.
But I returne unto my *Critick* now,
And will informe him too what he shall doe.

I know

I know the Sate, Sir, desperately sick,
Where some Sores should be Lanced to the quick,
For they must not bee smooth'd or smeer'd with Oyle,
Least they attract a more impressive soile:
But how should this be done, or how applde,
Before the member grow quite mortifide?
An art-full and experienc'd hand were fit,
And to that active hand a pregnant wit.
A grave and serious outside too would prove
That they were types of what their selves did move:
For him unfit I hold to chastize sin,
Whose youth admits no downe upon his chin.
He should be of authority and power
If he would be a powerfull monitour,
For such mens words like *nayles* enforce our passion,
Struck by the *Rulers of a Congregation.*
Yea this our owne experience doth teach,
We eye as much the *person* as the *speech:*
For if he be a man of worth or prize,
Speake what he will his person makes it wise.
Besides, that life of his should be approv'd,
That his example may be better lov'd:
For it redounds unto the Teachers shame
To taxe, when he is guilty of the same.
Who aymes to shoote his shaft at many men,
May chance to hit himselfe too, now and then,
Unlesse he *blameless* be, which is so rare,
As to seeke such our labours we may spare.
Left when this frumpe should in our dish be laid,
Phisitian cure thy selfe (as hath been said,)

Our

Our *Lifes* ſhould forme our *Lines*, that after times
May ſay, our *Lifes* did paralel our *Lines*.
But why ſhould we purſue this fruitleſſe taske
By ſtriving *Great-mens* errors to unmaske ?
Their diſcontent may by ſome cenſure move us.
But them we cannot hurt, ſo far above us.
I hold it beſt then *Critick*, we begin
To let theſe *Peers* take their *Careere* in ſin,
While we reſtraine our liberty of pen,
Untill we ſee Gods judgement waken them.
Have we not known of late ſome raiſed high,
That they with more diſgrace and ſhame might die?
Who would have thought in ſuch a civill State
(I rather touch't becauſe it chanc'd ſo late)
That *Witch* of *Endor*, who (I thinke) had force
In magick-art much like my crop-ear'd horſe,
Of whom 'twas propheci'd (I can aſſure ye)
Three yeers agoe, that he ſhould die in *furie*,
Should be ith' Street with ſtones & brick-bats ſlain,
And not one known of all that bandleſſe train,
Who murdred him? Sure 'twas his profuſe ſin, (him
Which when he would not mend, God met with-
But let him reſt, they doe exceeding ill
Who rake him from his aſhes with their quill:
He troubled us enough ere he was ſlaine,
It were not well to raiſe him up againe.
Should we peruſe the Actors and the Crimes
Both of preceding and ſucceeding times;
To what command their Soveraignty extended,
And with what ſhame and miſery it ended;

What

What glory they expreſt, and how their ſtate
Was blemiſh'd by their *faults*, not by their *fate*:
What port they bore, yet in the end no gainers,
But ſplit themſelves, and ruin'd their reteiners.
We would admire Gods lawful judgements ſhown
No leſſe on other States then on our own.
See thoſe *Sicilian* tyrants, how their power
Still labours one another to devoure
Envie wrought with ſuſpicion, both conſpir'd
With hot revenge: to have what they requir'd,
Yet what effect produc'd theſe plots to all
Thoſe ſtate-aſpiring Flyes but timeleſſe fall?
Though *Ceſar* with victorious honor come
To be ſole Monarch ore triumphant *Rome*,
And ride in 's *Ebor* to be ſeene of all,
A ſtab will ſerve him in the Capitall.
" *Much have I ſeene, yet ſeldome ſeene I have*
" *Ambition go grayheaded to his grave.*
This then (*State-Critick*) would I thee adviſe,
" To leave to God the cenſuring of vice;
But if thou needs muſt ſhew thy wood-bred nature,
Let it be ſhronded in a ſhadow'd Satyre.

The

The Apes Cenſure.

EXcellent *Apes*; yee have your ſelves diſplaid,
Now heare what ſhal againe to you be ſaid.
And firſt for you *grand-gull*, whoſe ayrie vants
Conſiſt of *Titles* and of *Sycophants*,
Ihere degrade you, and injoyne you more,
To live as private as you did before
You came to *greatneſſe*: they that cannot tell
How to demeane themſelves when they are well,
Muſt by ſeverer meanes be brought unto it,
I doe this to reclaime you, pray you ſhow it.
For you licentious fleſhly *Libertine*
Who in delights ſurfeit away your time,
Go from our preſence; wee have here enow
To traine our *Lords* in lightneſſe beſides you.
Cynthia's pure rayes ſhould not be dark't by thoſe
Who live like *Venus* friends, but *Veſta's* foes;
Retire, Retire, your follies are deſcride,
And live from us till you be mortifide.
For you *Vaine-glorious Ape*, you doe appeare
So proud, we cannot brooke your being here.
God hath ordain'd before the heav'nes begin,
A fall for Pride, A punniſhment for Sin;

The proud are ever plagu'd by prouder ones, (ſtones
" There muſt be had ſharpe *Steele* to ſmooth rough
Leave us, you are not for us, nor be wee
For you, or yours, till you more humble bee.
For you, my prettie *Guga*, whoſe vaine *fancie*
Hath brought you to a carleſſe, cureleſſe *Phrenſie*,
I will not *cenſure* you, for as it ſeemes
You underſtand not what a *Cenſure* meanes;
Yet that you be reſtrain'd, I hold it fit,
Till diet and reſtraint reſtore your wit.
Which done, you may begin your former freedom,
" For mad-braind boys our *court* doth litle need'em.
For you, newfangle *Jack*, whoſe aymes aſpire
To gaudie and fantaſticall attire,
For your abuſe both to the State and us,
Wee *cenſure* you and your diſtemper thus.
Till you a *faſhion* finde, rome too and fro,
That may content our hum'rous *gallants* ſo
As they ſhall never change that *faſhion* more,
But keepe them ſtill to that which you bring ore.
For you rare *Ape*, your *obſervation's* ſuch,
I cannot well admire your worth too much;
Yet I may partly gueſſe what is your ayme,
And I will labour to effect the ſame.
It's your *ambition* to beget eſteeme,
In *publique places* to be heard and ſeene,
And ſo you ſhall; for truſt me you ſhall be
Reer'd on a *publique place*, the *Pillorie*.
Now my ſweete *Ape*, how brisk my *Courtier*
A if for want of feete he went on 's toes? (goes,
you

You, or I much miſtake me, make a ſport
To buy and ſell our *Offices* in *Court*;
Our *Impoſts* too you farme for ſuch a ſum,
And glory in your *tricks* when you have don.
For which, neat *Sir*, you ſhall by th' heeles be laid,
Till reſtitution to the State be made.
For you rich *City-Ape*, who can devour
Poore Widows houſes, cheat your Creditor,
And by *Protections* bearing ſuch a date,
Wipe others of their owne, inhance your State;
Theſe I ſuppreſſe; and if it ſhall appeare
Your Sonne was not eſtated a whole yeare
Before you *broke*, your *Creditors* ſhall ſhare:
Meane time of *Pious Works* you muſt take care.
For you *penurious drudge*, who pores one earth,
And joyes in nought but in your *Countrey* dearth;
Twentie poore Soules you weekely ſhall maintaine,
During which time you ſhall not ſell a graine;
For this 's the ayme which I doe levell at,
The *leane Kine* are to feed upon the *fat*:
For if the *fat* yeeld not the *leane* ſupplie,
The *fat* may ryot, but the *leane* will die.
For you *Law-liſt*, for *Law* are in your fiſt,
Ruling our *Courts* of *juſtice* as you liſt;
You ſhall be ſpar'd for climing up our ſtayres,
Betake you now unto your private prayers:
Meane time this Label ſhall be writ and hung
Upon your Gowne, to manifeſt our wrong:
"For love of bribes, and for contempt of right,
"My Maſter is become *Anacorite*.

For you *Church-gnat*, who can obſerve the time,
And make your Goat a cover for your crime;
Who *Church-Revenues* with your tricks inhance,
And pride you in your blockiſh ignorance;
Who to oppreſſion and extortion fold,
Diſhonour God, idolotrize your gold:
Since gold (my *Prelate*) is to you ſo deere,
To *India* go, you ſhall be Biſhop there.

For you *Sir Politick*, you are ſo wiſe
I know not well what *Project* to diviſe
To keepe your Brains a worke; but for a ſpace
My Pleaſure is that you doe leave this Place,
And not returne, untill you underſtand
What cauſeth dearth of money in our Land;
What way our beſt commodities doe go,
And whether they bring back as good or no.

For you my *Chimick Ape*, I muſe you would
Pore in a glaſſe and loſe your hope of gold;
But let this paſſe: I heare you have no skill,
And that in curing one, you twentie kill;
Which to redreſſe, I have by Act decre'd,
Your *Urinal* be broken on your head:
And that you be indited of manſlaughter
If ere you practiſe rules of *Phyſick* after.

Now for my *Critick Ape*, that *Demophon*
Who ſweats i'th *ſhadow*, ſhudders in the *Sun*,
Who never ſaw that man in all his dayes
He could finde in his heart to love or praiſe;
He with his *Gypſies* is ſo fitly mated,
He will be taken hold on by the Statute.

Meane

Mean time let, him by *Foists* and *Bungs* be friended
It is not long till he must be *suspended.*
Be gon, my *Censure* shall not be disputed,
This is decree'd and must be executed.

Affrighted with the Censure *of each* Ape;
Fearing my selfe were one I did awake;
But finding it a dreame *I thought it fit,*
Only for pastime-sake to publish it.

Similis mihi *Simia* nulla est.

Upon the Cenſure of his Viſion.

SOme *Familiſt* or punctuall *Preciſian*
Will ſleight this *worke*, becauſe it is a *Viſion*;
Saying, " That *Viſions* are deceitfull things,
" And to *diſtraction* our *affection* brings;
" That this *Luciferan Spirit* takes the ſhape
" (To gull th' imagination) of an *Ape*.
Whence he inferres, to prove theſe *Viſions* evil,
That this ſame *Ape* is an *incarnate* devil;
All which I grant, but likeſt of all other
When he reſembles ſuch a *Zealous Brother*.
Truth is, for *ſinns ſurvey*, who would deſcry it
Muſt cloſly doe't, or ſoone be cenſur'd by it;
Whereas 'twere 'gainſt all reaſon, that to Priſon
One ſhould be ſent for ſeeing of a *Viſion*.
But whether I be *cenſured* or no,
This will I ſay and you ſhall finde it ſo;
Viewing theſe groſſe abuſes of your minde,
This for a grounded *maxim* you ſhall finde:
Of all the Tyrants which the world affords,
Your owne *affections* are the fierceſt Lords.

" *Iſta Poemata, non ſine lepidula Genii facetia primùm Conſcripta fuere; An. Dom.* 1625.

The

The life of POLYMORPHUS SIMIANUS Author of this Poem.

POlymorphus Simianus a Florentine *born, a younger brother, but well descended; and during his minority, in all generous & free-born Studies trained. He was naturally affected to Poesie; from the delight whereof his Father, being of eminent esteeme in* Florence, *laboured to waine him, by diverting his course that way, and importuning him to the study of the Law. Whereto having for some yeares applyed his minde, he grew in short time indifferently furnished. Neither was his practise lesse usefull, then his knowledge fruitfull. Albeit inwardly he could never relish nor palat that profession; being, as he termed it, a* practise *whose* materiall *were* extracted *from* extortion: *yet to give all possible content to his father, he ever extended his best endeavour, seemingly to further what he could not favour. Being now growne a pretty good proficient in a profes-*

on contrary to his element; you shall heare upon what occasion he became degraded, from the benefit of his practise excluded, and by a judicial, though incompatible censure, silenced. Pleading one day with great vehemencie for his friend Farneso, *a Citizen of approved honesty, and whose cause deserved no lesse successe; being in the judgement of the whole Court, grounded on equity and uprightnesse: He perceived the* Judge *of the Court to be more indulgent to the Advers part; so as the more he pressed it, the more did the* Judge *sleight and disvalue it. Wherefore being without expectance of reliefe for his much injured friend, as one either transported with* passion, *to see* corruption *seated on the throne of* Judgement; *or transpierced with affection, to see his honest friend so highly wronged, with a spirit no lesse resolved then enraged, he thus accosted the* Judge. *My Lord, quoth he,* my comfort is, though this gentleman my client, be by your Lordship injuriously censured, the date of your commission for sitting on Judgement is almost expired; so as our hope is, by your Successour we shall be redressed. Expired (said the Judge) how doe you meane? I meane (replied *Simianus*) you are at the point of death. Your reason, (quoth the *Judge*) for I feele no such matter in my selfe. The more dangerous is your malady (answered *Simianus*;) for diseases insensible are ever held most incurable: but to resolve your doubt with an infallible reason; your Lordship knowes it is an ancient sacred ceremony here in *Florence*, as in all other Catholique Countries, for

the

the sick immediatly before the approching instant of their dissolution, to receive from a religious man thereto ordained and consecrated, *extreme unction*. The Judge *perceiving whereto his meaning tended, covertly implying* corruption *by those words of* extreme unction, *with present passion transported, commanded him forthwith to depart the Court, in these words.* Sir: for your small reverence to this place, heare your censure. So long as the State of *Florence* shall authorize me to sit in this Seat of judgement, I injoyne you Silence, to caution others by your example to shew more reverence. *No sooner was this heavie Censure pronounced, then* Simianus *left the Court; although he had many friendly Orators, who with their best perswasive Rhetorick laboured to mitigate the* Judges *censure; whom they found steeled with relentlesse rigour. About this time when* Simianus *was silenced, his father died; by whose death he was more troubled, then with his former sentence disquieted: for of such generall esteeme (as I formerly noted) was this* old man, *as he was no lesse for his wisedome and judgement approved, then for his discreete carriage and amiable conversation generally loved: so as his vertues gain'd his progeny much honour in* Florence. Simianus *being thus by publique censure from hope of future preferment excluded; of his fathers advice, whose pietie was a mirrour to his familie deprived; and in some debts by reason of his too affable or easie disposition engaged; being brought to those straits, as one doubtfull where to re-*

tire: it fortuned, even then when he had resolved privately to convey himselfe from Florence, and expose himselfe to some forraine adventures; to fall in acquaintance with a Zealous brother of Amsterdam; with whom in short time he grew so familiar, as none but HE was of his Cabinet councell. Away he must goe with him, so powerfully had his zeal wrought with him, unto Amsterdam; where, as he pretended, he was a merchant of especiall note, ranke, and quality. Simianus, who had even from his infancy, an excellent art of insinuating into mens knowledge, professed; that howsoever other occasions of maine consequence had reason to avert his resolution from that course, yet so farre had the opinion of his sanctity, the grounded conceit of his sincerity, and those tyes of familiar society and sociable amity prevailed with him, as he would leave his Country with hope of all promotion, meerely for love of such a Zealous and faithfull Companion. At Amsterdam within few Months after they arrived; where Simianus found as many religions, as the world had regions; or the Gergason possessed with Legions; but in principall esteeme grew he with a devout fraternity, by meanes of this Zealous Merchant; who made him acquainted with all those mysterious rites used and practised by that Saintly Society. Within short time, being a proper man and well approv'd of by the Sisterhood, who had their free voices in the election of every Officer; he stood in Election for a place, which they call the Emunctorie; the speciall charge whereof is this. At a certaine time,

(which

(*which upon signe given is duely observed*) *when the Conventickle is full, and* all things *in readinesse, he is to snuffe out the Candles, for the* Zealous assemblie *to exercise their works of lightnesse in darknesse. This Place by generall suffrage he obtained; Wherein he demeaned himselfe so* closely *to the* Sisters *content, as* noone Officer *stood so* deepe *in their bookes. Nor was he lesse respected for his secrecy, then affected for his diligence and alacrity: so as one day, these* Zealous Sisters *with one consent resolved to prefer* Simianus *to a place of more credit and profit; and this should be done without the approbation of any of the* fraternitie. *Alledging that their prerogative was no lesse in the election or* taking in *of a* Brother, *then theirs in admission or* puting in *of a* Sister: *so as if their* Brethren incorporated *the one, they would make bold to* matriculate *the other. Upon this resolution grounded, they preferred him to be* Secretarie of the Conventickle; *a Place of highest honour, and only recommended to such whose untainted secrecie had purchased them a singular opinion of retentive fervor.*

This Office had these Sisters *no sooner conferred on him, then the* Brethren *generally opposed him: saying, the Election was not to be approved, for as much as their voices were excluded: Whereas formerly, no Officer was to be admitted, unlesse he were expressly by their* fraternal *suffrages elected. Whence there arose such opposition, as no* Conventickle *was observed, no* Conclave *frequented, no* nocturnal-rites *acted, nor no* due benevolence *to the* Sisters *tendred; for the* Brother

ther would not yet to the Synagogue without his Sister, nor the Sister, till reconciled to her Brother: For this a maxim in their Divinity; One Sexe without another can never edifie. While they were thus contesting and contending, Simianus, eyther with heate of passion incensed, or hate to their profession inducted, disclaiming all secrecy: became an open discoverer of all their impurity, not sparing to say, That there was old tickling in their Conventicles. With which aspersion the whole Fraternity being much enraged, withdrew their Pension from him, which formerly had been duely paid him. So as now hee was left to himselfe, to repaire his fortunes by encountring with some new occurrents. Long had he not sojourn'd; after his expulsion from the Fraternal-tribe, but hee was entertained by a Provincial Deane, who using rather to flea the fleece, tooke more care to have his due, then discharge his duety, to receive his Tythe, then intend his Cure; to looke to his Tenths and gather his Rints, then to repaire those many Ruines and Rents of his Church. Now Simianus, for want of better employment, was appointed to be his Tythe-gatherer; wherein hee seemingly addressed himselfe with all diligent endeavour: but small profit redounded to his Master so long as hee was appointed to gather. For when any Farmer set out his rucks of Corne, wherein hee was to receive one at ten, hee shewed himselfe farre more Conscionable, receiving only one at fifte: saying; Feede not my master better then hee feeds you; hee giveth you but one Sermon in fiftie weeks, render you him but one

at

a fitte Rooke. *This the avaricious* Prelat *soon perceived; so as this conscionable Gatherer, who cut such large thongs of others Leather, was discarded, and hee againe to seeke his fortunes, to the wide World exposed.*

So miserable was that time wherein hee lived, with such an universall famine distressed, and through populousnesse of the place so pestered; as hee, being a stranger and having no present employment to relieve or sustain himselfe, became much enfeebled, and likely to have perished; had not a Venetian-Merchant (*one of excellent parts*) *received him, even then when extremity did most presse him, penury pinch him, and the height of all disasters surprize him. For such was his present estate, that albeit upon his returne to* Florence *hee could not want, being by such powerfull and eminent friends supported, and to so many flourishing families allyed; yet so high was his spirit, as hee could not endure to stoope to such basenesse as to acknowledge his want. But now by meanes of this* Venetian-Merchant, *who tooke especiall notice of his sufficiency, being by meanes of his education (as we have formerly observed) made accomplish'd in all* Liberal-Sciences, *he was in a better way of preferment then either during his abode with that* zealous Family, *or his unprofitable service in that* covetous Deanry; *for of all trades the* Merchant, *and of all* Merchants *the* Venetian, *as he is highly prized for his generous rank and quality, so is hee worthily praised in spreading the extended sayles of his bounty. Nor is hee lesse nobly*

affected

affected in his port and hospitality at home, then liberally-minded in his carriage and expence abroad. With this brave Merchant, Simianus long remained; by whom he was highly graced, in affayres of weighty consequence imployed, and in his bosom faithfully lodged. Where doubtlesse, he had continued, as there was no just cause to divert it, had not some unworthy instruments traduced and maligned him; by suggesting to the Merchant that hee read a weekly Lecture to his faire Lady, out of Boccace. Which surmise added fuell to the Merchants jealousie, an infirmity whereto hee was naturally subject; so as presently he imagined his pillow to be stuft with horne-shavings, giving no lesse credit to their report, then if it had beene an Oracle. Such were the interchanges of inconstant fortune, which ever accompanied Simianus; so as now he must encounter with new billowes, before he can come to Harbour. For howsoever his vertuous Mistresse, the Lady Celia, laboured to cleare her selfe from all occasion of suspicion; so deeply was this impression of jealousie grounded, as no Receit so soveraigne could bee applyed, no Reasons so strong or irrefellible produced, to waine him from this conceit so causlesly harboured. Simianus now perceiving, that nothing could remove his jealous Master from this unjust surmise: he resolved from thenceforth no longer to accomodate himself to the servile dispositions of such humerous Commanders, but rather to returne into his owne Countrey, to see what entertainment it would give him. Whose resolution his distempered Master no sooner perceived,

then

then hee, for all his jealous conceit had of him, furnished him in all points, shewing especiall arguments of his bounty at his departure. Wherewith Simianus *grew somthing encouraged, recalling to mind, how his friends could not disvalue him, when they saw him so well provided. For well understood hee, that popular judgements were seated in their eyes: and that outward habits, with some other superficiall preparation, did gaine one oft times more credit and estimation, then more deserving Ornaments. Wherefore after solemne leave taken of all his* Comrades *in* Venice, *hee made for* Florence; *whereupon his arrivall hee was, far above his expectance, with all due solemnity received; and by meanes of divers eminent and powerfull friends in the City, elected (with a liberal Pension for that Taske allotted) to take Survey of all Countreys, and in his Survey to describe the Sites and States of those Countries: the* natures *of their* people, *how affected, how disposed, & withall to compile such remarkable* occurrents *as might seeme worthy his observation. Which Taske, after a modest reluctancy, as one more jealous then was needefull of his owne insufficiency, he undertooke; being within these few yeeres resident in this* Iland, *the description whereof, with the* nature *of her* people *then inhabiting, hee hath here in a* Poem *industriously discovered; where by way of* Vision *hee runs division, cleanly but closely carried, covertly shadowed, and smoothly closed. Which wee likewise from his owne* Originall *have faithfully transcribed. Wherein if ought bee omitted, which might give better light to*

their

their discovery: wee are to impute the error to his short abode and want of acquaintance to inform him in these parts. Neither indeede is it possible, that hee should amplifie his discourse in every particular; or ferret out all private abuses secretly lurking in a State. For this Taske would require his industry, who should apply himselfe to the Survey *of one Country only. Though I confesse (so ripe are all States growne in the overspreading growth of all vices) as where one Country was observed more for one particular sin then another; wee shall now finde one* State *possessed of all those enormities, which formerly were to be sought in many. For whereas* Pride *hath beene observed to bee most conversant among the* Babilonians, Envie *among the* Jewes, Anger *among the* Thebans, Covetousnesse *among the* Tyrians, Gluttony *among the* Sydonians, Sorcery *among the* Egyptians, *and all* Effeminacy *among the* Cretans: *this labour now may bee saved, for wee shall finde some one* flourishing-State, *whose long Peace hath fatted her in prosperitie, of all these* maladies *seazed; But to returne to our* Author, *whereat it may be thought by some, that hee hath shewne too much of spleene in the reproofe of sinne; they are to understand, that no faithfull Relater can be a time-observer; and that nothing so much darkens or blemishes the light of* Historie, *as that spreading tetter* State-flatterie; *besides he was a stranger, and did little care for any ones Censure: which in a* Poem *of his owne, he no lesse elegantly expresseth.*

He

Hee who thinks I can *flatter* is deceiv'd,
For in my youth when I instruction sought,
And some small glimpse of knowledg had
My *Spirit* wrestled in me as I thought, (receiv'd,
And so in time upon my weaknesse wrought,
As I gave way; which giv'n, she caus'd me write,
To purge the *State*, and scourge the *Parasite*.

Yet so, as thou shalt never personate
Or high, or low, or any one in place,
Lest thou incur the censure of the State;
Not *men* but *manners* thou shalt have in chace,
Causing shame paint their vices in their face:
For then this *Rule*, a safer there is none,
"To taxe the *sinne*, but let the *man* alone.

Be jealous what thou heares, spare in reports,
For some there be who on this string doe strike,
How they may vent disgrace on Princes Courts,
Yet these can closly play the *Parasite*,
And with their servile humors force delight:
Which ere I'd doe I wish with all my heart,
I may hang for a Signe at *Franck-fort-Mart*.

This well tempred resolution Hee expressed in an Anagram composed on his friends name, included in this Distich:

Virtue

Virtue hath but bare credit; what's the matter?
Because to gain a Kingdom shee'd not flatter.

His honest resolution sprung from an inbred generosity of mind he likewise manifested to the World in this free attestation: which with a constant modest spirit he delivered in a publique resort, at the time of his restraint.

Who can prohibit me abroad to tell
The Crimes of such *high-peeres* as doe not well?
Why, this Obsequious, Odious, Vicious time,
That weaves a Cobweb o're a great mans crime.
But Masters, would yee know how I am serv'd
Whose honest actions ne're from goodnes swerv'd?
"*Sense* by Petition hath procur'd that *Reason*
"For writing nought but truth, should go to Prison.

His well-composed temper and peaceable disposition he likewise expressed; when as being sometimes intangled in Suites of Law about his Patrimonie; as One wasted with expence, wearied with expectance, and impatient of longer attendance, he thus concludeth.

After this Suite, as I am now resolved,
Shall be decree'd, determin'd, and dissolved,

I'le

I'le take a long farwell of my Laws journey,
Unleſſe it be by Proxie or Attorney;
For who from *Hippocrene* would Rivers draw
Muſt not imploy his Bucket in the Law;
Farre from Courts clamour then I'le build my neſt,
A ſmooth-compoſed line requireth reſt.

Privacy likewiſe He highly affected, though by ſundrie Perſons of ranke and quality mainly diſwaded. Soas, on a time when at Milan *a* Diet *was intended, wherein the* Peeres *and* Commons *of the Realme were to be aſſembled, redreſſe of all State-aggrievances generally expected, Writs exhibited, Bills preferred, and he for a Burgeſſe in the* Lower Houſe *by generall Suffrage elected; yet he rejected this honour, & privately retired to his Country mannour; the reaſon whereof being demanded, he briefely returned this anſwer.*

One askt of me what might be my intent
To leave the *Towne* in time of Parliament?
Why, anſwered I, becauſe I held it fit
When th' City hath ingroſs'd the Country wit,
And that ſcarce *ſeven wiſe Maſters* now were left
Which were not to the Parliament enfeoft,
That purpoſely I to the Country cam,
Where I am held a nimble-pated man;
For though a Swan 's a Swan, yet when th' Swan's
A white-plum'd Chough is held a comely one. (gon,

Where this Author *now remaines, it is diversly conjectured; some reporting him to be now at* Florence, *where he is made* Remembrancer of the City; *others report, that coasting through the Province of* Cecuba, *upon some disgrace offer'd by him to a* Lyrick, *who contended with him for the masterprize in Poetrie, he was by the inhabitants of that place surprized, and in a Vinepresse squeezed to death: for the truth whereof I will not stand much. Let this suffice, that this* Poem *now published, was writ by him in the xxxv. yeare of his age: which being gratefully accepted, shall be by others of his Works no lesse usefull (if the* Manuscripts *may be procured) hereafter seconded.*

The

The Draught or Portraict of every Ape with their distinct properties, characters, and differences, expressed in severall peeces.

THE *Ape of Honour*, Is to have a little Flag, Banner or Streamer in his claw, wherein are to appeare severall Coates, Armes, Crests, &c. the Emmet, Hedghog, Cuckow, Seagull, Owle, &c. The principall Crest, a *Rat-Rampant*: which is the only Imprezza this Ape of honour hath.

2. *The Ape of Pleasure*, Is expressed by spotting with a Marmosite, with this Imprezza, *Dainty content.*

3. *The Ape of Vaine-glory*, Is Characterized, or Emblematized thus: Hee is carried by four Apes in a Case resembling a Cabinet, windowes of each side, and all open, to discover him sitting in State; his Imprezza, *Heaven upon Earth.*

4. *The Ape of Fancy*, is expressed by hastning towards a Lure made of Feathers, Ribbands, Garters, Gloves, Rings, &c. Which *Cupid* winged and hovering in the Ayre is shewne throwing out his Imprezza; *Love is my Lure.*

5. *The Ape of Fashion*, is expressed in his doublet and hose, phantastically made up, a plume of feathers in his head, amorously eying himselfe in a glasse; his Imprezza, *I like my humor well.*

6. *The Ape of Observation*, is expressed looking through a Trunck or Prospective; directly before the end of the

Trunck is a Dung-hill; his Imperzza, *I smell a Rat.*

7. *The Court Ape* is expressed sitting mopping in a Tree full of flourishes, above him this Imprezza; *The Cinnamon Tree.*

8. *The City Ape* is expressed as in a Rialto or Royall-Exchange; Tapestrie-works, Needle-works, Chaines, Girdles and Hangers, Belts, &c. to life shadowed. A walke as in the Exchange, with Signes of eyther side. On the one, an Unicorn, a Bull, an Hart, a Ram, a Goate: On the other, directly opposite, a Tigre, a Panther, an Elephant, a Wolfe, a Fox; his Imprezza, *What doe ye lack?*

9. *The Countrey Ape* is expressed poring seriously upon an Almanack; his Imprezza, *an Era Pater.*

10. *The Church Ape* is expressed fat and corpulent, a Mitre or corner-Cap upon his head; the Basis or end of a Steeple sticking out of his mouth; his Imprezza, *Silence.*

11. *The Judiciall Ape* is expressed of meagre or sallow complexion, wasted or decayed constitution, close shaven in a Councellors Cap and Gowne, a Rowle or Scedule in his hand; his Imprezza, *Ambidexter.*

12. *The Politicall Ape* is expressed with a paire of Spectacles upon his Nose, a paire of Compasses in his hand, a Globe before him with a *Jacob's*-Staffe, with which hee measures the Globe; his Imprezza, *A sound head piece.*

13. *The Chymicall Ape* is expressed holding a payre of Bellowes wherewith he stands blowing against a solid Rock: There are Kettles, Landirons, Candlesticks, &c. to bee shadowed, implying his Chymick Art; his Imprezza, *Fly Brasse.*

14. *The Criticall Ape* is expressed laughing and jeering extremely, holding his sides as one oppressed with an immoderate passion of Joy; his Imprezza, *Hold sides.*

15. *The Censuring Ape* is portrayed according to his humor, with a rugged ridged Countenance, fiery and spleenefull eyes; corded Whipps in his hand: Looking with an eye of scorne upon the rest of the Apes; his Motto: *A shole of Shallops.* And pointing at them with a jeering visage closeth in these words, *Have among you State-Shufflers.*

Parthe-

Parthenia's Paſsions.

To the right Honorable THOMAS Viſcount WENTWORTH, *Baron of* Woodhouſe, Overſley *and* Newmarch, *Lord* Preſident *of the Councell eſtabliſhed in the North, and one of his Majeſties moſt honourable* Privie Councell: *His thrice-honoured* MECAENAS.

Afterwards Created Earle of STRAFFORD.

O quando reuiſcitur olim.

The weſtern-Knights Paſquill.

MArſhall! an hall there! Pray you, Sir, make roome
For us poor Knights, who in the fag-end come.
Mad is my Muſe, and now of late affrighted
Out of her wits for feare ſhe ſhould be Knighted.

Knighted ! defend me, Lord, from such an honour,
I shall not git whole Cloaths to put upon her.
Nay, since with Knights there is so great a doo,
I for my *Summons* will make ready too.
" Come Masons, come, erect an Hospitall,
Sith wee must all be Knights whom Statutes call:
For England never had unto this houre
More * Chevaliers for number, nor more poor,
Whence many of our Russetings deplote it,
That they 'r not worth so much as they paid for it.
Yea, Almanacks, I feare, will beare record
In Rubrick Letters, next to th' yeare oth' Lord,
Which by Succeeding times will be recited,
" How long 'tis since ỹ Commonty was Knighted.
Yea, *Justice* vows, should she pay twenty five,
She cannot doe 't with honesty and thrive;
" For some of her *Bench-Whisters States* be such,
Their meanes & vailes will scarce raise halfe so much
Yea I could pick out *One* of these who might
Be made *GRAND SOPHIE* full as well as
" For Justice-sake this imposition wave, (Knight:
Lest they be forc'd to pay more then they have.
But since my *Pinke* 'mongst others turnes a shelfe,
And ev'ry one is neerest to himselfe,
I must debate my Cause before I go,
Judge whether I speake reason, *friends*, or no.
" May my State-lov'd *MECÆNAS* but give
" To what the meanest of his Knights can say. (way
Now, my good Lord, your humble Suppliant comes
To know the cause why he should pay these Sums.

Object.

Object. "*Our Princes Coronation by a Statute,*
"*Inflicts these fines on those that were not at it:*
"*Provided they have fourty pounds by yeare*
"*Of free-hold Land, the Statute makes it cleare.*
Answ. Tis true; but this reflecteth not on me,
For I was at that high solemnitie,
And I'th best note my rurall Muse could sing,
Tendred my Poemes to my gratious King.
Object. "*Yea but the Proclamation did forbid it,*
"*You were not well advis'd then, when you did it.*
Answ. 'Slid, should I neither then be here nor there
But like a Ball hang hovering in the ayre?
Object. "*Nay though the Coronation wil'd you come*
"*The Proclamation wish'd you stay at home,*
"*You should not have come up Sir;*
Answ. No more did I,
For I, as fortune fell, was there allready;
Where my ambitious Muse did Knighthood crave,
But what I had I hold, no more I have.
Discusse my Lord, then each particular,
I shall be found in nought irregular.
"*I came not up*; I broke not th' Proclamation;
"The Statute's kept; *I was at Coronation*;
At which (I'le justify with heart and hand,)
I joy'd as much as any Knight ith' Land.
These duely weigh'd, your *Honour* Umpire be,
Whether I pay the King, or King pay me.
His regall rites receiv'd this Muse of mine,
And wrote this *reason*, think you, for my *rime*?
I sung, my Sov'reigne heard me, now wee say

The *Hearer*, not the *Singer*, usd to pay.
I judge then what soe're to me is done,
Is by that figure *Usteron, Proteron.*
You for the King demand of me a fee,
When it is meant that He should pay it mee.
But lest this should by me too much be thought,
So I goe free, my Song shall go for nought.
But husht! no more; with this approv'd Position;
Your constant Servant closeth his Petition; (on,
" More Knights, my Lord, your State has little need
" Let me be a poore Country Squire to breed on.
Now if these *Reasons* take no place, my Lord,
I must Obey if you but speake the word:
A Knights fee for your *Honour* I have heere;
" Knight and no Knight, the Purchase is too deere;
But I 'm resolv'd, my *Reasons* are so plaine,
Your *squire* may with his Coine go back againe.

AMPLITUDINI TUÆ
DEDITISSIMUS
MUSOPHILUS;
EBORACENSIS EQUES,
EQUITUM
HUMILLIMUS.

* *Area quot spicas, quot profert Silva myricas,*
Curia quot curas, Semina terra teres:
Quot scatebræ venas, quot mittit literis arenas,
Tot Milites inopes Anglia *semper habes.*

Upon

Upon his Hon. Election of Deputation for Ireland.

FOr *Ireland*, Lord!
what will become of me?
For *Conscience-sake*
looke on my Familie.
Would you receive
more honour then you have;
And to relinquish those whom you may save?
Is any one more earthly-blest then you?
Firme friends, faire fates, brave Bards, corrivals few.
And who is hee that is so richly blest
Will hatch his Airy in a forraine nest?
There the best *Hawkes*, indeed, they say are bred,
But there *High-flyers* oft have perished.
Those that doe love my Lord, doe hold it fit,
As th' Country honours him, so should he it.
Admit, my Lord, that you entitled be
Turks President, and *Irelands Deputie*;
Where you are five yeers onely to remaine,
Which time expir'd you're to return againe!
Nay more then that, when ev'ry third Month ends,
You may revisit here your constant friends;

What's

What's this to me? while you at diſtance ſtand,
I 'm forc'd to write my ſorrows in the ſand.
"It is a weeke agoe ſince I did dreame,
How you and I were ſwimming in a ſtreame;
Rough were the Billows, for the water ſwell'd
While I for ſafety by a Willow held;
Which you catch'd at, but, 'las, it would not be,
That failed you what had ſupported me,
For when you ſtrove to ſave your ſelfe from Wrack,
Rude-chattring Reeds (me thought) ſtill held you back.
"Now ſuch as are Expoſitors of Dreames
Might thus interpret it; "Theſe *troubled Streames*
Betoken danger; *Willowes*, friends (indeede)
But ſuch as faile us moſt, when moſt we need;
Rude chattring Reeds, ſuch as doe make a ſport
To blemiſh Honour with a baſe report.
But dreams are dreams, & ſuch as rightly know them
Will nere give truſt nor confidence unto them.
But why, my Lord, ſhould you tranſplanted be,
And reave me of that hope ſupported me?
'Zfid, all the world knows you to be wiſe,
And play'd ith' Parl'ament your Maſter prize:
But whats all that? God knows what ſome will ſay
In heat of hate, when you are gone away.
Excuſe me, Lord, my zeal conceits the worſt,
If I ſhould ſilent be, my gall would burſt.
No Sycophant am I, upon my word;
Ile ſpeak as Servants ſhould unto their Lord.
Then taxe not my diſcretion for the matter,
But praiſe his honeſty that cannot flatter.

Here

Here then a tatterd Knight comes sneaking in,
And jeers the Honour you bestow'd on him;
And swears that *Diotolph Brand* who look't so big,
Being made Knight for rosting of a Pig,
Was ne're to more desertlesse honour hurl'd,
For hee's scarce worth a Pig in all the World.
Here a rack-rent *Recusant* cryes amaine
O my deere Conscience! and repeats your name;
And vowes since Abbies were dissolved heere,
A Romish Conscience never cost so deere:
Alas you must not be, till they be freed,
Ere in their *Pater-noster* or their *Creed.*
Some say you'r grown to that resistless might,
He is not wise dare be your opposite;
For you will crush him be he nere so great,
Having such free accesse to *Cæsars* Seat;
Whose gracious rayes are such, as they impart
Verdure and vigour to your known desart.
These and such like reports they 'l spread on you;
Which, though I 'm confident, are far from true;
For in that equal Scale your actions stand,
As Ile avouch you just with heart and hand.
Yet too maliciously will some men deem,
When the wide Sea hath sever'd you from them.
Nought 's left to answer for you but report,
Which good men know you by, and love you for't.
Alas my Lord, for *Ireland!* many one
Have gone forth laughing, that come weeping home.
Our Modern Stories have sufficient
To shew, we need no other *President.*

" Nor can you there doe ſervice to your King,
For, as I heare, there breaths no venemous thing;
What then can Juſtice finde it ſelfe to doe?
Plant rather here where there be *ſnakes* enow,
" Such as deſerve a Cenſure: " Hee that's juſt
Muſt finde offenders, or his Sword will ruſt.
Some from the height of their concealed hate
Doe much maligne the fulneſs of your State,
And ſay, " One day a Parliament will come,
And then we hope Some will be payed home,
If theſe, while you live here, ſo envious be;
Judge what they'l doe when you'r beyond the Sea?
Your *Preſence* then 's the way to make you ſtrong,
" Juſt men have oft through *abſence* ſuffred wrong.
" Pardon my boldneſs, Lord, the Caſe is ſuch
Did I not love you, Ide not ſpeak ſo much.
Oft to your Honor have I made reſort,
Yet nere Petition'd ought unleſs in ſport;
It was your ſelfe I ſought, whoſe love I gain'd
And that was th' only marke at which I aimd.
Your choice diſcourſe and judgement I confeſs,
Made mee all yours, I could be nothing leſs.
I ſhould write more, But Seas begin to riſe,
And with their brinie waves o'reflow mine eyes.
Thus then with firme reſolve, my knee I bend,
So you thereto be pleas'd to condeſcend:
Mount to the Moon, you cannot mount from me
My Muſe and I will keep you companie.
" Only vouchſafe a line, for if you go,
England farewell, I'le be for *Ireland* too.

Upon

Upon his Hon. *returne from* Ireland.

Upon his attendance

MY Lord, I thinke
I have more houres attended
Then pearled Rills
From *Taurus* ere descended.
Still have those riling waters troubled him,
But when He strove a greater man stept in.
Scotch, Irish, English in such numbers came,
As none would deigne to tell your *Servants* name:
"Well, my good Lord though you're the Heir of time,
"That I'm the same, peruse this troth-plight ryme,

Upon his admittance

WELCOME, Lord *Patrick*, are you come
To your long-expected home?
None I sweare ere came here
To my leaping heart more deere.
Saving my dread Soveraigne
In his wish'd returne from *Spaine*.
Saile not from me back againe,
Unlesse it bee your Princes aime,

But

But amongſt your owne remaine,
" This is the Prayer of your Swaine.
'Zlid you've diſcharg'd that taske for which you (went,
Live now unto your owne a *Preſident.*

For the Right Honorable CHARLES HOVVARD, *Commander in chiefe over* Cumberland, Weſtmerland, *and* Northumberland,

Upon the Decimation.

DEign Sir, in your peruſall
of theſe lines,
" To cleare their Score,
who'r cleare of all Deſignes: (beare
" Which crowns your *Honor*; when thoſe Shires that
" Your fair Commands, are only now found cleare.
Though change of State, no doubt, ſome level'd at,
Twixt hopes & feares: But huſht! no more of that.
Aſſeſs'd afreſh! what have we done or ſaid
That this *new Taxe* ſhould on our States be laid?
Deare *Goldſmiths Hall* ſix tedious yeares ago
Brought the Revenues of our State ſo low'

As

As with *Rent-Charges*, we may ſafe aver,
Some of our Lands ly now in Lavender.
Such is the Burthen our condition feeles,
As we can ſcarcely keepe our Cart oth' Wheeles.
Weigh our calme temper too, how all our time
We made the *Muſes Ward-robe* our deſigne:
And thoſe who were not qualifide that way,
For *Grazing* or for *Culture* made aſſay.
No *Project* nor *State-action* plundg our braine,
"To know *God* and *our ſelves* was our ſole aime.
And merits this a Cenſure, pray you ſay!
Muſt our *Retirement* this *Aſſeſment* pay?
To th' world we appeale! —— where we doe live,
Our precious Minutes are contemplative.
Our thoughts act not for Changes: our content
Is to diſpoſe our Soules to th' government
Of their affections: They that have arriv'd
And ſeene as many yeeres as we have liv'd,
Should make 't their onely taske their ſouls to ſave:
And in e'ch pace to meaſure out his Grave.
This, is our *Warfare*: if 't be held unfit
Teach us ſome other Trade, weel practiſe it.
But to finde out a ſafer way then this
Trace Heaven and Earth, we know not where it is.
This all Saints us'd, where were we joyn'd in one,
Wee 'd hold our Paſſage happy to be gone.
Weake be our nerves and arteries to fight,
"Heav'ns *Ord'nance* is the *Shot* gives us delight:
And in theſe aged-deafned Eares ſound louder
Then any Shot that takes his Charge from Pouder.

From

From the *first* * *Warre* some have not struck astroke
But from the Campe betook them to their booke.
Or if their profit did not that way look, (Crooke,
They plide the Plough-share or the Sheepheards
For we collected by our Conquering Foes,
What Heav'n decreed 't was folly to oppose.
For this, our *Composition* has beene payd,
Wherein his GRACE afforded *One* such ayd,
That even in *Gold-smiths Hall* He did apply
His hand, and sought their fine to qualify:
Had not a *Ridge* of *Hastes* stood ith' way
And with a rough obstruction rais'd his pay.
" Burn't Child fire dreads: Our pennance has beene
We acted little, but wee suffer'd much. (such,
Had no mans hand beene Conscious of more guilt,
Much blood had beene preserv'd, that has been spilt.
Some of us may be Hermits for our yeares,
There 's no occasion then from us of feares.
Besides, SOME * *Justices* were call'd of late,
Which would sound harshly to a ruin'd State.
Doe not *Assesse* us then, vnlesse 't be shownе;
That we enjoy more fortunes then our owne;
Much lesse, I'me sure, then we might justly claime:
" Heav'ns steere our Bark in this tempestuous Maine.

* *Nonne major nobis concedenda est gratia, amplior Clementia* primo a Bello *cessantibus & pacificè degentibus, quam iis, qui in Castris assiduè fuerunt versati usque ad ultimum* Worcestriæ *certaminis exitum?*

* *Prickt, though not personally summon'd.*

" your

Your self 's the *North-Starre* y^t directs our Saile,
Cheere our *Land-voyage* with a prosperous Gale.
Pensions, Debts, Portions have our States so reft,
Like *Banbery Cheese*, there 's nought save *pairings*
And if we must both *Crum* and *Crust* forgo (left:
Wee'l welcome want, because heav'n order'd so;
In hope, when you these *Golden Mines* obtaine,
These Taxes shall be paide us back againe. (consent
But *Grace* appeares! —— th' *Instructions* give
That those who entertaine this Government
With a Compòsed and Submissive will
Should be *exempt* from this *Assessing Bill*:
And, sure, Experience taught us so much wit
To know what Soveraignty is, and to submit.
Wee'r now become *Good Boyes* (thanks be to God)
First take correction, after kisse the Rod.
"They who intend t'improve their Means at Court
"Must take a *wrong* and give a *Congie* for 't.
Tender the favour these *instructions* shew,
"So yours *prey* not on us, wee 'l *pray* for you:
Wishing with all our hearts, Heav'n would decre
Our Purse as full, as wee'r of Charitie.
If all this will not doe, we hope our Zeale
Unto the State will grant us an Appeale;
Wherein by plea if we appeare not free,
May this same *Grand Assesse* re-doubled bee.
But rather then offend, wee'l meekly fall
Under your *Doome*, without Appeale at all.
— This renders no disgust; So you reprive us,
Wee'l try what benefit the Law may give us;

Wherein if we unfortunately slip, (Ship.
Wee'l hold th' Adventure worse then *HAMDENS
Should none of all these Arrows hit the marke,
But like *Tiresias* Shafts be shot ith' darke;
Our onely way to cement this Division
Is to officiate and take th' Commission.
Which, if it may with your affection sute,
To th' *Tenure* of that *Writ*, wee'l execute:
And doe as justly too, or wee'd be sory,
As wee were dealt withall, —so ends the story.

* *Should a Case of Necessity be urged; the like was in that Argument of* Ship-money *pretended: and by some of our judiciousst and sincerest Judges evinced and held illegall.*

After his Assesse at Penrith; *Addressed to his* Honour.

January 31. 1655.

"OW now! Mount I to
H twenty pounds Assesse,
"When my *Rint-charges* rise,
to such a rate
"As no inferiour Judgement could hold lesse
"Then free indulgence to my squiezed State?
"You *doom*, I *melt*; shall I the Cause impart?
"Your *Honours* civill usage won my heart.

Yet

" Yet that thoſe *Grounds* were *good* I ſtood upon,
" Peruſe theſe *Reaſons*, Sir, and I have don.
What 's twenty pounds Aſſeſſe to him that may
Improve the *State* more by his *Pen* then *Pay*;
When He to forraine Nations ſhall make knowne
The *Bounty* and great *Pity* you have ſhowne
To *State-Delinquents*! when with face to face
They 'r look'd upon like *Children* of *Grace*.
As th' late *Act* of *Oblivion* ſeem'd to approve,
That we were all One Familie of love.
Thrice Sacred Cement! when *Revenge* muſt ceaſe;
And *Patience* ſmile on forepaſt Injuries.
By which your Fame might to Succeſſions ring;
" To have *Power* and *not* to *doe*, 's a noble *thing*:
A Princely-Lyon Ire: when hoſtile force
Puts off the Roabs of Rage, and donns Remorce.
No Marble, Topaz, Ivory, Thracian Stone
Could reare you Shrines more to be look't upon;
Nor more admir'd: Statues are works of time,
True worth admits no period nor decline.
Now to *my ſelfe*; —— Should I in briefe relate
The forme of th' *Spartan* or the *Theban* State
In their *neceſſitous times*; you might perceive
What *Priviledges* they to *Pen-men* gave:
For by their * *Annals* I ſhall make 't appeare
From all *Aſſeſſments* They *exempted* were.

* *Panorm. de Jure Civili. C. X. Conrad. de Magiſtrali diſcip. C. 5. Palud. de Antiq. Leg. L. 3. C. 6. Carnead. de Princip. Regim. C. 8. Paragraph. 7. Pelarg. in Quæſt. Ariſtocrat. fol. 30. Camerar. de Geſt. Orient. Li. Z. C. 6.*

First, that their *Writings* might disperse their Fame;
Next, that their *Penns* more gingerly might blame
The Errors of those times: and Palliate
In a smooth Style th' Abuses of the State:
Seeking by artfull secret mists to smother
The Soile of Sinne, but to display the Other.
Sometimes have I extoll'd you in this sort,
And if too much, pray God forgive me for't.
Nor did I onely in that *Land-skip* show
State-virtues, but emergent vices too.
" Good faces are with * *Moals* much beautifide;
" *Venus* seem'd fair'st, when *Nais* sat beside.
" Vice setts off Vertue best: —— No Pearls spread
" Their Lustre more, then when they 're set in Lead.
There 's none that ever knew me One of those
That for a * Diadem could learn to gloze.
For had I practised the Art to Flatter
" Th' increase of Fortune had deprav'd my Nature.
Yet had I prov'd Proficient in that Art,
I'le tell you, *Sir*, the secrets of my Heart,
(For I dare venture to unrivet it
To one of Honour, Judgement, Worth and Wit,)
I'm confident, I had not so long waited
On your *Commission* to be *Decimated*.

* *Choicest Perfections are best discovered by their Opposites.*

* *And Places of Corresponsive esteeme and benefit proffer'd me, if my retired Condition would have entertained any such Remora's to Privacy and Contemplation: or could have stoop'd to that servile lure of Assentation.*

Since

Since SELDAN that Authentick Inſtrument
And conſtant Servant to the Parlament,
Directly prov'd no *Tenths* at all were due
Unto the *Clergy*; then much leſſe to you.
Whom though our * *Rabbies* labour'd to confute,
They might have Silence kept with more repute:
For ſuch *Antiquity* and *Reaſon* met
As his Aſſertions were not anſwer'd yet.
BESIDES all this; the *Spartan* State decree'd
That all ſuch *Parents* as their *Children* breed
In Arts and Studies of Philoſophie
From all *Aſſeſſments* ſhould *exempted* be:
And by *deductions* from *Rint-charges* granted
Supply thoſe *Tacklings* Education wanted.
Which Law one day when *Cleon* did oppoſe,
Tyrtæus in defence oth' *Edict* roſe,
Saying; "If theſe ſo neare us might not ſhare
"In our Proviſion and Parentall care;
"May this ſtrict oppoſition be obey'd
"And al *Male-children* henceforth *Eunuchs* made.
Which ſmart Reply drove th'Court to ſuch a laugh-
As the like Motion ne're was heard of after. (ter
To thoſe object, "'Tis folly to delay
"This *Grand Aſſeſſe*, our Souldiers muſt have pay;
My anſwer is; "I'm Natures deepeſt debter;
"I love a *Souldier* well, but *Children* better.
But ſince I muſt their *Benefactor* prove,
Their prayers, me thinks, ſhould gratify my love.

* *B. Mountagu. B. White. Dr. Helyn. Mr. Wotten. Mr. Burton, &c.*

But though I pay them more then does *become me.*
They *pray* not *for me*, but they *prey upon me.*
When aged *Priam* or'e Sackt *Troy* did reigne,
Never had he more Children to maintaine;
Must I dis-owne whom Nature bids me owne,
To furnish Those, to whom I am unknowne?
The case is Ours: let *Application* draw
From th' *Spartan* Act, life to an *English* Law:
For if such *Masters* worse then *Ethnicks* be
Provide not for a private Familie;
Those *Fathers*, surely, should be held unfit
To live, who take no care of those they git. (reap the.
"Those *wild Oats* youth has sowne, Old age must
"And what we got, an other must not keepe them.
Deare Sir give eare; what *Native Love* alledges
Concerns us all; the tender of our *Pledges.*
But you 'r so *truly Noble*; as no feare
Of your *just Care* dares put in Anchor heere.

Your most devotionall
decimated Servant
R. B.

With your HON. *Certificate, let me partake this noble favour from your approved Goodnesse: To have my Assesse (after the merit of my Cause) respited, till my repair to* London, *which I purpose (God willing) early next Month. Where I hope by application and your* HON. *assistance, to mitigate, if not wholly mediate my Assesse.*

Upon

Upon his additionall Assesse; continued in addresse to his Honour.

February 2. 1655.

"What Bill's *here* posted *on our* Tything door!
"*Five pounds to the* State-advance—*And who bids more?*
"*Not one Scotch Plak; 'tis fear'd the State at length,*
"*will seize nine parts, and leave us but a tenth.*

IF I was lately *bit*, but knows not how, (no.
IS Nor whether they be friends to th' State or
For surely those who represent such zeale,
And constant service to the Commonweale;
Should not be used so. — I'm lately * cast
By your *Grave Synod*, since th' Assessement last
In five pounds more: if this be not a Shelfe
(I must appeal unto your Honour'd selfe) (hands
Of dangerous consequence; —— when hearts and
Become addressed to your faire commands, (we
Must these be made *State-Martyrs*? Where should
But in *Committees* look for unitie

* *I heard your* Honour *much opposed it,*
But votes *passe often more by* Beards *then* Wit.

In their harmonious Votes? How does this show,
When one day acts, what next day does undoe?
This strange dis-union held a *partiall* Sin,
Caus'd old *Syſambris* ſacrifice his skin
In brave *Cambiſes* time; who wiſely ſaw
How it oppos'd the levell of the Law;
And that it alien'd much the hearts of thoſe
Who were his Friends to be his private Foes.
Affection is of ſuch tranſcendent price,
Aſſeſſe ſhould not eclipſe it nor Exciſe.
Redreſſe this, *Sir*, for unto you I ow
Such cordiall ſervice and devotion too,
As you, I'm ſure, on whom I doe depend,
In my juſt Cauſe will prove a faithfull Friend.
Which done, if there be *Springs* in *Helicon*,
I'le fame your honour in our *Albion*:
And make her Face ſo terrible to *Spaine*,
As if our *Army* were all-*Charlemaine*.
This *Pibrac* freed from *Taxes* in his time,
Why may it not to this low Muſe of mine?
Whoſe wings ſo richly plum'd, as She can fly
And meet Occurrents with an Eagles eye:
And make thoſe grant who 'r ill-opinion'd on us,
That we doe nought, but what may well become us.
Which, though it ſeeme a *Paradox* to Some,
They will acknowledge it when I have done:
For that *Bards Genius* is not fit to write,
That cannot make white black, & black of white.
For ſince *Pharſalians Fields* were never in
More mouths, than our late *Civile Wars* have bin;

If *home-bred Triumphs* purchase such renoune,
Much more when We have *forraine Nations* won.
"You must my *Patron* be in this addresse,
"Your *Pension* my *Exemption* from Assesse.

Your Hon. *most affectionately devoted*
re-decimated Servant

A parcell of partiall-guilt Justice.

HOw! a *Commission!* Pray thee
from what ground?
"To salve th' *Assessment* of
three hundred pound.
Well, *GIB.* though this device thy Coffers ease,
The Cure may prove farre worse than the disease.
I could, but dare not whisper in thine Eare,
Lest some *Eve-droppers* for the *State* draw neare;
One day there may a *Fowler* come to set
And catch a *Timing Baron* in his Net.
No *Scottish Style* will leave thee *Scot-free* than,
Fames Pencile shall ingrave: — *Lo there's* the man!
Who spar'd no time with *Conscience* to *dispute*,
But roundly undertook to *Execute*;
"*Whom? Justice*; "*How? To hang her?* No, to *Save*;
"*What?* His *Assesse.*—So dyed this *worldling Slave.*
"Was e're *wealth* worse bestowed? — Stay, Sun's (not set;
"More's to be done:— Last Sceane's not acted yet.

For

For Colonell ROBERT WATERS, Upon his *Yorkshire* Summons.

"These late Inquisitions have so my Senses confounded,
"I am now in a Strait, as if I had never Compounded.

THe *Laity* ought to pay their *Tenths*; 'tis true;
But they of old were to the * *Altar* due.
If th' *Altar* be suppresst, the *Offering* dies,
For where no Altar, there no Sacrifice.
Yet though *Delinquents* Fatlings be exhaust,
Their *poore Remains* must be the Holocaust:
And tho in them small fat be left to fry,
Some must be Squiezed forth untill they dy.
So as Jobs Maxim will admit no doubt,
Nak't came they in, and nak'e must they goe out:
And stript of State, well were't if they from sin,
Might go as naked forth as they came in:
But *Cæsar* with his *Power* can ne're impose
More outward Mulcts, then they have inward foes:
Which They by temp'rate dyet may represse,
And this *Assesse* will keepe them from *Excesse*.

* *Vid.* Paræ. *in Eccles. discip.* Just. *de Jure civili.* Casel. *in med.* Theol. *Crescent. lib.*

Thus Sinnue-shrunk all rising Statists shun us, (*on us.*
" Our * *Crosse* oth' *Doore* cryes — *Lord have mercy*
But should all th' Elements combine to faile me,
There 's *One* at *Cundale*, sure I am would baile me.

Excuse me, Sir, I am not ev'ry where,
My Person 's One, and that One Summond here;
Nor doe I feare, though I with Others Share,
So just 's my Judge, but I shall carry faire.
For my increase is not in Coine but cares,
Aches, Reumes, Tisicks, Children, and Gray-haires:
Wherein, if th' State take *Tithes* in ev'ry part,
I wish them th' *Tenths* of these with all my hart.)

From him, who
December 28. *In Storms, Winds, and Showres,*
1655. *Subscribes him truly yours.*

* *In ostium, Rubræ Crucis si figamus characterem, perniciosæ pestis Spectantium oculis ominatur indicium.* Cordel.

For Mr. Ralph Rimer, *a discreet State Commissioner.*

Imer, Me thinks
R thou should'st a Poet love,
Though more then *Rhime's*
requir'd in *Poetry*;

A *Word* in season's precious; Pray thee move
That I from *decimation* may be free,
So shall *Swales Banks* fame thy Civilitie:
For such a *friendly-Office* done in *Season*
May store *Musæus* both with *Rhime* and *Reason.*

Rhime gives the *Close* and *Accent* to our verse,
My deerest *Ralph* approve thee one of those
Who may deserve *Inscriptions* on their Hearse,
And gaine more Friends then others gather Foes;
By cloathing such as *Impostes* doe unclose;
So to thy Line such honor may be won
Time shall Enshrine thy Fame at *Brafferton.*

Since this was writ, good news from th' Parlament,
Our *Decimations* are quite ta'ne away,
God grant this Ease raise not our discontent
And rack us more then we before did pay,
Which would make up th' Malignants holy-day,
But if our *shoulders* must *Atlantick* be,
Let thine owne, *Cæsar*, beare as well as we.
Wee have been Asses made while they were freed,
Leane not too much upon a bruized-Reed.

For

For Captain Aitee *and* L. Bolland.

WHen young *Leontio* was so straitly set
As all his State would scarce discharge his debt;
Decius the Serjant was injoyn'd to come,
And seize of all his *Moveables* in *Rome*:
Who dealt so fair and mildly in his place,
From th' *Mace* he vow'd he never found like grace.
That I may render every one their due,
This Story might be instanced in you; (ters,
Though Some professe themselves your mortall ha-
I'le justifie you Civil Sequestraters.
Such *Atteus* was in honest *Appius* dayes;
Hold on; * mild Spirits merit highest praise.
" Your Temperance, no doubt, retein'd a sense
Of honest *Ned Crofts* cordiall Innocence:
Who without Boots or Armes was prov'd to be,
Which were strange Habits for hostilitie.
If his resolvs had beene addrest that way,
He would have marcht in a more martiall 'ray.
But of his Case if there be no remorse,
" His sentence may conclude, — *Gramercy Horse*:

* *Nullo minore pretio assequenda est Amicitia, viventium Animâ, quàm Candore et Clementiâ.*

For

For if he might have got his price at home,
He had not felt the weight of ſuch a Doome.
Truſt me, high-valued friends, had this beene ſo,
Horſe-Faires had beene Sequeſtred long ago.
Malton and *Rippon* might have ſent us *Newes*
That both their *Markets* were remov'd to th' *Mews*.
In *Smythfield* no Horſe-Couper to be ſeene,
But vaniſh'd quite as if they had not beene.
Though fire and faggot, and a ſterne Commiſſion
Denounce his ruine, if a late Petition
Or a Milde Parl'ament beget not ſence
In ſteeled Spirits by their influence:
But I am confident, though *Durance* tye him,
It is not meant to cruſh him, but to try him.

Ith' Recluce of a pure-heroick breſt.
Candour and Valour claime like intereſt.
To have a Power *to doe, and not a will,*
Has beene the Signall of true Honour ſtill.

Really yours,
PEREGRINE STRANGEVVAIS.

To

To Captaine *Sadler*; a rare Scarlet dyer.

Noble Sir, I am here, Neare unto your proper Sphere:
Visit Him who holds you deare.

EAreſt Friend, who all thy time
DHaſt been bleſt in each deſigne;
And haſt *Colour* for thine ends,
To improve and right thy Friends:
Mayſt thou live in Honours Eye,
Till thy *Scarlet* loſe her dye.
"Love's a Colour dyde in graine,
Whoſe reflexe admits no ſtaine.

Neq; dives, nec egenus,
Neq; ſatur, neq; plenus;
Nec agreſtis, nec amœnus,
Nec ſylveſtris, nec ſerenus:
Palmis nec mulcendus panis,
At in omni ſorte lenis.

Upon

Upon the Commissioners sitting at the Wildman in York.

TH' *Wildman* for Commissioners to sit
A Some hold it strange, but I doe think it fit.
We have been *Wildmen* all; and we 'r to get
From a *Wild-man* meanes to re-gaine our wit,
But not our *Meanes*: who can recover it?
This made *Alcides* wise, was wild before;
O that I had his Limms, I'de aske no more!
For so might I re-gaine my Means at length,
Though by no force of pleading, yet by strength.

The Quaker.

Itches were *Seers* call'd in antient time,
W And *Speakers* now are held to be divine.
But why call'd *Quakers* can I not deliver,
Unlesse their *Spirit* turne an Hectick fever.
I rather think this Name of *Tophet* smells,
Where *quaking*, shaking shame and horror dwels.
But if *Community* their Title prove,
'Tis all in all with Family of love.
Where like our wandring *Gipsies* in mixt seedes
Without distinction One with other breedes.
No marvaile then if we have Mungrells many
When *Fox* Breeds *Cubbs*, and unrestrain'd by any

Nay

Nay priviledg'd in their impostur'd Service
Like Soules inspir'd: but what's all this to *Jarvis*?
Thus *Folly* with a Cuppe of fornication
Deludes the Saintlings of our English Nation.
But *Coal* or *Walker* with their zeale, no doubt,
Will either *hunt* or *smoak* these *Foxes* out.
Or some choyce *Archer* will their Legions sever
With pile-head Arrows from a Justice quiver:
Or clothe them in a Suite of durance ever,
Till th' Act of Reformation them deliver.

In Answer to this Paper of Verses, intitled The Quaker; *whereof He was reported to be the Author.*

Old thy penurious Pen, injurious Elfe,
In taxing *Quakers*, I might touch my selfe.
These last seven yeares I lived in this Clime
And shew'd my selfe a *Quaker* all that time.
For when I saw a sterne Committee-man
I from that Sight a *Quaker* streight became;

Quercedulae sumus omnes,
— Alis volitantes vngis. Plane.

For *Fox* I hold him a magnetick Sead;
And *NAILER*, One that hits the naile oth' Head.
Ut Magnes *ferrum*, Vulpes *subtilius attrahit aurum.*

Or when I saw my Name fixt on a post,
I turn'd to *Quaker*, and my Senses lost.
When an Excise-man or an undertaker
For State-assesse; these Sights made me a *Quaker*.
Tracing those Streets where I did mony ow,
The *smell* of *Mace* made me a *Quaker* too:
For They who on *Parnassus* build their nest
Are Slaves to Fortune; Subject to arrest.
Now in my age too when I weigh my sin,
I *Quake* to think Oth' State that I am in.
Cease *Critick* then, thus to traduce my quill,
I have a *Quaker* beene and must be still.
My *Body* is the *Court-lost* where I live,
From whence no Mortall can me freedome give,
Nor from my *Grate* procure me a release
Till my arrivall at the Port of Peace:
Where being once infranchis'd in that Citie
I'm priviledg'd from Debt, Assesse, Committee.
For you, my *Quaking Sisters*, yee doe make
Me when I see your rivell'd beauties, *quake*;
That you should pine, and spend your Spirits and dy
Like forlorne Sceletons, and know not why.
I wish, deare Ducklings, you would understand
That God requires no such thing at your hand.
How is it that you cry *Repent, Repent,*
And wast rich houres in fruitlesse discontent?
Why doe you hout and houle and take no rest,
As if in *HOPE* you had no interest?
" Shun such impostur'd fancies; Fly to Him (Sir.
" Whose *light* can cleare your cloud and clense your

Judge

"Judge not; That power to you was never given,
"But judg your selves; for that 's the way to Heaven:
"Rend not your *Clothes* but *Hearts*: The *Saints* desire
"That you should try *your selves*, not *Cloaths* by fire:
"Make use of what is requisite and fit,
"You should not hate your flesh, but cherish it.
Be frolick then my Girles, and freely feed
And propagate your Doctrin by your seed.
"If *Quaking* proper be in any Sence
'Tis in the sweet injoyment of a Wench.
This was well knowne to *Adam* and his *Eve*;
And what they lov'd, let not their Children leave:
Yet so, as each may reape what he has sowne,
And ev'ry *Adam* have an *Eve* of 's owne:
For though there were no *Statute* to forbid it,
God has pronounc'd a Curse 'gainst Him that did it.

A Button-Bung,
or,
A Westminster Snap.

AT *Westminster* my Cassock chanc't to find
A Button-Cutter, who was much inclin'd
To medle with our furniture behind;
From whence my native *Genius* divin'd,

"Though *Westminster* above no *Spiders* show,
"It has a brood of *Nimmers* hatcht below,
Who can Trapan poor Clients where they go,
"Leave them not worth a Button nor a Stro.
Beware deare Countrey-men of *Mollerstang*,
Least rurall faction make you sing like Sang;
Contest not where your Foe & Cause prove strang,
Lest you confesse that all things go a-wrang:
For though your *Countesse* pay, I can assure ye,
When th' Game is plaid, your purse must pay the (Jurie.
Desist then, Friends; no more Commissions fit
Unlesse it be at *Fleece* to quicken wit.
This short advice comes from a friendly hand
As any you can have in *Westmerland*.

Upon the Northern Feast, observed at Salters-Hall, the sixth of October; 1657. Addressed to his worthy Countrymen, The Northern Society.

OBserve the bounty of these Northern Ladds,
And you will say, the *North-Part* glory adds
Unto the *South*: and that their *Freedome* is
An *Honour* to our great *Metropolis*;

Whose

Whose *Union* and *Communion* is such,
They may be cy'd, but not admir'd too much:
Whose fair Comport has raz'd that Proverb forth,
" That no good thing came ever from the North,
For what is good, or free, or friendly rare
Derive their Essence from our Northern ayre.
Your native knowledge is not rank'd with those
Who can bouze Ale, yet wonder where *Malt* grows
Your Country Cock *crows* and he does not *mew*;
You know a *Daple* from an *Iron-gray*;
You know that *Sun* which shews his splendor *here*,
Is the *Same Sun* shines in your *Hemisphere*.
You of your *Cloaths* have no such *Simple* care
As to *a're-pentise* them from *hence* to *Ware*.
Your *Language*, though not curiously refin'd,
It can expresse the dictates of your mind;
And with more *brevity* and *aptnesse* too
Then *These* with their mine'd Dialect can doe.
Your Northern warlike Habitants of old,
Inur'd to Sultry heat, and Shuddring cold,
Against *Picts*, *Scots*, *Saxons*, and *Lordly Danes*
Display'd their valour, memoriz'd their *Names*.
Such was the Martial prowesse of your Nation,
As it preserv'd your Frontiers from Invasion:
And in one yeer did more *joynt hearts* combine,
Then *Other Countryes* did in all their time:
And in composing of their Interests,
Made Savage Foes become their Servile Beasts.
Brave gallant Blades! disperse your living Fames
From *Twede* to *Trent*, from *Trent* to prince'y *Thames*

That Times may revell in your *Annuall joyes*,
And vow, No linage like our *Northern Boyes*.
May all the *Muses*, when they dip their lippe
In your *rich Bolls*, joy in your Fellowshippe.
While precious Nectar cheers your *Poets* braine,
And gives him hope to *visit* you again.
And you may trust him; when joynt votes succeed
For your next Feast, He shall no *Ticket* need. (*Your*
These *Tickets* are *Half-Crown-men*: Our *North*
Stands eyther for a *Whole-One*, or for *none*.

Annot.

Annot. *Egregia Fax illa* Germaniæ, *quæ talem flammam toto Orbe, facilitate calami, vel ſubtilitate ingenii latius intulit, ut peregrè extingui poterit, in uxorem duxit* Catharinam Bore, (*nomine* Elizabethæ *tranſeuntem in Poemate*;) *puellam elegantulam; quam mollitie Carnis, ſeu Oris ſui blanditiis, de* Clauſtris *perperam illexerat.* Pag. 24. lin. 12. Vid. Iſich.

The *Bankrupts Remembrancer*; and the *Bankrupts Regiſter*; being *Titles* to diſtinguiſh the two *firſt Letters* relating to the *Voice in the Vault*, are omitted. *Pag.* 38. *&* *pag.* 41.

pers bearing the *Title* *Parthenia's Paſſions*, were pri- procured without the knowledge. Excuſe then ſe *Errors* : being at the in- ancy of Perſons of quality, publiſhed without his direcți- on.

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FINIS.